LORD OF THE MYSTERIES
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LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

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- BOOK 13 -

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Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

[Atlas Studios (Webnovel)]

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CHAPTER 1205
A THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD TRAP

Amon!

Blasphemer Amon!

Leonard was no stranger to the person in front of him. Not only had he faced his avatar, but he had also heard of "His" various deeds and nasty character from Old Man Pallez Zoroast.

At that moment, Leonard's thoughts nearly froze as his mind went blank. Only a small number of thoughts could spin.

Amon's lips suddenly quivered as "He" muttered a raving that was completely at the level of a deity.

One voice after another echoed in Leonard's mind as though it came from the countless number of Amons:

"Are you pleasantly surprised? Are you shocked?"

"After realizing that I won't be able to get Sefirah Castle any time soon, I shifted my focus to Backlund…”

"If it wasn't to fool all of you, why would I have played such a simple cat-and-mouse game with him?"

"I think you two should be in contact…”

"He must've told you that I'm still tracking him and sabotaging his operations, that I even set a trap for him at his destinations…"

"That's just an avatar that's close to Sequence 1…"

"Ah, right. Pallez, I forgot to tell you that in the later years of the Fourth Epoch, I pretended to be the ancestor of the Jacob family. I had long swallowed 'Him' in secret. Then, I watched 'His' descendants panic. Then, I thought of a way to add another secret treasure trove to the place where Tudor became Blood Emperor…"

"I didn't finish off these fellows, because I had a premonition that this treasure trove would be very useful. I had an avatar that had been sleeping there for more than a thousand years, patiently waiting for someone to open the treasure trove. As for the other avatars, I didn't synchronize this information to 'Them.' That way, I might be able to create a ruse at some point in time…"

"Yes, this kind of 'synchronization' is something I invented. Pallez, you're quite behind the times…"

"In order to confirm your whereabouts, I watched that bunch of fellows destroy the traps and take the items away. I watched your avatar steal the characteristic and Sealed Artifact from their hands. I watched 'Him' carefully devour and digest it. Now, my patience has finally paid off…"

"I guess you must be thinking of how to stall for time and wait for a deity's descent…"

These voices overlapped each other, tearing through Leonard's thoughts and hurting his soul. It made his head swell and contract, causing a bunch of short black hair to grow on his face. It made his ribs and waist bulge as though it was about to form a new body.

With just the ravings alone, Leonard was close to losing control. He was in extreme pain and had no means of resisting.

This was the son of the Creator, a King of Angels.

At the same time, 7 Pinster Street changed. At some point in time, pitch-black stone pillars were erected around them, propping up a majestic cathedral.

Each column of the cathedral was embedded with the bones of different races. They were densely packed as they used different eye sockets to stare at the puny Leonard who stood in the middle as though they were conducting a trial.

Amon stood in front of the cross that was more than a hundred meters tall in the depths of the church, smiling as "He" looked at Leonard's grimacing face.

"This corpse cathedral is pretty good, isn't it?

"I just 'stole' it not long ago.

"This way, if 'They' wish to discover any abnormalities here and do a deity's descent, it can stall for at least thirty seconds. That's enough."

As "He" spoke, Amon raised "His" hand to pinch the crystal monocle that had a beaming face underneath it.

Leonard suddenly heard a "gong." It was ethereal, as though it came from an infinite distance away.

This caused the ear-piercing ravings that tainted Leonard's Spirit Body to come to an abrupt stop as everything around him turned silent.

In Leonard's eyes, beams of light shot out from his body, condensing into a pure and pure figure that was like a wingless angel.

The figure was also a hundred meters tall, and its body constantly coruscated with a faint glow, as though it was announcing the passage of

time.

With that, Leonard's body was pushed by an invisible force as he flew towards the door of the corpse cathedral.

On the door, transparent and distorted faces appeared. They sealed the inside from the outside, isolating it from the spirit world and the astral world.

Gong!

Another bell rang. The transparent faces filled with pain froze.

Leonard's figure was no longer obstructed. In this short span of time, he passed through the main door of the "corpse cathedral" without feeling anything.

Everything he saw instantly returned to normal. There was still a bit of light high up in the sky. The gas lamps by the side of the streets were already emitting light, illuminating 7 Pinster Street.

From the outside, the building was silent, quiet, and dark. There was nobody around.

Old Man… It was only at this moment that Leonard finally found his train of thought. His heart tightened as he strode forward and returned to the house.

However, the door to 7 Pinster Street was so heavy that he couldn't open it any time soon.

With this obstruction, Leonard finally regained some of his senses. He hurriedly retreated as he quickly thought of what he could do to save Old Man.

After a few steps, he stopped and lowered his head with a solemn expression. He quickly chanted in Jotun, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…”

Leonard already knew that the one inside was Amon's true body. And to deal with Amon's true body, he could only seek help from a god!

…

Walking through the darkness with the lantern in hand, Klein entered the historical fog immediately. Then, he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog.

After listening to Leonard's prayer, the puzzled and nonchalant-looking Klein instantly sobered up. It was as if he had just woken up from hibernation and had just climbed out of bed when he was splashed with a basin of cold water.

Amon's true body has gone to Backlund… Amon's true body has found Leonard and Pallez… Amon stole the corpse cathedral from "His" brother and used it to delay a divine descent… So it turns out that when "He" suggested that we play the game of "who will be the first to find Black Demonic Wolf Kotar," "He" had never thought of deciding on a winner. "He" didn't care what the stakes were either. "His" goal was to draw my attention and believe that "He" is still pursuing me and trying to steal Sefirah Castle from me… The trap hidden in the Jacob family's treasure trove was planted by Amon for one to two thousand years. It has finally come into play… Many thoughts flashed through Klein's mind as he raised his right hand and summoned an item from the junk pile.

0-61, Box of the Great Old Ones!

This was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, and it was also from the Apprentice pathway. It could better utilize the power of Sefirah Castle and produce better results!

In the face of Amon's true body, this might bring Pallez some hope.

At the same time, through the prayer light, Klein confirmed that Leonard hadn't been possessed by Amon. He immediately instructed in the tone of Mr. Fool, "Leave the scene and go to an Evernight cathedral.

"Also, pray to Evernight."

A pinnacle Sequence battle beneath deities was definitely not something that a Beyonder at Leonard's level could participate in. Even though Klein had gained some initial control of Sefirah Castle and held 0-61, he didn't have much confidence. He only hoped that he could stall for time until a deity's descent happened.

Outside 7 Pinster Street, Leonard heard Mr. Fool's words echoing in his ears.

He was stunned for a moment before he looked up at the tightly shut door. Then, he turned around and used his right knuckle to ruthlessly knock on a certain tooth.

A series of illusory mud surged out and sprayed onto the top of Leonard's head, enveloping him from top to bottom.

Suddenly, Leonard seemed to transform into a mud doll as he kept sinking to the ground and fusing into the earth.

This was a rare natural spirit he had exchanged from the Hermit of Fate. It didn't contain any Beyonder characteristics, and its powers mainly came from the spirit world.

It allowed Leonard to quickly traverse the soil at a speed far faster than the steam metro.

As Leonard left the battlefield, Klein had picked up the gem-embedded Box of the Great Old Ones. He stirred the power of Sefirah Castle and cast his

gaze at the pitch-black church that overlapped with the embedded bones.

The cathedral isolated his "true vision," preventing him from seeing the situation inside. He could only determine that the battle had yet to end through the flashes of light that the stained glass let through.

Use 0-61's first level's powers to swap its interior space with the corpse cathedral? No, isn't this equivalent to letting Amon enter Sefirah Castle? Just the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones cannot imprison "Him"…

Activate the second level and move the entire 7 Pinster Street somewhere else? No, it won't work either. Once we leave Backlund, there won't be a timely divine descent. It will be even more dangerous for Pallez Zoroast…

Third level? Opening it might lead to a switch in owners of Sefirah Castle…

"…"

As his thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein came up with an idea. He wanted to narrow the target area to a tiny point and exert pressure on it to crack it!

He wanted to exchange the corpse cathedral's door and the space in the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones using Sefirah Castle, so that the seal that isolated the spirit world and the astral world would be ineffective.

If that was the case, the deities would realize the situation and accelerate the speed of a deity's descent!

At the end of the long, mottled table, Klein sat in his high-back chair and aimed at the crimson star representing Leonard as he opened the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones.

The surging power in Sefirah Castle suddenly calmed down, returning to its usual concealment as it silently pierced through the crimson star.

In the real world at 7 Pinster Street, the door of the corpse cathedral that overlapped with ordinary buildings lost its luster. Following that, it became a light pool with gravel and cobblestone.

The situation inside and outside suddenly cleared up, and it was reflected in Klein's eyes.

In front of the cross that was a hundred meters tall, the black-robed, pointed hat, and a monocled Amon, slowly turned around to the "opened" door.

"He" held a crystal pillar formed from light and shadows in "His" hands. There were many twelve-ringed Worms of Time swimming rapidly inside. Everything around them seemed to stop.

Amon raised "His" head and looked up into the sky as the corners of "His" mouth curled up.

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CHAPTER 1206
SLY OLD FOXES, EVERYONE OF THEM

Too late? After Klein's heart sank, he suddenly felt the Box of the Great Old Ones in his hand shake violently.

He hurriedly looked down and saw that the surface of the corpse cathedral's door, which had shrunken into a toy, emitted rays of light. Every twisted face on the white skull seemed to come alive.

Adam's corpse cathedral has such a high level? It can withstand the first level of 0-61 with just one door? Without any hesitation, Klein used the crimson star representing Leonard and locked onto a gas lamp on 7 Pinster Street.

Suddenly, the door with white bones protruding out with a distorted face returned to the real world. And on the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, there was an additional toy street lamp.

Right on the heels of that, Klein aimed at the Amon inside the corpse cathedral as he swiped his right hand, opening the second level of 0-61.

At that moment, Pallez Zoroast was no longer present on the battlefield. Without any qualms, Klein could move Amon elsewhere.

He had designated the destination to be the astral world, hoping that the seven deities would show "Him" "Their" love, but it was unknown if there would be a random anomaly.

At this moment, the door returned to the corpse cathedral. Then, the majestic building that overlapped with 7 Pinster Street quickly disintegrated.

The process of the collapse was very organized. First, it began from the dome, followed by the arches and the walls. It finally ended with the pitch-black stone pillars.

The item that fell didn't hit the ground and instead disappeared in midair.

Standing in front of the cross, Amon also began to dissipate along with the collapse of the entire corpse cathedral. It was as though "He" had also been "envisioned," an entity that could be removed at any time.

Of course, Klein knew very well that this was only Amon exploiting a loophole to use the expiration of the "imagined" corpse cathedral, so as to also become a figment of imagination to leave Backlund.

Boom!

At some point in time, a thick dark cloud appeared in midair. A ball of lightning the size of a house dragged a silvery-white stream of light as it ruthlessly smashed onto the corpse cathedral and Amon's body that had not completely disintegrated.

A fine crack appeared on Amon's crystal monocle as the pointed hat on "His" head collapsed.

However, this Angel of Time didn't panic. When "His" face twitched uncontrollably, "He" maintained "His" smile and held the crystal pillar formed from light and shadows. Like an illusion, "He" completely disintegrated as the sea of light that filled the corpse cathedral vanished.

In the next second, the pitch-black and bone-embedded towering cathedral returned to the realm of fantasy.

The house on 7 Pinster Street remained, but there were exaggerated marks on the living room's floor.

The mark was like a person lying there, having turned to ashes.

This was left behind by the countless avatars of Amon after they were smitten apart. However, Klein knew that Amon's true body had successfully escaped and had achieved "His" desired goal.

When "He" recovered, this King of Angels was just short of a ritual to reach the divine throne and become the embodiment of all that was erroneous in the world.

After I swapped the main door of the corpse cathedral, the first one to notice and react with "His" powers was the Lord of Storms… The Goddess really has no way of performing a divine descent. "She" can only use various mediums to interfere with reality, making it difficult for "Her" to affect "Him" when "He" is prepared…

…I was still feeling happy for myself that I managed to escape from Amon. I was satisfied that I had repeatedly avoided "Him" and didn't fall into "His" traps, but in the end, "He" ended up pulling off such a huge stunt without any prior warning…

…When did "He" transfer "His" focus to Backlund? Hmm, it should be after I deceived the laws to resurrect elsewhere. "He" caught a hint of Pallez Zoroast, as well as the fact that there's a connection between him and me. He began to target the last Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic so as to become a true god…

…Back then, Leonard didn't explain in detail when he was praying. He only mentioned that there was a problem with the treasure trove of the Jacob family… For a Sequence 1 angel who's so familiar with Amon to not notice anything amiss and fall into the trap, Amon must have done something incredible again…

Phew, although I've rapidly grown in my battle of wits with Amon and completed a transformation, I'm still far from being a top swindler like "Him." I'm still too tender…

Once Amon becomes a Sequence 0 Error and can even traverse the land, it will be tough for me…

No, I have to figure out the Marauder pathway's ritual to become a god. I need to think of a way to do some damage. I can't let Amon easily ascend to the divine throne…

But can this be what Amon wants? "He" will deliberately hold a ritual and wait for me to knock on "His" doorstep? As his thoughts raced, Klein let out a long sigh.

Then, he sent a message to Leonard in the tone of The Fool.

"There's no need to pray."

…

In Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard had just emerged from the soil in the garden. He was trying to rush into the prayer hall when he heard Mr. Fool's words.

There's no need to pray… Leonard slowed down as he repeated the sentence in a daze.

He slowed down and finally stopped beside a stone pillar. He lowered his head and raised his hands to cover his face.

At this moment, a slightly-aged voice suddenly echoed in his mind:

"What are you sad about? I haven't died yet!"

"Ah?" Leonard released his hands and said in a daze and pleasant surprise, "Old Man, you haven't died yet?"

His eyes were already slightly red.

"Look at you, what are you saying!" Pallez Zoroast's voice was clearly weak. *"Ahem, to put it simply, I've died once, but not entirely yet."*

Leonard finally heaved a sigh of relief and looked around. Seeing that no one was paying attention, he lowered his voice and said, "Did you successfully deceive Amon?"

"I can't really call it deceiving." Pallez Zoroast sighed and said, *"All these years, the thing I've thought about the most is what I should do if Amon's true body finds me. After repeated experiments, I've also 'created' a technique. After my true body dies, I can revive in my avatar. However, I will lose the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic and passively lower my level. Heh, I haven't been left behind by the times either."*

"In other words, Amon killed you once and obtained your Sequence 1 characteristic while you resurrected at the Sequence 2 level?" Leonard had a rough idea of what was going on as he asked in confirmation.

Pallez Zoroast sighed and replied, *"Something like that. Actually, it's not like Amon didn't notice it. 'He' didn't do anything to stop it when I pushed you out of the corpse cathedral. 'He' just wanted to leave some hope for me, and make me lose my will to fight to the death in the upcoming battle. Sigh, if not for that, I wouldn't have been finished by 'Him' so quickly. After all, I'd basically recovered after absorbing the treasure trove's Beyonder characteristic…*

Leonard blurted out in surprise, "Old Man, you pushed me out of the corpse cathedral because I have your avatar in me?"

Pallez immediately scoffed.

"What do you think? Do you really think I'm treating you like a grandson?"

“…Don't you have other avatars?" Leonard muttered.

Pallez grunted and sighed.

"Amon actually lied to 'His' avatar. I must admit that 'He' pulled a fast one on me."

If it wasn't for the fact that "He" learned that the Angel of Time didn't know the exact situation of the Jacob family's treasure trove back when "He" absorbed Amon's avatars, "He" definitely would've taken more caution on the matter, and would've made more adequate preparations for Amon's appearance.

This was the most important reason. As for the other matters regarding the Jacob family's ancestor or Klein Moretti playing hide-and-seek with Amon's true body in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, none of them were key in "Him" making up "His" mind.

Leonard thought for a moment and consoled, "Old Man, you would've fallen for this most fatal of traps in the treasure trove regardless, so it isn't bad for you to have survived it."

"That's not it," Pallez immediately refuted. *"If I had a premonition that something dangerous would happen, I would've directly taken up the faith of a true god and become 'Their' Grounded Angel. With 'Their' protection, I would head to Jacob family's treasure trove. Sigh, after I absorbed the characteristic and regained the strength of a Sequence 1, I was considering this problem. Should I join the Church of Evernight, or work with The Fool of yours, or remove the Parasitizing and hide from Amon like before."*

Upon saying this, "His" emotions became very complicated again.

…Old Man really has quite a plan… Why are you so familiar with seeking refuge from a deity… Leonard sighed inwardly as he focused his attention

on the most important matter.

"Old man, after Amon obtained your Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, will 'He' be preparing the apotheosis ritual?"

"Yes." Pallez replied in a deep voice, *"This means that, for a very long period of time, your former colleague and ourselves would, at most, be harassed by Amon's lower-level avatars, or nothing at all."*

"What is the requirement of 'His' apotheosis ritual?" Leonard pressed.

Pallez fell silent for a second before saying, *"To replace someone during 'Their' apotheosis ritual."*

At this point, Pallez laughed self-deprecatingly.

"Amon's next focus will definitely be the apotheosis ritual. This will be our last moments of peace and quiet.

"Once 'He' becomes a god, 'He' will definitely come to you to deal with The Fool through you.

"Although I can abandon you and run ahead of time, I have to worry that 'He' has the intention of retrieving all the characteristics at the angel level.

"Gain control of those rare spirits as soon as possible, digest the potion, and become a demigod. Wield a Holy Artifact, and obtain the favor of Evernight."

Leonard's expression turned serious as he slowly nodded.

He immediately found a quiet spot and informed Mr. Fool through a prayer of the key information.

…

Someone else's apotheosis ritual? The only one who seems to be able to become a god anytime soon is Adam… It's good if the two brothers end up fighting… The final period of peace… I hope that the avatars that Amon leaves behind to interfere with me won't be too strong. I hope that I can find traces of the Dark Demonic Wolf as soon as possible. I hope that Dorian will agree to the deal… Klein sighed and returned to the real world. He continued walking in the dark with his lantern raised.

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CHAPTER 1207
DORIAN'S DECISION

Backlund, Cherwood Borough. 22 Hope Street, Hat Trick Inn.

With broad shoulders and thick arms, Dorian Gray Abraham unknowingly paced back and forth in the room, waiting for his student, Fors, to visit.

No matter how composed and mentally prepared he was, he couldn't help but feel nervous and uneasy when he eventually needed to face the answer.

After an unknown period of time, there was a series of knocks on the door.

Dorian listened to the rhythm for a few seconds before taking a deep breath. He walked to the door, twisted the handle, and pulled it back.

Outside the door was the brown-haired, curly-haired Fors, who was wearing a dark-colored long dress and a pair of tinted glasses.

Dorian habitually looked behind Fors, and after confirming that no one was looking in their direction, he made way for his student to pass.

At the same time, he glanced at Fors's hands and realized that his student wasn't carrying any luggage.

Dorian retracted his gaze and walked to the middle of the room. He found a seat and sat down before pointing to the sofa opposite him.

"Have a seat."

Fors cautiously lifted the ends of her skirt slightly, sat down, and greeted, "Good morning, Teacher."

Dorian didn't go straight to the point. After some thought, he said, "Did the lot of you really kill Botis?"

"Yes." Fors took out an exquisite, long cigar case from her pocket and opened it to show Dorian its interior.

It was a pair of dark-black eyes that were frozen with indescribable horror, as though they had seen something extremely terrifying before they died.

Dorian had originally been mentally prepared. It was just like receiving the terrifying head that would cause nightmares the previous time, one that was put together one bloody fragment at a time. He never expected his student to not carry any luggage and to only take out a ladies' cigar case.

This made him believe that it was a relic that could prove Botis's identity, but the truth was beyond his expectations once again.

This was still Botis's corpse, but there was even less than what Lewis Wien left behind!

Only a pair of eyes are left… The spiritual intuition of an Astrologer convinced Dorian that the eyeball belonged to Botis.

Seeing that the teacher had fallen silent, Fors subconsciously explained, "His body has completely collapsed and dissipated. Only this pair of eyeballs is still intact."

She paused for a moment before saying, "These eyeballs contain the remnants of the terror and contamination of the Box of the Great Old Ones before Botis's passing. It's a very strong cursed item, so I didn't send it directly to you. It would cause terrible things to happen to the postman, and he might even die unknowingly."

The corruption of the Box of the Great Old Ones… Dorian nodded in enlightenment and sighed with a smile.

"Did he eventually die under the hands of the Box of the Great Old Ones?

"This is really fate…"

The first item that Botis had stolen after his betrayal from leading the Aurora Order over was the Box of the Great Old Ones.

Fors had heard Ma'am Hermit's and Miss Justice's description of the general situation at the private gathering where they distributed the spoils of war. She learned how gorgeous and dangerous the battle she had missed was. She thought for a moment and said, "You could say that…

"However, before he was contaminated by the Box of the Great Old Ones, he had already begun losing control."

Dorian wasn't surprised as he said to his student, "Keep it. This is a spoil of war you deserve."

After Fors closed the cigar case and placed it back into her pocket, Dorian leaned forward, clasped his hands, and touched his nose.

"Botis was one of the most talented Apprentices I have ever seen. Who knew that he would end up like this…"

Having said that, Dorian let out a long sigh as though he was recalling and confessing something.

Fors didn't know much about the details of what had happened back then, so she didn't dare to speak recklessly. She could only remain silent and wait for her teacher to recover from his mixed emotions.

Ten seconds later, Dorian straightened his body and asked, "How did you digest the Scribe potion?"

This wasn't only to show concern for his student, but also to accumulate experience to provide some guidance to the other members of the family.

Fors's expression immediately turned complicated as though she was recalling something she didn't wish to recall.

"It's mainly because someone had provided me with help. On the one hand, I 'Recorded' a lot of unique or high-level abilities. On the other hand, I was brought to many places in the past few months where I 'Recorded' different cultures and beautiful scenery…”

Dorian fell silent for a moment before nodding.

"This isn't easy to imitate…”

He then asked, "Gehrman Sparrow?"

"Yes." Fors gave an affirmative response.

Dorian fell silent again. A few seconds later, he said, "What kind of deal does he want to make?

"Or rather, what does he want?"

Fors focused her attention and answered in an embarrassed manner, "He wants the potion formula of a Planeswalker, and he plans on using the Box of the Great Old Ones to exchange for one of the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in your family's hands."

This price was definitely a generous offer. Fors had originally thought that Mr. World was going to use a promise to exchange for the Planeswalker potion formula and a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, but she never expected him to throw in the Box of the Great Old Ones.

Of course, it was definitely of value to allow the Abraham family to be free of the curse. However, a promise was forever a promise that might not be

fulfilled.

Dorian wasn't surprised by Gehrman Sparrow's request for a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. He had long been mentally prepared, and instead, he felt that the conditions were beyond his imagination. After all, the Abraham family didn't have many things that a demigod could covet at this point in time.

He frowned slightly and said, "Why does he want the potion formula of a Planeswalker?"

"I don't know," Fors answered frankly.

Dorian stood up and started pacing.

Suddenly, he stopped and looked at Fors.

"I need to meet him and have a chat before I can make a decision."

"Alright." Fors agreed without any hesitation.

Dorian heaved a sigh of relief and prepared to send his student away before quickly taking out the medicine for his consumption.

He had arranged to meet at this time because he had taken into consideration that his curse would happen at any moment. If anything were to happen, the enemy wouldn't be able to channel his spirit in time.

However, after Fors got up, she didn't walk to the door. She stood on the spot and grabbed at the void.

Her arm suddenly sank, and she quickly pulled out a figure wearing a black trench coat and silk top hat.

This figure had black hair and brown eyes. His facial features were cut and cold. It was none other than Gehrman Sparrow.

Gehrman Sparrow's eyes moved slightly as he quickly recovered from his sluggish look and became no different from a real person.

"Teacher, he's here." Fors introduced seriously, "He's Gehrman Sparrow."

This action left Dorian Gray Abraham slightly agape. He forgot to close his mouth and didn't respond for a moment.

Although he came from an ancient family clan and knew many secrets, there were many things he couldn't imagine even if he read the description due to him being only a Sequence 7.

After moving his consciousness over, Klein reached into his clothes and took out a golden pocket watch.

Pa! He opened his pocket watch and took a look. Without any emotions, he said to Dorian, "You have three minutes."

…It's exactly as the rumors say. He's cold, arrogant, and crazy.… Dorian didn't dare to waste any time and directly said, "Give me a reason to believe in your promise."

As he closed his pocket watch, Klein placed it back into his inner pocket and said, "In truth, I'm already aware of the ritual that allows Mr. Door to return."

Dorian's eyes lit up. Just as he was about to ask, he heard Gehrman Sparrow calmly add, "But I don't plan to do that."

"Why?" Dorian and Fors were puzzled, but one dared to ask while the other didn't.

Klein looked out the window and said, "Do you know about the corruption from the cosmos?"

When it came to understanding the cosmos, the Abraham family was definitely ranked first outside the true deities and angels. Klein believed that they must've left behind some hints and hidden records.

Dorian nodded solemnly and said, "Yes."

"I suspect that Mr. Door has been corrupted by the cosmos," Klein explained simply. "As for my promise, it can be fulfilled right away. However, you might not be willing to do so. Furthermore, it doesn't completely resolve the curse."

"What's the solution?" Dorian asked as he controlled his surging emotions.

Klein's expression immediately turned serious.

"You and your family members will change their faith to my Lord. That way, when the full moon or Blood Moon happens, you will be blessed and no longer suffer from the curse."

After completely digesting the Scholar of Yore potion, there was no need for him to pull a person above the gray fog to avoid Mr. Door's ravings. He could directly use "Angel's Embrace" to resolve the problem. The only thing he needed to worry about now was that there might be too many members of the Abraham family. It might overwhelm him, or he might not have enough spirituality.

“…Who is your Lord?" Dorian asked after a moment of silence.

Klein suppressed his shame and said solemnly, "The great Mr. Fool."

"The Fool… Are you from the Antigonus family?" Dorian suddenly made some connections.

Klein shook his head and rejected his guess.

Dorian fell silent again, but considering that there were only three minutes left, he hurriedly asked, "If we believe in that entity, we can avoid the troubles brought about by the curse?"

As an ancient family member, he knew very well how dangerous it was to believe in an unknown existence. He was afraid that he would resolve Mr. Door's ravings, but bring about another curse.

Klein answered frankly, "This is just a temporary solution. I will find a better solution for you."

Dorian nodded and quickly said, "I will try to believe in your Lord and give you the potion formula of Planeswalker. If the curse can really be resolved temporarily, we will complete the transaction of the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact."

He planned on using himself as an experiment to see if the method worked. Furthermore, he didn't plan on telling the other family members. He wanted to get them to wait for Gehrman Sparrow's supposedly better solution until they couldn't wait any longer.

"Alright." Klein took out a pen and paper from his pocket and scribbled the honorific name of The Fool.

As for Dorian, he also began to use a crystal ball to aid in his memories, recording down the potion formula of Planeswalker.

After the exchange, Klein cast his gaze towards the supplementary ingredients and ritual.

"Supplementary ingredients: One Worm of Star, one Worm of Time, one Worm of Spirit.

"Advancement ritual: Leave legends in nine places outside this planet."

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CHAPTER 1208
THE LONG-AWAITED SERENITY

Leave legends in nine places other than this planet… Isn't this the cosmos? Looking at the potion formula in his hand, Klein nearly frowned.

He felt that this was more dangerous than the advancement ritual of a Miracle Invoker.

Although the Box of the Great Old Ones and the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Abraham family, as well as a number of Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, had the ability to send people into the cosmos, making the ritual appear simple, he clearly remembered that the Church of Evernight's ascetic leader, Arianna, had once warned him that the cosmos contained extremely terrifying corruption. It was dangerous to even understand it before becoming an angel.

One will be corrupted by the cosmos if they aren't a Planeswalker, and to become a Planeswalker, one has to wander the cosmos… This has become an impasse. There's no way to resolve it… Perhaps, the Abraham family has records of relatively safe locations in the cosmos. I can't be too pessimistic… Also, I have to use divination to verify the authenticity of this formula when I'm back… Dorian not lying to me doesn't mean that he wouldn't be lied to… Klein retracted his gaze and looked at Dorian Gray Abraham opposite him.

"Where are all the Planeswalker Beyonder characteristics?"

Having memorized The Fool's honorific name, Dorian thought for two seconds before saying, "Two of them are in the form of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in our family. One is in the form of the Box of the Great Old Ones. One is said to be in the hands of the Demoness Sect, while another is with the Church of the God of Combat. There is one more, but no one has found it since the Second Epoch."

If I could use the Box of the Great Old Ones to exchange for one of the two relatively normal Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Abraham family, I wouldn't have to worry about obtaining the Planeswalker Beyonder characteristic. However, that advancement ritual is truly a problem… Besides, the essence of this ritual is clearly to leave a mark in the cosmos. No matter how many changes are made, I won't be able to bypass the cosmos… Klein controlled his expression and nodded at Dorian.

"I hope you can find the answer when the crimson moon becomes full."

With that said, his figure rapidly turned faint, having reached Fors's limit.

Upon seeing Gehrman Sparrow "leave" like that, Dorian subconsciously looked down at the piece of paper with the honorific name of The Fool in his hand. He realized that it had also turned illusory and disappeared.

"…” Dorian was unable to find the correct answer from the various Beyonder powers recorded by his family. He turned to look at Fors, opened his mouth, intending to ask her.

At that moment, he felt a sudden pain in his heart as his pupils rapidly dilated.

Oh no! The curse is about to act up! Dorian hurriedly reached into his pocket to retrieve a small metal bottle. He opened the lid and gulped it down.

Clang!

His actions were so hurried that the lid of the metal bottle fell to the ground.

Fors watched as her teacher's face turned pale. She watched as he clutched his chest, unable to react to what had happened.

As a former surgeon, she quickly came to a conclusion and hurriedly said, "Teacher, are you having a heart attack?

"Do you have any special medicine?"

After asking the last question, Fors realized that she had been overly anxious and concerned, making her appear a little silly.

The bottle that the teacher drank was definitely the special medicine!

"Do you need any help? I have the 'Recorded' a Doctor's powers," Fors asked when she saw that her teacher had recovered based on his expression.

Dorian shook his head, indicating that he was fine.

At the same time, he sighed inwardly.

It's because you didn't do as I planned and had directly summoned Gehrman Sparrow into this room, causing me to not have time to drink the medicine.

…

Sonia Sea, the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, the City of Generosity, Bayam.

The Blue Avenger docked at the port in the evening.

During that period of time, the damage brought to the sea traffic around Sonia Island by the Church of the Lord of Storms had finally attracted the

actions of the Feysac Empire's demigods. Many "captains" had died in the line of duty, and their fleet had suffered a severe blow.

Alger Wilson and his crew avoided this attack while hiding in the primitive forest of the island while waiting for an opportunity to attack the port. After the Church of the Lord of Storms and the Loen naval army declared their goal for this battle had been achieved, they returned to Pasu Island to rest since it was over.

After that, Alger deliberately engaged in battle. He appeared pious, passionate, and fervent. He was praised by the cardinals as a result.

This was because he was familiar with the area around the Rorsted Archipelago. Without a doubt, he had been sent here to strengthen the naval forces of the important colony.

Of course, in order to avoid conflict with his past identity, he also made preparations for other matters in the future. Alger and his crew arrived in Bayam in the name of recruiting pirates.

In this war, many pirates were recruited, effectively making up for the losses of the navies of the various countries, just like the recruitment of mercenaries during the early- and mid-stages of the Fourth Epoch.

Taking advantage of the fact that there was still some light in the sky, Alger got off the boat and headed straight for Sea King Jahn Kottman's Cathedral of Waves.

As a Sequence 5 Ocean Songster, he had the right to directly meet the Church of the Lord of Storms's cardinal, a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers.

As he walked, Alger suddenly saw a familiar face.

It was a middle-aged man wearing a formal suit, a bow tie, and glasses. He looked rather refined, but Alger knew very well that he was a believer of

Sea God Kalvetua. He had once been a pirate, and now he was a merchant that did business with both the authorities and the underworld.

"Long time no see, Ralph." Alger greeted the illegitimate child that had Loen, Feysac, and Rorsted mixed blood.

Ralph was stunned for a moment, as if he couldn't recognize the captain of the Blue Avenger.

"Alger? Our captain of the ghost ship?" After a few seconds, he asked in surprise.

Alger smiled and said, "Did I change a lot?"

Ralph frowned and replied, "Your temperament has changed a lot. It's even more like the ocean and dark clouds before a storm."

Quite a keen eye… However, this is an act I'm deliberately showing… After consuming the Ocean Songster potion, if there wasn't such a change, I wouldn't seem like someone from the Church of the Lord of Storms… Alger sighed and said, "Because there are too many things to worry about.

"Now, it's all good; I've already been hired by the Church of the Lord of Storms."

Ralph narrowed his eyes as a sense of vigilance rose in his heart. He laughed and said, "This is indeed a good thing—if there was no war."

Alger glanced at the spot where Ralph had just come out and asked, "When did a new… school appear here?"

He could see at a glance that there were four-story buildings, a cement field, a garden lawn, and many children happily playing.

The children had dark skin, but some of them didn't have bronze skin like the locals. Their hair was only slightly curled, and it wasn't too obvious.

Without a doubt, this group consisted of mixed-blood children.

Ralph looked back and sighed with a smile.

"Didn't you donate money to my charity foundation?

"Under God's guidance, I established a few schools in several large cities on the island, specially providing education, three meals, and accommodation for these discriminated children.

"Our childhood was gloomy, and I don't want them to be the same."

At the same time Ralph responded, Alger kept staring at the school. When Ralph was done speaking, Alger looked away and said, "I thought you would've taken at least half of it."

Ralph broke out into laughter.

"Seems like I left a terrible impression on you.

"How is it? What opinions do you have about this school?"

Alger sized him up and said, "Do you think I've been to school before?"

He paused for a moment before saying, "Which street is your charity foundation on? I might come to you for something in the future."

Thinking that the other party had been hired by the Church of the Lord of Storms, Ralph didn't dare to expose his connection to the Resistance. He chuckled and said, "It's fine to donate, but you don't have to come for anything else."

After giving the location of the charity foundation, Ralph returned home. He went up to the second floor and knocked on the door of a room.

"Lord Danitz, I have something to report."

In the room, a deep and dignified voice replied, "Come in."

…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Dorian, who lived in a rented apartment, walked to the window. As the sun set, the sky gradually darkened.

The crimson moon would be full tonight, and the curse of the Abraham family would descend once again.

It had been a while since he had shaved his beard. Around his mouth, on both sides of his cheeks and lower jaw, there was a white mustache growing. It appeared out-of-place with his middle-aged man's appearance.

After looking for a while, Dorian bowed his head and recited in Jotun, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…”

After ending his prayer, he returned to his room and found a sofa to sit down. He waited for the crimson moon to rise and for the period when the spirituality was the strongest to arrive.

At that moment, in the ancient palace above the gray fog, Klein had already taken his seat that belonged to The Fool. He beckoned for a paper figurine.

The paper figurine was surrounded by the power of Sefirah Castle as it passed through Dorian's prayer light and landed on him.

During this process, Klein deliberately didn't show any effects, allowing the "angel" to silently embrace Dorian.

He felt that if Mr. Fool were to appear too bombastic, it would scare this ancient family's member, so he chose to keep a low profile.

The waiting process was always torturous. From time to time, Dorian would take out his pocket watch, click it open, and take a look. He wanted to know how long more before the full moon possessed its highest spirituality—this was something that could be inferred through the mysticism knowledge.

Finally, when it was almost dawn, Dorian instinctively bent down to reduce the pain brought by the curse.

However, as time passed, all he heard was complete silence. There were no buzzing ravings.

The crimson moonlight passed through the window and shone on Dorian. He looked up in a daze and felt that the surroundings were serene, calm, and indifferent. Nothing abnormal happened.

Dorian looked out of the window and saw the crimson moon. It was pure, dignified, gentle, and dreamy, as though it was hanging on his heart.

After a moment of silence, Dorian lowered his head and took out his pocket watch.

"…" He raised his right hand and rubbed his eyes. He covered his face and didn't loosen his grip for a long time.

The white mustache on his face gradually became messy, stained with tears and snot.

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CHAPTER 1209
TWO CHOICES

Inside the room, the crimson glow was like water that soaked every corner.

Dorian slowly lifted his head and looked at the full moon outside the oriel window. He didn't look away for a long time, as if he was admiring a beautiful scenery for the first time.

Phew… He let out a breath, stood up, and entered the bathroom. He turned on the tap, held up a mouthful of biting-cold water, and splashed it hard on his face.

After washing up, Dorian wiped his face with a towel and returned to the living room to sit on the sofa. He lowered his head and muttered piously, "Praise be to Mr. Fool!"

After completing his prayer, he walked into the study, took out a pen and paper, and wrote to Fors:

“…

"Please tell Mr. Gehrman Sparrow that I have confirmed his promise. I hope he can find a better way to resolve the curse…

"I will gather the other members of my family to discuss if I should use one of the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in exchange for the Box of the Great Old Ones…

"Here, let me introduce the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts so that Mr. Gehrman Sparrow will have sufficient time to consider which one he wants.

"One of them is called 'Scroll of God.' It looks like an ordinary oil painting in a brass frame, but the content on it will change at random.

"When it shows different locations, the wielder can change the surroundings of the target, allowing the corresponding scene to descend.

"When it shows different figures, the wielder can allow those people to attack their targets with one target per figure.

"When it presents an abstract image that cannot be understood, different real effects will happen, and the only thing we know about the corresponding relationship is a very small portion;

"When it depicts doors, opening different 'doors' will move one to different places. There's no way to predict where the destination will be. It can be used to exile its target;

"When it shows the dark underground or deep cosmos, it will be extremely dangerous. It has to be sealed!

"If no one looks at it or takes in the marvel of the oil painting, then the person inside will come to life. They will reach out their hands from the oil painting, and slowly enter the real world. One must pay attention to this when sealing it!

"Once upon a time, when one of my family's branches were in charge of the Scroll of God, there was a mistake. No one appreciated it for a full minute. And at that moment, it presented an image of an angel revolving around a deity. Then, the deity came alive and walked out of the oil painting.

"That branch of my family was destroyed just like that. There were only a few members remaining who had lost their minds, while that deity had gone somewhere unknown, but the painting was left behind.

"We had been worried for quite some time, afraid that the deity would destroy the world. Fortunately, 'He' never appeared again. Perhaps 'He' had

already been noticed by the seven deities and was dealt with.

"Of course, we can't rule out the possibility that this is a story made up by those who have lost their minds. However, for most of the members to have died overnight, with a small number going mad, that in itself implies enough.

"The other Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is called 'Staff of the Stars.' Its appearance is a black cane with embedded gems.

"While holding onto it, using corresponding scenes in your mind, one that truly exists and is still in existence, the staff will transport you directly to the destination, but you must be careful. The scene depicted must be absolutely correct. Every detail must be accurate. There cannot be any differences with the original. Otherwise, you will never know where your destination is;

"Similarly, while holding onto the Staff of the Stars, if some Beyonder powers or figures appear in your mind, this cane will reenact the corresponding powers and person. The latter will be a single attack. To achieve such an effect, one has to have sufficient understanding of the powers and figures. Otherwise, you have no idea what kind of anomaly will happen. Once, someone used the Staff of the Stars to release 'Lightning Storm,' but he ended up turning himself into a frog. Recovery was only possible once the method to remove the curse was found;

"The Staff of the Stars is sufficiently hard and can be used to attack. A person struck by it will randomly mutate or suffer strange effects. Previously, I used the Staff of the Stars to hit a Beyonder from the Aurora Order. The left side of his body was moved outside a door, and his right side remained where it was. His organs splattered out as a result;

"The Staff of the Stars will randomly move about. If it isn't properly sealed, it might disappear at some point in time and escape your control.

"When holding it, one's head has to be empty most of the time. This is because once an image appears, it can trigger the effects I described in the beginning;

"If there's no one holding onto it, all sorts of abnormalities will happen around the Staff of the Stars. It's hard to predict what will happen. It has to be sealed…

"Burn upon reading…"

After writing the letter, Dorian read it several times to make sure that there was no mistake before stuffing it into an envelope and pasting a stamp on it.

At that moment, in the ancient palace above the gray fog.

Through the prayer point of light, Klein had watched Dorian's entire process of writing the letter.

I seem to have forgotten to tell him that he can pass the corresponding information to Gehrman Sparrow through Mr. Fool… That's good too. I'll just treat this as a benefit of being a formal member of the Tarot Club. If every believer were to do this, I wouldn't be able to cope if I didn't leave any Worms of Spirit in Sefirah Castle… Yes, this can also effectively maintain Mr. Fool's prestige. It will ensure that the Abrahams won't dare to belittle Mr. Fool… Klein mumbled before turning his attention onto the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts.

He once again confirmed that Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts had severe negative effects and couldn't be used as common items.

Of course, their powers had extremely terrifying and potent effects. They were worthy of the grade "0."

In comparison, the Staff of the Stars is more suitable for me…

I can get Miss Justice to hypnotize me in advance so that my subconscious thoughts won't appear in the form of an image or scene. Only by consciously willing it in my mind will I be able to form the outline of a scene…

I wonder if the residents of the City of Silver will be able to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods with the Staff of the Stars in their hands by just outlining the scene of Backlund's streets in their minds…

But there's no way to hypnotize them before this. They haven't really seen Backlund. Even if they restore the corresponding scene, it's difficult for them to accurately outline the details…

Anyway, it's very troublesome, but I can give it a try and choose a volunteer who isn't afraid of death…

If I can exchange for the Staff of the Stars, there's no need to rush to shatter it and turn it back into a characteristic. Who knows when it might come in handy. After all, the advancement ritual might not be completed…

With the Staff of the Stars, I can deal with the Dark Demonic Wolf and escape the Forsaken Land of the Gods right under the Dark Angel's nose. This will give me a little more confidence… Klein sighed as he made his decision.

At this moment, he discovered another truth.

That was if some of the members of the Abraham family followed Dorian and switched faiths to Mr. Fool, then even if he returned the Box of the Great Old Ones to them, it wouldn't be difficult to borrow it in the future.

In other words, out of the three Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, the Staff of the Stars, the Scroll of God, and the Box of the Great Old Ones, he would gain the right to use two of them and have ownership over one.

It's still very useful to develop believers… When the time comes, wouldn't the Abraham family become a subordinate faction of the Tarot Club? However, Dorian definitely won't spread the faith of The Fool so quickly unless some members are already on the brink of losing control, without the ability to resist the curse of the next full moon. For some reason, he felt that the power of the Tarot Club was expanding.

He thought about it seriously and felt sad that he would have to respond to his believers twenty-four hours a day in the future.

Only by becoming an angel and truly gaining ownership of Sefirah Castle did he dare leave a few Worms of Spirit behind so as to resolve this problem.

If that really doesn't work, I'll get Arrodes to be my artificial intelligence customer service… Klein rubbed his temples and left the gray fog before returning to the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

…

Late at night, in the waters of the Rorsted Archipelago.

A huge sea monster quickly swam to its destination.

This was the "helper" that Alger had requested from Sea God Kalvetua. At the level of an Ocean Songster, he was still unable to control a creature of such size.

In truth, he could totally swim from Bayam, but that would be too tiring, and he wouldn't be able to resist any accidents.

A few seconds later, the sea monster opened its mouth. Alger swam out and approached a beautiful coral thicket.

After circling a few obstacles, a dark blue glow suddenly appeared in Alger's eyes.

Through this "dark blueness," he saw a beautiful coral palace.

It was so real, but no one could see it unless there was a specific medium.

Alger stared at it for a while before swimming forward. He came to the front of the palace and pushed open the door.

The churning water came to a halt as Alger passed through the barrier and landed on the ground thanks to the wind.

He looked around and saw that there were murals on both sides.

The contents of these murals weren't surprising. The people with elven faces mainly focused on resisting the storm.

However, Alger noticed that the ships weren't out at sea, but in the midst of a thick, nearly indestructible "blackness."

This made Alger think of a phrase: Abyss.

This is somewhat similar to the Abyss as spoken in legends, but it's just a little similar, and there aren't any Devils either… They seem to be coming from underground… These murals record the history of the elves? But they don't match the corresponding myths… The World said that each elvish word corresponds to a first-generation elf… As Alger pondered, he walked towards the nine steps ahead.

As he drew closer, he saw two thrones and a dark blue crystalline coral.

On the coral branches, silver bolts of lightning flashed, illuminating the surroundings.

Alger held his breath as he slowed down his pace and went up the stairs to the throne.

He extended his right hand solemnly and picked up the coral.

With a splashing sound, the seawater outside the palace suddenly churned. As for the coral, under the cover of a "dark blueness," it gradually turned illusory and merged into Alger's body.

Lightning bolts bloomed one after another like flower petals.

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CHAPTER 1210
MOON CITY

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at night when the frequency of lightning was very low.

A few humanoid creatures cautiously approached a meatball with six legs and more than ten eyes.

They were wrapped in animal skins or clothes with materials that couldn't be identified. With the help of a few lanterns, they passed through the endless darkness with heavy expressions.

On their faces, there were about ten to twenty tumors. Some of their eyes were nearly squeezed together, while others didn't have a nose, with only a black hole in that place.

After a series of intense battles, they managed to successfully finish off the monster and split into two groups. One group guarded the surroundings. and another group reaped the spoils of war.

During this process, the man with many meat tumors on his face dissected the monster's corpse. When he was searching for edible parts, he suddenly stopped.

"A'dal, what's the matter?" the woman without a nose asked curiously.

The man named A'dal slowly retracted his right hand and revealed an item he had found from the monster.

It was a stone-carved amulet covered with marks of corrosion.

"This is…" The man, whose eyes were nearly squeezed together, seemed to understand the reason and hesitated to finish his sentence.

A'dal surveyed the area and said, "Xin, Rus, this was given to my father when I was young.

"On the day I became an adult, he felt that he could no longer control himself. He chose to leave the city and enter the depths of the darkness…"

When Xin and Rus heard that, they fell silent for a moment. They could understand A'dal's feelings.

This was a common occurrence in Moon City.

As there was no safe edible food, they could only pick the mutated plant fruits and collect the flesh of monsters to maintain their survival.

This resulted in the accumulation of toxins and madness in the body. After a decline in their physical conditions, they would either die quickly or gradually lose control.

In order to not cause any damage to the surroundings and city, those who were part of the latter would often arrange everything after sensing that their conditions weren't right. With a torch and a small amount of food, they would leave the defensive perimeter and wander into the eternal darkness alone, never to return.

The residents of Moon City could imagine what would happen to them. They would either be killed by monsters or become monsters. There was no other possibility.

After seven to eight seconds of silence, the woman without a nose hesitantly said, "Perhaps, this is the monster that killed your father."

"It has a belt made of animal skin wrapped around it…" A'dal's voice gradually lowered. He picked up the dagger made of bone and forcefully

inserted it, cutting out a relatively normal piece of flesh.

Amidst the silence, the members of the hunting team completed their harvest skillfully until Rus, whose eyes were nearly squeezed together, suddenly said in a deep voice, "There are more and more deformities amongst the newborn…”

The price of accumulating toxins and madness for generations wasn't as simple as reducing their average life expectancy. The people who still had normal physical conditions were gradually experiencing some mutations, just like A'dal who had many tumors on his face.

Similarly, the toxins and madness could also be passed down to their descendants, causing mutations to appear. Rus and Xin from the hunting team were examples.

Their lives would be even shorter, making it easier for them to lose control and mutate.

The more abnormalities there were, the more obvious the implications were. The hunting teams present knew very well that it might not take more than two to three generations before the residents of Moon City would lose control before they fully grew up or have children.

When that happened, even if there was no external attack, Moon City would quickly be destroyed, leaving behind only stone buildings and murals to prove their existence.

"I hope the High Priest and the others can find a new direction…” A'dal stood up with a lantern in hand as he answered weakly.

In the past two to three thousand years, it wasn't as if Moon City hadn't found a way to escape their current predicament. They had sent out teams of exploration teams that headed deep into the darkness. Some returned after suffering serious setbacks, with nothing to show for their efforts. Some

disappeared into the boundless darkness, and nothing was heard from them ever again.

In addition, at a distance away, to the east of Moon City, was a grayish-white fog that blotted out the sky and land.

They were like invisible barriers that not only blocked one's vision, but also prevented any living beings from passing through.

The residents of Moon City once believed that this was a place of hope. They believed that the area covered by the grayish-white fog was a normal country. They believed that the other side of the gray fog was a land that wasn't cursed.

They attempted to enter the grayish-white fog again and again, but all their attempts failed.

They had dug a long passageway, hoping to pass through the invisible barrier by going underground. However, the region deep underground was also covered in grayish-white fog.

They tried ways to obtain the ability of flight before attempting to cross the barrier at high altitudes, but they didn't manage to see the top of the grayish-white fog before they were struck by lightning.

They mobilized the powers of all the demigods and Sealed Artifacts, attacking the target again and again. Over the past two to three thousand years, the cumulative attacks they performed failed to disperse the invisible barrier at all…

Upon hearing Captain A'dal's words, the members of the hunting team felt hopeless and sad. It was as though they were sliding down the edge of the abyss, but were unable to save themselves.

The deformed ones were people who found it difficult to control their emotions. At that moment, they more or less felt like they were suppressing

something in their hearts, eager to unleash it.

In Moon City, a deformed person wasn't allowed to become a Beyonder or join the hunting teams two to three hundred years ago. They could only do harvesting work. However, as their manpower dwindled, the High Priest and the rest of the higher-ups relaxed the restrictions.

"Let's go. This bit of food isn't enough." A'dal looked around, carrying lanterns as he walked deeper into the darkness.

They didn't take the risk of extinguishing the fire, causing monsters to surge out in the darkness, as they might not be able to deal with them.

In such a quiet and suffocating environment, the members of the Moon City's hunting team couldn't help but have the feeling that they were enveloped in an endless darkness.

It was as though it was impossible to find hope regarding the present situation of Moon City, and the amount of time the lanterns in their hands could burn was decreasing.

When the last trace of light dissipated, they would be silently devoured by the darkness.

As they walked, a faint yellow light suddenly appeared in A'dal's eyes.

It was a glow that didn't belong to the hunting team!

This bit of light immediately shone into the eyes of all the members of the hunting team, filling their pupils.

A'dal, Xin, Rus, and company couldn't help but widen their eyes as they felt a deep sense of shock.

During their lifetime, there had never been any fires that came from external sources in the history of Moon City after the Cataclysm!

Indeed, many monsters possessed the powers of fire or the Sun domain, but before attacking, they were all hidden in the darkness without revealing any hint of light.

And now, a fiery glow appeared deep in the darkness!

A'dal, Xin, and Rus trembled slightly as they thought for a long time but couldn't think of an answer.

They quickly recalled the hunting arrangements and confirmed that it was impossible for residents of Moon City to be nearby.

Since the fiery glow didn't belong to Moon City, where did it come from?

The entire hunting team slowed down. They were shocked, surprised, curious, fearful, worried, and terrified.

They had also discovered some destroyed cities and knew that any abnormalities in the darkness could be fatal.

“…Be alert!" A'dal finally snapped out of his daze and gave the order.

The hunting team immediately took up a battle formation, waiting for the faint yellow light to approach.

Time seemed to freeze at this moment. Every second was slow. Finally, after the fiery glow grew bigger, a figure appeared.

A figure… There's only one person.… The members of the Moon City hunting team held their breaths.

It seemed like, maybe, perhaps, they might have a chance of seeing an outsider!

Two to three thousand years had passed, and finally, someone else had stepped foot on this land.

They were not the only ones left in this abandoned world.

As for who could travel through endless darkness and reach this place, A'dal and company lacked experience, so they had no way of guessing.

As the fiery glow became bigger and more obvious, the hunting team members gradually saw the figure.

It was a slim young man. He had black hair and brown eyes, and his expression was cold. He was neither a deformed person nor had he any abnormal changes.

He wore a strange hat and strange clothes. He held a lantern made of special materials as he walked over from the darkness.

The light of his lantern was even brighter than the combined light of the hunting team. It made the surrounding darkness fade rapidly.

It didn't take long before the light shone on the bodies of the likes of A'dal, Xin, and Rus.

The figure stopped and looked at the Moon City hunting team. He asked in a low voice, "Where are you from?"

He spoke Jotun… His eyes are clear, and he can communicate… A'dal opened his mouth, stopping his subconscious urge to reply.

He asked in return, "Who are you?"

The figure with the glass lantern replied calmly, "Gehrman Sparrow."

After half a year of traveling and overcoming one difficult obstacle after another, Klein's spiritual intuition finally told him that he was finally reaching his destination.

And he had also encountered the first batch of living people in his trip across the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

"Where did you come from?" A'dal kept his guard up and pressed.

Klein swept his gaze across their faces and said without a change in tone, "I came from the City of Silver.

"And also from a land beyond the cursed lands."

Upon hearing this answer, all the members of the hunting team were in a daze. They suspected whether they were expecting too much, causing them to hallucinate.

…

In the autumn of 1351, Backlund, in the midst of the war.

Ever since Feynapotter declared war on Loen, the war that had been going on for some time had finally lost its balance. Loen and its allies—Lenburg, Masin, and Segar—had lost a large amount of territory, leaving only the last few lines of defense that they defended with great difficulty. They were on the brink of being overrun.

When she saw the long line of people at the food distribution center through the carriage window, Audrey slowly retracted her gaze and said to her personal maidservant, Annie, "Turn towards Saint Samuel Cathedral…”

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CHAPTER 1211
UNIMAGINABLE

As the carriage drove slowly along the road, Audrey's gaze subconsciously looked out the window.

Many passers-by stood by the roadside, staring at the horse that was pulling the carriage. Their eyes seemed to be emitting a greedy glint as they, the lucky ones, successfully collected their food. They ran through the streets surreptitiously and headed for home.

A team of policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms were patrolling the streets. They had revolvers by their waists and batons in their hands—means to deter anyone from wanting to take risks.

"Recently, we don't even dare to go on the streets alone…" the personal maidservant, Annie, whispered to her.

Audrey nodded slightly but didn't respond.

After a while, the carriage arrived at Phelps Street and stopped at the square in front of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The flock of pigeons that were usually here was nowhere to be seen.

The Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, as well as the subsequent establishment of the Loen Poverty Relief Foundation and the Loen Medical Charity Foundation, had all moved from 22 Phelps Street to a few small rooms in the cathedral. This was because the buildings that they were originally housed in had collapsed due to the previous airstrike.

To the staff of these three foundations, it was a harrowing memory. If they hadn't left 22 Phelps Street in advance due to different reasons, they would've long been killed.

After alighting from the carriage and walking through the main door, Audrey saw a black-haired, brown-eyed girl with a rather thin face approach.

Before the other party could speak, she said, "Melissa, is there any more food that can be distributed?"

Melissa shook her head solemnly.

"Even those injured soldiers who we provided relief for can't receive enough food…”

Audrey's green eyes dimmed. She didn't show her helplessness or weakness as she nodded slightly.

"I will think of a way."

…

"From the City of Silver…

"From a land beyond the cursed lands."

Gehrman Sparrow's words echoed in the ears of the Moon City hunting team members—A'dal, Xin, and Rus. It made them feel like they were in a dream, unable to regain their senses for a long time.

Just as A'dal gradually regained his senses and was thinking about what to say when Xin, who was born without a nose, inundated Klein with a series of questions.

"Where is the City of Silver? What does it look like? How far is it from here?

"How many normal people are there outside the cursed area?"

Klein glanced at her and replied in an emotionless voice, "The City of Silver is located on the other side of the cursed lands. They discovered a type of plant that can be eaten normally called 'Black-Faced Grass.' This has allowed them to maintain their kind's stability and effectively explore the depths of the darkness in a bid to find a way to leave.

"They recently found some mushrooms. These mushrooms can use monsters as nutrients, forming all kinds of fruits that do not contain toxins and madness.

"The City of Silver has gone one step further in escaping the madness. Once the newborns become adults, they wouldn't easily lose control even at old age…"

These words made A'dal, Xin and company feel lost, as though their own persistent efforts had no meaning.

The City of Silver described by Gehrman Sparrow was the most beautiful scene they could imagine; yet, it was something so easily possessed by others.

"…Are there any deformed newborns?" Xin asked in a dreamy tone.

Klein shook his head.

"Almost none."

"Will their parents walk into the depths of the darkness by themselves when their physical condition deteriorates—no, when they become old?" A'dal subconsciously pressed.

Wearing a black trench coat, a top hat, and holding a lantern, Klein replied, "No.

"Because they are burdened with the curse of killing their own kin. If a life cannot be ended by the hands of a blood relative, they will turn into a terrifying evil spirit or monster."

The members of the hunting team in Moon City finally found a sense of reality. Their hearts felt like they were slowly rising in warm water as bubbles slowly emerged.

These bubbles were weak, empty, and easily pricked. There was nothing inside, but they shimmered with something called hope and light.

Rus, whose eyes were nearly squeezed together, couldn't help but repeat the question:

"How many normal people are there outside the cursed area?"

Klein looked at them with a complicated expression.

"They are basically normal. They do not need to be constantly worried about monsters attacking them. They don't have to be afraid of being in the darkness. They don't go crazy after growing old. They aren't burdened by all kinds of curses. They see sunlight every day when they wake up, with sufficiently normal food. Every night, the crimson moon rises…"

However, all of this is being destroyed now… Klein silently added in his heart.

This time, A'dal, Xin, and Rus were somewhat at a loss. This was because they found Gehrman Sparrow's description as something imaginable, but also seemingly unimaginable. It was just like when they were reading the few ancient books remaining. They could get the spirit of the matter but found it hard to truly understand certain contexts.

They had no idea what the sun and what the crimson moon were.

However, to have normal food every day without the burden of various curses, the worry of monster attacks or darkness, and the lack of going crazy in old age was a beautiful dream they yearned for day and night.

There's such a place in this world? Is this what Heaven, as recorded in the ancient books, is? Was this land really cursed? The members of the Moon City hunting team fell silent once again.

One of them opened their mouth but was at a loss as to what to ask. Someone wanted to bring Gehrman Sparrow back to Moon City and inform the High Priest of the news, wanting to inform everyone, but he was afraid of attracting danger.

During this process, they didn't let down their guard or vigilance.

Klein wasn't the least bit surprised with their attitude. Instead, he felt that this was the reaction a civilization that could last to this day in the Forsaken Land of the Gods ought to have.

With the lantern in hand, he took a step to the left, attempting to walk around the humans who were dressed in strange materials or animal skins, and he continued heading east.

Regardless of what story these people had, whether it was worth helping them in passing, he planned to wait until he began his investigations before listening and considering things. This was because his spiritual intuition told him that his destination wasn't far, and that the legendary West Continent was just two to three hours away on foot.

The moment he took a step forward, A'dal and company immediately bent their backs, bracing themselves to defend and attack. However, they didn't manage to see Gehrman Sparrow approach them. They watched as he walked more than ten meters to the left and continue heading forward.

Seeing this young man dressed in strange black clothes and a strange black hat, with a strange and transparent lantern gradually distancing himself from them, the dim yellow light grew weaker and weaker. A'dal's face which was covered in tumors changed. He shouted loudly, "Who exactly are you?"

Klein didn't turn around. Instead, he held the lantern that emitted a faint yellow light and walked deeper into the darkness. He said in a regular tone, "A missionary.

"A person to spread my Lord's brilliance."

A'dal, Xin, and company looked at each other, their expressions filled with confusion.

They hesitated for a long while, but when there was only a small trace of the dim yellow light left, they instinctively took a step forward and followed behind Klein.

They didn't dare to approach him, nor did they want to have him leave their sight. They carried the food they had procured, as though they were monitoring and chasing him in a defensive manner. As for Klein, he walked at an adequate speed—not waiting for them or attempting to shake them off.

Just like that, both sides walked in silence under the sparse lightning. At some point in time, Rus and another hunting team had left the main group. They held the animal hide lantern and the food they had obtained and turned around, silently disappearing into the endless darkness.

Seconds changed to minutes before Klein finally stopped.

Using the lightning that streaked across the sky, he saw a grayish-white fog a few hundred meters away.

The mist was connected to the land and extended all the way into the sky, as though it didn't have an apex.

At the same time, the fog extended to the two sides without any end.

Klein looked at it intently for a long time. Even though there were partitions of darkness, he slowly raised his head. After the second bolt of lightning calmed down, he looked away.

Behind the fog or inside it is the disappeared Western Continent? As he thought with a heavy heart, he couldn't help but slow down his breathing.

He carried the lantern and continued forward until the dim yellow light emitted a solidified mist.

There was no need for him to make any other attempts. From his intuition as a Seer, he could tell that the grayish-white fog was an invisible barrier that couldn't be passed through by conventional means.

He thought for a moment and stretched out his right hand to scratch at the darkness in front of him again and again.

After doing it four to five consecutive times, Klein pulled out a black cane with many gems embedded in it.

This was the Staff of the Stars, a terrifying Sealed Artifact known as 0-62 that had been swapped using the Box of the Great Old Ones!

Of course, all he did was summon the historical projection of the Staff of the Stars.

This way, even if there were unnecessary scenes that appeared in his mind, he could use the removal of the Historical Void projection to stop any corresponding dangers that appeared in a timely manner.

To a Scholar of Yore, this was the best way to regularly use a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. However, this limited the effects and was something that couldn't exceed three minutes at the moment. Furthermore, there was a certain difference with the original version when it came to their effects.

Using a marionette to hold the Staff of the Stars wasn't the best way to avoid any negative effects. This was because a marionette needed to be controlled, and any control had a high chance of transmitting scenes.

Of course, if he engaged in a battle he was prepared for, Klein wouldn't have done so. This was because it would occupy one of his three precious summoning spots. Furthermore, although the Staff of the Stars belonged to him, it was only in a state of forced ownership, and it remained in a sealed state. Furthermore, the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact had a rather high level. It was impossible for Klein to successfully summon it at once, so it usually took him three to six attempts. In a fierce battle, it would require plenty of chances—nothing simple.

And it was precisely because of this that when he was prepared to "perform," he would hypnotize himself in advance. By using the Staff of the Stars in a special state, he would preserve the ability to summon Historical Void images like Miss Messenger, Mr. Azik, Ma'am Arianna, Will Auceptin, and other familiar angels.

Holding the black staff that was embedded with various gems, a scene of the door slowly opening appeared in Klein's mind.

The gems on the staff flashed with a faint glow as the grayish-white fog quickly outlined a door that wasn't sufficiently real.

The door opened silently, and behind it was still a gray fog.

Door Opening doesn't work… Although he wasn't surprised by the outcome, he was still a little disappointed.

He thought for a moment and decided to switch tactics.

However, just as he was thinking about it, the Staff of the Stars automatically activated as the corresponding scene appeared.

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CHAPTER 1212
SPREADING RADIANCE

Just now, as Klein was thinking of a solution, an image naturally came to mind.

The clouds in the two mountains began to "boil" rapidly as they spread out to the left and right, revealing a crack whose bottom couldn't be seen. The orange-red rays of the sunset filled it and formed a corporeal path.

This was a scene created when Blasphemer Amon entered the projection of the Giant King's Court.

And just as he felt that he didn't know enough about the corresponding powers and planned on switching to another method. The red, green, blue, and transparent gems on the Staff of the Stars had already begun to emit a faint glow as they automatically activated.

The solidified grayish-white fog was similarly "boiling," but it wasn't that intense.

They were churning backward as they parted, but the area right in front of him remained an endless grayish-white mass. There was no end to it.

Klein sighed in his heart. As he focused on controlling his thoughts, he made other attempts.

In the past three minutes, he had tried hard at least ten times. Seven times were of his own will, while three times were him venting out, but he was ultimately unable to open the invisible barrier.

…Indeed, normal methods don't work… With a flick of his wrist, he allowed the historical projection of 0-62, which was close to its limit, to disappear from the real world.

He stared at the silent grayish-white fog and didn't move for about a minute. It was as if he had turned into a statue.

Finally, Klein closed his eyes and looked away. Holding the lantern in his hand, he walked towards the nearby humans who were watching.

He didn't plan on making blind attempts, because there was a high chance that he wouldn't succeed. He planned on asking the people who had stood guard in the vicinity for two to three thousand years. It was obvious that these ancient survivors had explored the grayish-white fog. He wanted to see if he could find inspiration from their years of experience.

Based on Klein's assumption, the humans would definitely react excessively towards him, so he had already prepared the corresponding powers to allow them to speak to him calmly. However, when he looked at the light of dusk on both sides of the lantern, he realized that the ugly or deformed humans were staring at him with their mouths agape. They looked confused and shocked, as if they had temporarily lost their ability to think.

Klein frowned slightly. In the darkness, he walked unhurriedly to the ancient survivors and stopped about two to three meters away.

"What do you know about this fog?" Klein asked in Jotun with a deep voice.

The language that could stir the powers of nature didn't have any differences because of geography. There was only a slight difference in the accent, but it wasn't much. If the original version was modified, there was a chance its effects in ritualistic magic would be lost.

It was only when Gehrman Sparrow raised the question that A'dal seemed to snap out of his daze. His lips quivered as he answered in an ambiguous

tone, "We… We have never caused the fog to change before…”

Just now, Gehrman Sparrow had caused the fog to boil like water and part to the sides. This scene had really frightened them, as though they were witnessing a miracle.

The two to three thousand years of hard work from numerous generations of Moon City inhabitants were inferior to a person holding a staff with an attempt that didn't last more than two hundred heartbeats!

This was also the main reason why they had given up on resisting when Gehrman Sparrow approached them.

They instinctively believed that, no matter how they avoided him, it would be to no avail.

After two seconds of silence, Klein continued asking, "Do you have any corresponding records?"

At this moment, A'dal understood what Gehrman Sparrow meant. He hesitated for a moment and slowly nodded.

"Yes… However, only the High Priest and the others would frequently look through it."

Wearing a black trench coat and half top hat, Klein thought for a moment and suddenly reached out to pull out an item from the void.

It was a cross covered in bronze, with several sharp spikes protruding out from it.

It was the historical image of the ancient sun god's Unshadowed Crucifix!

With the cross in hand, Klein raised it a little higher and aimed it at the ancient survivors.

Pure, bright, and warm light bloomed, dispersing the darkness around them and illuminating them.

Their combat experience made them instinctively attempt to defend themselves, but their actions stopped midway through the process.

The brightness and warmth wasn't something a bonfire could compare with!

This made the remaining members of the Moon City hunting team recall the deities described by the ancient books and the High Priest. "They" were deities who emitted boundless light and brought boundless warmth.

Under the illumination of the bright, pure light, a distorted, struggling illusionary black gas that seemed to have a life of its own began to boil from the bodies of A'dal, Xin, and company, quickly rising and dissipating.

The members of the Moon City hunting team felt their bodies become more relaxed, and the pressure within their souls disappeared.

After purging the cumulative corruption and ailments of their bodies, Klein shook his wrist slightly, causing the Unshadowed Crucifix to disappear in front of him.

Right on the heels of that, he grabbed another cane that looked an ordinary wooden color.

This was the former City of Silver's Sealed Artifact, Life's Cane!

Although he had already sacrificed it to the Evernight Goddess, as long as it was once owned by a Scholar of Yore, it would only accompany them in a different way.

With Life's Cane in hand, Klein took a few steps forward and used the end of the cane to tap the leader of Moon City's hunting team.

The experience from before made A'dal unable to dodge. The tumors on his face began to crack as pus flowed, faded, and disappeared. In the end, there wasn't even a single scar left.

From the looks of his team members, A'dal knew that he had undergone a change. He hesitantly raised his right hand and touched his face. From top to bottom and back up again, he kept repeating it.

During this process, he realized that he was in an unprecedented healthy state, one that was better than when he first became an adult.

Klein didn't look at him. He took a step diagonally and used Life's Cane to treat the rest of the ancient survivors.

With A'dal as an example, Xin and the others were on their guard and alert as they accepted contact with the cane, and they felt that they had obtained a new lease of life.

Amongst them, the two deformed beings who were easily emotional couldn't help but tear up.

Unfortunately, I can't treat natural defects… Mental illnesses can be treated, but some crazy tendencies can't be treated… Klein retracted his right hand and let the historical projection of Life's Cane disappear.

He walked to his original spot and turned around. He looked at the ancient survivors and said, "I'm not here to destroy, but to spread the radiance of my Lord, bringing light and warmth.

"Go back and tell your leader that I'm here. If he's willing, he can come over."

He didn't attempt to find out where the gathering point of these ancient survivors was, nor did he plan on going there directly. This would trigger the strongest form of resistance and vigilance.

Hence, giving them the choice was the most suitable solution.

At that moment, A'dal, Xin, and the others were already shocked by Gehrman Sparrow's constant pulling out of mystical items. They felt that they were walking into a miracle and had already been cleansed by the divine light, allowing their physical condition to recover to its optimum state. It even exceeded their peak.

“…Alright." A few seconds later, A'dal responded.

Just as they turned around and prepared to return to Moon City, flames lit up from the depths of the darkness as they rapidly approached.

The leader was an old man wearing a dark brown beast hide. His hair was gray and unkempt, and his face was full of real cracks.

"High Priest…” After recognizing the other party, Xin blurted out.

It was none other than Moon City's High Priest, Nim.

Behind Nim followed Rus and the other members of the hunting team who had returned to the city ahead of time, as well as several other High-Sequence Beyonders.

Nim nodded at A'dal, Xin, and the rest before walking to the front of the group. Looking at the man who claimed to be a missionary, Gehrman Sparrow, he crossed his arms and bowed.

"Honorable guest, I am Moon City's High Priest, Nim.

"Moon City once belonged to vampires, but that civilization had been destroyed in ancient times.

"Afterwards, we accepted the orders of the great sun god, the Lord who created everything, and we moved here to watch the grayish-white fog and

make the corresponding attempts. That continued on even though the land was cursed and the Lord didn't respond to us.

"To date, 3,722 years have passed."

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CHAPTER 1213
THE ETERNALLY IMPERTURBABLE FOG

3,722 years… Indeed, they were sent here when the ancient sun god was still alive… With the City of Silver's continued survival in the darkness for more than two thousand years as a reference, Klein easily confirmed the words of Moon City's High Priest.

He nodded slightly and asked, "Are you guarding this fog to prevent any anomalies from happening to it?"

The High Priest of Moon City, who was wrapped in dark brown beast hide, Nim, shook his head.

"The revelation that the Lord gave us was to guard the area all day. We needed to know if anyone walks out of the fog."

Walks out of the fog… The ancient sun god had a premonition that a person would walk out of this fog? If the other side of the fog is really the Western Continent, does this mean that there might still be life and civilization in it? When Klein heard this, an indescribable palpitation struck his heart, but he deeply realized a certain reality:

Amon's father—the second Creator—was actually unable to open this grayish-white fog, and even needed to send people here to watch over it!

Is there a specific method needed to pass through this invisible barrier? Uh, Mr. Hanged Man mentioned before that the Queen of Calamity, Cohinem, said that an incantation or command might be needed. Also, the premise is

that the Western Continent has already resurfaced… As Klein looked at the High Priest with deep lines on his face, he said without batting an eyelid, "I believe they have already introduced me to you. I'm a missionary. I have come to this land to spread the light of the Lord."

The High Priest of Moon City, Nim, maintained his composure and used his gray eyes that were the same color as his long hair to look at Klein.

"Your Excellency, which existence do you believe in?"

Klein instinctively wanted to answer directly, but considering his identity as a missionary that he had set for himself previously, he held back his shame. With the ability of a Clown, he controlled his facial muscles and revealed a slightly fanatical expression.

"Please permit me to introduce you to my Lord, the savior of this land, the great Mr. Fool…"

The Fool… Moon City's High Priest, Nim, and the others didn't expect to hear such a word. For a moment, they found it strange, but for some reason, they felt that there was an infinite philosophy hidden within.

Finally, their attention was focused on the description:

"The savior of this land."

Nim couldn't help but turn his head to look at A'dal and the rest, observing their radiant faces.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, he knew very well that this was a result of the cleansing of the toxin and corruption accumulated within their bodies. Furthermore, the members of the hunting team had also been given excellent treatment. If he hadn't seen this group of young people grow up and remembered how they looked before the changes, he definitely wouldn't dare to confirm that they were residents of Moon City.

Seeing the High Priest look over, A'dal immediately said excitedly, "His Excellency Sparrow prayed for a deity's blessing to save us."

"Yes, we saw light! We felt warmth!" Xin, who was without a nose, added.

After the catharsis, she had unknowingly developed a certain belief towards the Lord that Gehrman Sparrow mentioned.

Compared to the Creator who had never responded to prayers and ignored the suffering that Moon City faced, this existence was more like a deity!

Rus and another member of the hunting team that went back to Moon City to inform the High Priest looked covetously at their former companions. They were both envious and had a yearning for the new life they had obtained.

The High Priest, Nim, retracted his gaze and looked at Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing strange clothes and a strange hat.

"Is the great Mr. Fool a deity in this world—no, from outside this cursed land?"

Klein nodded solemnly and slowly.

"Yes."

"Then… what about the great sun god who created everything?" Nim hesitated for a moment before asking the question he desired answers to the most.

Klein changed his tone to that of a charlatan and said, "The Kings betrayed that existence. Blood, anger, foulness, and shadows began to flow across this land, triggering a huge calamity."

Nim's pupils dilated slightly, as if he wanted to absorb more light to see the world in front of him.

With great difficulty, he tried his best to suppress something and asked, "Are you saying that the Lord perished because of this?"

"Not only did 'He' perish, but 'His' flesh and blood were also eaten by the traitors. This piece of land was cursed as a result." Taking advantage of the fact that he was in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, Klein boldly said this.

He didn't deliberately distinguish the Amon brothers from the other six Kings of Angels. He planned on making the residents of Moon City believe that all the Kings of Angels were traitors. This way, they wouldn't be fooled by Amon in the future.

Over the past half a year of traveling and the various experiments he undertook, he was convinced that the Forsaken Land of the Gods really was sealed. Or rather, it was isolated from the outside world. The only point of contact was either the exit of the Giant King's Court, or something at the level of Sefirah Castle. Therefore, using the Staff of the Stars here allowed him to move within the confines of the cursed land. He was unable to head to the scenes in the outside world as outlined in his mind.

In addition, the Box of the Great Old Ones was even suppressed and isolated for its historical projection. The moment the summoning succeeded, the projection would immediately be devoured by the environment. It was completely useless.

This made him suspect that even the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones was a little dangerous for true deities such as the True Creator.

Upon hearing Gehrman Sparrow's words, the body of the High Priest of Moon City, Nim, trembled slightly as his pockmarked face instantly turned ashen.

The faces of the Beyonders behind him changed as well. It was as if they had suffered an extremely serious blow. One even showed signs of losing control.

Seeing this, Klein reached out his hand again and pulled out Life's Cane from the void, allowing it to fly through the air and accurately tap the target.

The signs of the Beyonder's losing control immediately vanished. His forehead was covered in sweat as if he had just overcome a major illness.

Following the removal of the historical projection, Life's Cane quickly faded away. As for the Beyonders of Moon City, they finally managed to break free from the grievous news. Some of them were filled with suspicion and disbelief, and others were whimpering softly. Some looked at Gehrman Sparrow with a lost look, as though he was their final hope.

At some point in time, Nim's eyes had already closed. Two or three seconds later, he opened them again and looked at Gehrman Sparrow.

"What else do you have to ask?"

In less than a minute, he looked like he had aged considerably. His body was beginning to show signs of decay and depression. However, it wasn't completely without hope. It was as if the trees were rotting away, but they were beginning to give birth to new lives.

Klein half-turned and pointed at the coagulated gray fog with the lantern in his hand.

"Since when did you begin attempting to open this screen? What did you achieve?"

Nim said frankly, "In the beginning, it was the Lord's revelation. While 'He' wanted us to watch over it, 'He' also wanted us to think of a way to pass through the fog.

"After the land was cursed, we used this to mainly guide us so as to seek hope. However, we ultimately didn't achieve anything concrete. No matter what method we used, the solidified mist didn't react…”

Upon saying that, he hesitated and said, "It's not that there's no reaction, but it wasn't the reaction we wanted."

Klein instantly saw hope and maintained his normal speaking pace as he asked, "What was the reaction?"

Seeing that the High Priest was somewhat hesitant and not answering immediately, Xin took the initiative to say, "High Priest, His Excellency Sparrow has already parted a portion of the fog, a depth deeper than what we managed over the past two to three thousand years!"

Nim couldn't help but look deeply at Gehrman Sparrow before saying, "More than 1,730 years ago, the High Priest back then was inspired by the cruel fact that Moon City had failed to achieve anything in the past 2,000 years.

"He felt that we couldn't treat this fog as a seal that needed to be broken through. Instead, it was to be treated as a great existence.

"He designed the honorific name, prayer stanza, and the corresponding symbols for this fog. He held repeated rituals here, attempting communication, and praying."

…This is a train of thought that no normal person would've thought of… I didn't think of it just now… Indeed, after all these years, there must have been many people with strange ideas in Moon City… Three thousand years of time isn't for nothing… Klein sighed inwardly as he nodded slightly.

"Was there any feedback after that?"

With a nasal grunt as confirmation, Nim replied, "There was at one point when the High Priest changed the first sentence of the honorific name to 'The Eternally Imperturbable Fog'…Then, during the subsequent ritual, he vaguely heard a series of voices coming from deep within the fog. Unfortunately, he couldn't hear it clearly no matter how hard he tried, making it impossible to interpret it.

"From then on, the rituals we held were uncountable. We realized that a response wasn't always guaranteed. Even if there was a response, it might not be a timely one. We needed to wait patiently."

As the thoughts raced through his mind, Klein asked, "How many times does it roughly take to succeed?"

"There are no patterns. Sometimes, we succeed at once. Sometimes, we might not receive any feedback after a month," Nim said with a sigh. "We have made many alterations, but they were all useless."

"Did you hear what those voices said afterward?" Klein asked.

"No, maybe our Sequence isn't high enough or we are still lacking in strength." Nim shook his head.

If that's the reason, I can give it a try… After hesitating for a few seconds, he politely asked, "May you hold the correct ritual again? I would like to hear those voices."

This kind of politeness was something Nim couldn't refuse, nor did he dare to refuse.

He hesitated for a moment and said, "Sure, but many of the materials are in Moon City. You need to wait for some time."

After some thought, Klein asked, "Have you used those materials before?"

"Yes," Nimu answered in confusion.

Klein nodded indifferently.

"Let's just hold it now. Tell me when was the last time you used those materials and where they were nearby."

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CHAPTER 1214
VOICE

After hearing the High Priest's reply, Klein held his lantern and walked twenty to thirty steps to the right, parallel to the grayish-white fog.

Then, he half-closed his eyes as though he was sensing something. This made the Moon City Beyonders behind him not dare to make a sound, afraid of disturbing the oracle.

After four to five seconds, Klein stretched out his right hand and slowly grabbed the air ahead.

An altar made of stone dropped into the real world. On it were three candles made of oil and seven to eight spiritual materials.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, Nim was taken aback. He found it difficult to believe his eyes.

Previously, he had seen Gehrman Sparrow take out his cane to treat his companion. He had only believed that Gehrman Sparrow possessed the powers of space or had received the favor of Mr. Fool. But now, his judgment had been completely overturned. This was because he found the altar, the few candles, and the spiritual materials very familiar.

They were all used by him once!

He actually managed to create something that I've used before? Is this a power that comes from history, a power that comes from time? Nim recalled the content of the remnant tomes in Moon City, and his understanding of demigods as he came to a preliminary guess.

At that moment, Klein turned around and looked at the High Priest.

"You may begin."

Nim quietly drew a deep breath. Under the watchful eyes of the likes of the A'dal, Xin, and Rus, he walked to the altar and created a wall of spirituality.

After taking a look at the symbols, labels, and patterns engraved on the altar and confirming that there were no problems, he followed the process that had been engraved into his memories, and he began the ritual with great familiarity.

In the end, he bowed his head and chanted in a low voice:

"The Eternally Imperturbable Fog;

"A Barrier frozen in Space-Time;

"The Existence that contains Everything…”

Before the prayer ended, Klein had already placed his attention on the grayish-white fog, hoping to hear sounds coming from deep within.

For this, he had secretly controlled the large number of monster marionettes that walked in the surrounding darkness to separate. He spaced them out at a certain distance, hoping that he wouldn't miss any suspicious traces.

However, he didn't notice anything unusual until the ritual was completed.

After waiting for a while more, Klein cast his gaze at the High Priest of Moon City, Nim, and said calmly, "One more time."

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, in the Hall family's study.

After receiving permission, Audrey pushed open the door and walked in. Her father, Earl Hall, and her brother, Hibbert, were discussing some matters.

"Oh, baby, you don't look too well?" Earl Hall cast his gaze towards the door.

Audrey didn't act as she forced a smile and said, "There's a huge lack of food at the Poverty Relief Foundation. I would like to collect more. I visited many nobles today, but they told me that there's no more food left. It's the same even if I offered to buy it with gold pounds."

When these words were said, the nobles were either in a parlor or at a spot specially used for high tea. In front of them were high-quality black tea and many exquisite desserts. From time to time, they would invite Audrey to evaluate their dessert chef's culinary skills.

Their servants had rosy cheeks, and they took very light footsteps. They didn't make a sound to prevent disturbing their guests.

"The current situation…" Earl Hall sighed when he heard that.

Audrey thought for a moment and said seriously, "Father, I remember that there should be quite a lot of food at home. Can I buy some of that with money?"

"Audrey, you've already done too much. There's no need for you to do more," Hibbert Hall said with a frown. As for Audrey, she only looked at her father and didn't respond to her elder brother's words.

Earl Hall's expression that had relaxed after seeing his daughter became serious again.

"Audrey, the prerequisite for charity is not to affect your and your family's life. This is a principle I wish for you to remember."

Audrey, who was wearing a long, golden-white dress, relaxed her eyebrows and said sincerely, "Father, the amount of food we have stored at home is enough to last everyone in this house for an entire year, or even more. Besides, there's also a lot of food over in East Chester County."

As Winter County hadn't completely fallen, the Feysac army that had invaded Midseashire didn't attack East Chester County. As for the Feysac, Intis, and Feynapotter fleet, they were suppressed by the few ironclad warship fleets of Loen. They could only barely deal with the situation and protect the supply line at sea.

Seeing his daughter's emerald-green eyes for a few seconds, he suddenly sighed and smiled.

"Audrey, you have really grown up. You have your own ideas and pretty commendable determination.

"However, we don't know how long this war will last. We don't know what the outcome will be. We have to leave a lot of food to deal with this.

"I can accept us having two less delicacies for every meal to help those who are in trouble, but I don't want my dining table to become like what the newspaper says about the middle class. This will completely make us lose our dignity as nobles. This is something that we abide with every generation.

"Do you understand what I mean? I was just making an analogy. The essence of this is that I value the continuation and the future of the family line more. I value our status and standing. Only when it doesn't affect them will I express my love and kindness.

"Audrey, what I said may be cruel, but you have already grown up. It's time to hear this. Everyone is selfish, but at varying levels. In my heart, the entire Hall family is more important than me and your mother, yourself, Hibbert, and Alfred. Apart from these, it will first be faith and good friends.

Next, it's people we are acquainted with. Finally, it would be all of Backlund, those who are in need of help.

"If it doesn't affect the ones first listed, I don't mind helping them. Unfortunately, I have to consider even more things now."

At this point, Earl Hall shook his head in a self-deprecating manner.

"I'm sorry to let you know that your father is such a selfish person."

As Audrey listened to her father's words, her expression changed slightly at first, but then it disappeared. Until the end, there were no additional emotions.

At that moment, she was silent for a moment before asking again, "…But we've already obtained a lot more than what we need. Can't we even share a portion of it?"

Hibbert Hall interrupted angrily, "Why are you giving away the things we painstakingly obtained to others?

"This is produced from our land, farmland, and forests. This is what we bought with money. And these funds and assets were passed down the family. It was earned by Father's acumen and powerful charisma. It was accumulated over generations.

"By doing charity to help others, it's an additional display of love, not something that we have to do, do you understand?"

Earl Hall nodded.

"What Hibbert said is generally right. I share his thoughts as well."

Audrey pursed her lips and slowly nodded.

"I understand…"

Earl Hall retracted his gaze and said to Hibbert, "We have to keep the food stored properly. If the outcome of the war cannot be reversed, try contacting the fellows from Intis and show them some of our sincerity.

"The battle has been going on for so long. Quite a number of people have died as well. Many fields have been abandoned, and the prices in the cities have soared. There must be a very high demand for food, cattle, and land. In addition, I have shares in the Intis Suchit Bank, as well as the shares in the Varvat Bank and Backlund Bank. I should be able to bribe them. Heh heh, in such times, only by satisfying these aspects can we talk about familial relationships."

Intis and Loen often had marriage alliances. Many nobles were relatives, especially the believers of the God of Steam.

"Father, are you considering surrendering?" Hibbert asked in surprise.

Earl Hall nodded slightly and sighed again.

"How can I not consider it in light of the current situation?

"When the time comes, you will be the new Earl Hall."

Hibbert's heart palpitated when he heard that, but he was also puzzled.

"What about you, Father?"

Earl Hall replied with a bitter smile, "Both your mother and I are devout believers. We have a certain status in the Church. When Loen falls and the Church is destroyed, the outcome will not be good if we're still unwilling to step down."

At this point, he comforted his eldest son.

"As long as the Hall family is still around and the aristocratic title is still there, we won't lose much of our core assets. We won't be in such a

miserable state for our advanced years. Remember to prepare a secret prayer room for us at home after you convert your faith to the God of Steam."

As the two of them conversed, Audrey, who was wearing a long, golden-white dress, watched quietly from the door. She was listening quietly, her green eyes shimmering like gems.

…

After repeated attempts, the projection of the altar vanished. The High Priest of Moon City, Nim, said to Gehrman Sparrow, who was holding the strange lantern, in deliberation, "It looks like it won't work today. We can try it tomorrow. It won't last more than two months."

At that moment, all Klein could think of was another question:

Could it be that the ritual was unsuccessful since it appears too perfunctory using Historical Void projections?

He reflected on himself deeply and decided to listen to the High Priest. They could try again tomorrow. When the time came, he would definitely get him to bring the real materials.

He was about to nod when he heard a faint voice.

The voice sounded from deep within the grayish-white fog. It was layered and indistinct.

It's effective? This ritual really does have an effect, but the delay is too great… Klein was delighted as he immediately raised his right hand and pressed down slightly, gesturing for the Beyonders of Moon City to be silent.

He immediately held his breath and focused on listening.

The voice that echoed within the grayish-white fog seemed to come from many different sources. They intertwined with each other, occasionally overlapping with each other in destructive interference and creating a resonance when in constructive interference.

Gradually, the voice became clearer in Klein's ears, especially when it resonated.

It seemed to be a language he was familiar with. It seemed like countless people were chanting a name together.

The name was:

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

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CHAPTER 1215
NOT TIME YET

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

When he heard the voices deep in the grayish-white mist, Klein trembled slightly as the back of his head turned numb.

This feeling quickly spread to every part of his body, causing tiny goosebumps to protrude on his skin.

This was the second time he had heard the name "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings" in the real world. And the first time, it was said by Amon after "He" stole his thoughts. In fact, Amon didn't know the exact meaning behind it, nor did "He" truly grasp the incantation.

Therefore, in essence, this was the first time.

At the borders of the legendary Western Continent, outside his hometown that had vanished, this was the first time that he heard the incantation that caused him to transmigrate into the real world. He heard one of the most important secrets hidden at the bottom of his heart and heard the oriental honorific name that was pointed at an unknown existence.

He stood there, his mind almost blank. His ears echoed with occasional sounds of chanting and shouting.

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings…

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings…

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings…”

When the voices became softer and softer until they almost disappeared, Klein finally recovered his train of thought.

As a fake god that had done a lot of "guilty matters," his first reaction was:

By changing 'The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings' to the 'King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck,' will I suffer divine punishment?

Back when he had set up the three-stanza honorific name of The Fool, the first stanza described his experience and state. Back then, he had thought that it was a transmigration, and he was afraid of exposing the problem. He had changed "The Fool from an alternate world" to "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era", but in the end, it pointed to his true nature. The second stanza was to bind the gray fog to him, making the direction clearer.

And in order to completely limit and not cause any ambiguity, Klein directly translated the last line of the incantation which was, "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

He originally thought that it was nothing, but later on, he suspected that his "transmigration" was a result of the former owner of the strange door of light in Sefirah Castle—The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. Or rather, it was a certain existence hiding "Their" true identity. Of course, it was also possible that the "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings" was the actual incarnation before creating another identity that suited the present world. As for what the identity was, Klein wasn't sure.

This was because he had never heard the honorific name of The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings elsewhere in the real world. Therefore, although there was suspicion and fear present, he didn't actually pay too much attention to it. It seemed like he was already used to it.

However, at that moment, the words "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings" were like salvos that kept blasting at his heart, bombarding his mind, causing all the concerns and fear that he had accumulated in his subconscious to surge out.

After regaining his composure, he began to force himself to use his rationality to think about his current situation:

Is this chanting hidden in the grayish-white fog, or is it from the vanished Western Continent?

I already thought that this fog's color and state is very close to the one below Sefirah Castle… Its power comes from "history"? One has to have the correct powers over "time" to open it?

Queen of Calamity Cohinem once said that the Western Continent would definitely reappear at the dawn of the apocalypse… In other words, only by pushing "time" towards that temporal node would the grayish-white fog come alive. Only then would it be possible to use the corresponding incantation to open it?

The person who made the Western Continent vanish, seal it, or create a protective quarantine… is The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, the existence suspected to be the previous owner of Sefirah Castle?

According to all the clues, Sefirah Castle and the rest were left behind by the original Creator. They were created by the various parts of "His" body, or something that "He" personally created… The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings is equivalent to the former owner of Sefirah Castle, and also equivalent to the original Creator? However, Sefirah Castle existed only after the original Creator split. Furthermore, the chants of The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings only point to Sefirah Castle and don't affect places like the Chaos Sea…

Also, the disappearance of the Western Continent is definitely something from before the Second Epoch. As an ancient god, even Elf King Soniathrym was unable to return to "His" hometown…

In other words, in the chaotic and crazy First Epoch or even before then, the original Creator—the Oldest One—had split into objects like Chaos Sea and Sefirah Castle. More things happened before the ancient gods were born? These matters caused the Western Continent to vanish, and the former owner of Sefirah Castle to disappear?

The prophecy of the ancient sun god—the City of Silver's Creator—is also very interesting. It says that someone will walk out of this grayish-white fog, so "He" sent people to stay in Moon City and guard this place. Strictly speaking, I actually come from the Western continent or this grayish-white fog. However, I left the Western Continent to enter Sefirah Castle in a time long before the ancient sun god's prediction. The year I left the grayish-white fog was 1349 and found myself in Loen…

Yes, after going around in circles, I came here again and met with the people from Moon City… The ancient sun god's prophecy really has come true. It's just that the process is a little twisted and complicated, but the way it was achieved is rather unexpected…

As he pondered, his mood gradually improved. This was because the situation at the scene and his spiritual intuition had told him that there were still civilizations in the Western Continent that were isolated by the grayish-white fog. Many people were still alive.

This method of making the Western Continent vanish reminds me of the ritual for Miracle Invoker, as well as using the power of space-time. They are mainly from the Apprentice and Marauder pathways… So, the previous owner of Sefirah Castle, The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, corresponds to these three neighboring pathways? Klein reined in his thoughts as he took two steps forward.

He then turned around and said to Nim and the rest, "I heard the voice clearly."

“…What are they saying?" Nim's grayish-white eyes suddenly widened, his deeply pockmarked face filled with excitement.

A'dal, Xin, Rus, and company had similar reactions, ones that were even more intense.

Even their bodies began to tremble.

This was a problem that had troubled the residents of Moon City for more than a thousand years. Resolving this problem was a symbol of escaping their current predicament!

Klein took a deep breath and said in the tone of a charlatan, "They are praying to my Lord."

This was definitely not a lie. After all, as The Fool, he had already gained initial mastery of Sefirah Castle. The last sentence of his honorific name was the "King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck," which was equivalent to "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

Nim and company fell silent. When they looked back at Klein, their eyes were filled with obvious respect and fear.

Together with the "miracles" Klein had displayed, they gradually viewed Mr. Fool as their savior.

Klein surveyed the area and said, "Retreat at least a hundred meters."

"Alright, Your Excellency." The High Priest, Nim, agreed without hesitation.

After the Moon City's Beyonders had retreated to a sufficient distance, Klein reached into the void with his right hand and quickly dragged out

another projection of himself as his actual body disappeared.

Right on the heels of that, the Historical Void projection of Klein walked to the front of the solidified grayish-white fog. He extended his right hand and pressed it down.

It was as if there was an invisible barrier that was slightly cold, blocking everything.

After staring at it for two seconds, Klein opened his mouth, suppressed his voice, and recited in Chinese, "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

As his voice echoed out, the grayish-white fog in front of him didn't react at all. It remained still and frozen.

He waited for nearly a minute. After some thought, he took a deep breath and muttered again:

"The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings;

"The Sky Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings;

"The Exalted Thearch of Heaven and Earth for Blessings;

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

This was the complete incantation of the luck enhancement ritual.

As the last word was said, Klein's right hand that was pressing on the invisible barrier suddenly felt an obvious tremble.

The gray fog began to shake as though a boulder had been thrown into a lake.

The ripples quickly spread, overlapping each other as they formed a "door" in front of him.

A bolt of lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the scene. Not far away, the pupils of the Moon City Beyonders widened as they were unable to shift their eyes away.

Amongst them, the ones who arrived later felt their hearts waver after witnessing such a scene. They found it impossible to contain themselves.

To them, this was undoubtedly a miracle!

Klein held his breath as he waited for the door to take shape. However, the ripples finally calmed down. They were only a step away from success.

"…" After a moment of silence, Klein repeated the incantations again. However, even if the ripples in the grayish-white fog didn't disappear, they were unable to truly outline the door.

For a moment, he wanted to attempt with the complete ritual procedure. In other words, he would place four portions of food and recite the incantations while taking four steps counterclockwise. But very quickly, he was amused by his idea.

Because by doing this, he would enter Sefirah Castle without opening the invisible barrier here.

After exhaling, Klein took out a gold coin from the void and used divination to confirm that the effects of the complete ritual would be as he imagined.

It really isn't time yet because the apocalypse hasn't dawned on us? Klein looked at the grayish-white fog in front of him for a few minutes without any movement.

When a bolt of lightning tore through the sky and illuminated his face, he turned around and walked in front of the Moon City High Priest, Nim, with the lantern in hand. He said calmly, "It hasn't reached the correct point in time to open it, as spoken in the revelation. There's more than a decade of waiting left."

Without waiting for any response from the likes of Nim, A'dal, and the rest, Klein pointed to the nearby darkness with his empty right hand.

"I will be meditating here for some time. If you want to experience the radiance of the Lord and listen to 'His' teachings, you can come here anytime whenever the lightning frequency is high.

"I'll do a single purification and treatment session every day, at a time when the lightning is most frequent."

He didn't attempt to get the residents of Moon City to convert their faiths, nor did he plan on heading directly to the city or ask about any specific information. He wanted to give them some time to take things in.

Nim secretly heaved a sigh of relief and replied with increasingly great respect, "I will pass on your words to everyone."

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CHAPTER 1216
PATIENCE WILL ULTIMATELY PAY OFF

City of Silver, at the top of the spire, in the Chief's room.

With white hair and an old scar on his face, Colin Iliad looked out of the window at the deep darkness. It was only when a silvery-white light suddenly burst out from afar, bringing a few seconds of light, that he retracted his gaze and nodded slightly.

Chirmont has succeeded in advancing…

His gaze landed on the two-meter-tall youth standing in the middle of the room.

"Derrick, do you know why I kept delaying the subsequent plans and didn't implement them after the first exploration of the Giant King's Court, despite already becoming a Sequence 3 Silver Knight?"

Derrick thought for a moment and said, "Your Excellency, on the one hand, you wish to see if there are any other paths you can take to the seaside. On the other hand, you are waiting for the other Elders of the six-member council to advance to Sequence 3."

And now, both matters were completed.

Nearly five months ago, an expedition team of the City of Silver discovered a hidden path. From there, they circled around the mountain where the Giant King's Court was located, and they arrived at the sea. However, the

sea was illusory, and there was no way to pass through it. Forcefully entering the water only caused bodies to gradually crumble.

Now, another demigod of the six-member council, Waite Chirmont, had finally advanced, becoming a Sequence 3 Silver Knight. He could have an honorific name and receive the prayers of the other residents of the City of Silver within a certain range.

Colin Iliad sighed and said, "Very good. You have a very well-rounded understanding of the situation.

"If I had a choice, I truly do not wish to bring you to the Giant King's Court again and attempt to open the palace where Dark Angel lays in slumber…"

At this point, Demon Hunter Colin paused for a moment before continuing, "I do not know what danger such an expedition will bring. I can only make ample preparations in advance. Now, Chirmont has finally succeeded. Even if an accident happens later and we are unable to return, he and the other Elders will be able to support the City of Silver, allowing everything to continue on as we await the next opportunity."

He sized up Derrick for a few seconds before nodding in acknowledgment.

"Your growth is even better than I expected. If not for the fact that the Giant King's Court matter originated because of you, I'd really want to keep you in the City of Silver and be an understudy Elder of the six-member council."

Upon hearing this, Derrick Berg replied without hesitation, "Even if you wish to keep me here in the City of Silver, I would still apply to go."

This was a glimmer of hope that he had seen. This was an opportunity in his heart that could save the City of Silver. He was willing to sacrifice everything for it.

Colin Iliad gave a rare smile.

"You are still too young. After you experience many things like me, you will understand that compared to drawing your sword and sacrificing your blood in a zealous fervor, enduring humiliation and helplessness, and persisting in the darkness is even more difficult and painful.

"If you don't believe me, you can ask Chirmont later. Ask him if he is willing to lead an expedition team to the Giant King's Court, or stay in the City of Silver."

Derrick fell into silence, his mouth agape, but not a single word came out of it.

Colin Iliad didn't continue on this topic and instead asked, "Have you completely digested the Priest of Light potion?"

"I digested it completely last week," Derrick replied frankly.

Colin Iliad nodded and said, "Have you gathered all the supplementary ingredients?"

Derrick acknowledged tersely.

"I've gathered all of them. I'm just short of preparing the ritual."

His ritual required him to extract the strongest emotions that he was unwilling to abandon, before injecting them again after consuming the potion.

After a few gatherings with the Tarot Club, as well as Miss Justice's private attempts, they had already come up with a well-formulated plan.

He was to complete it by relying on this Sequence 4 Manipulator's control of the psyche domain, and Mr. Fool's Angel's Embrace.

Demon Hunter Colin didn't rush him as he calmly said, "Don't be anxious. The second exploration of the Giant King's Court will still take some time."

"Until I become an Unshadowed?" Derrick asked.

Colin Iliad didn't deny it as he nodded slightly.

"I'm also waiting for Lovia to become a Black Knight. Her ingredients and ritual have been prepared."

Upon hearing this, Derrick immediately felt pressured.

…

At the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, City of Generosity, Bayam. At the top of the bell tower of the City of Generosity.

The cardinal of the Church of Storms, the high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Sea King Jahn Kottman, stood behind the railing, looking at the sea which was no longer that blue. There was wreckage floating above it, burning with the remains of ships.

"Humph, in my territory at sea, even a War Bishop has to bow his head…" The muscular demigod with a chiseled face retracted his gaze as he muttered.

He had a head of dark blue hair and a pair of deep blue eyes that were as thick as a worm. He controlled the weather and sea around the Rorsted Archipelago.

Alger Wilson, who was standing beside the Sea King, didn't show any signs of frustration. He patiently waited until Jahn Kottman turned his attention onto him.

Aside from most of the Beyonders of the Sailor pathway being bad-tempered, they often trembled in submission when facing High-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway. This was a characteristic of a "Tyrant."

After muttering to himself, Sea King Jahn Kottman finally cast his gaze at Alger, who was leading a "pirate" fleet. He said without any expression, "Your performance this time was remarkable. The Council of Cardinals has passed your review and has decided that I will preside over your advancement ritual."

After receiving the item left behind by Queen of Calamity Cohinem, Alger found an opportunity to report the matter to Sea King Jahn Kottman.

Apart from two details that he modified, he had given an honest account of the exploration of the elven ruins from the time he arrived in the primitive forest of Sonia Island.

Firstly, he claimed that he had headed for the elven ruins as part of him taking the initiative to ambush the Feysacian troops. They had specially looked for a suitable venue, and there were many sailors present to verify it.

The second was to lessen the autonomy of the subsequent actions. He only claimed that he dreamed of a female high elf on the night of his exploration of the ruins. Nothing abnormal happened after he drank a glass of wine from her, so he hadn't paid too much attention to it. When he came to the Rorsted Archipelago and woke up one night from his sleep, he suddenly realized that he had entered a magnificent palace at the bottom of the sea, and had picked up a sparking coral.

Although many aspects of the evidence and physical evidence had indicated that Alger's description was real, Sea King Jahn Kottman didn't fully believe it. He was sent back to Pasu Island to be investigated by the pontiff, Gaard II.

With the help of "Angel's Embrace," Alger looked like he was trembling in front of the Tyrant's aura. Without holding back, he explained that he had developed a certain degree of ambition after meeting the female high elf in his dreams. For this, he had taken the initiative to head to the Rorsted Archipelago in hopes of receiving her inheritance, but in reality, he had covered up the core secrets and the most serious problem.

He had used the method of confessing his "ambition" to pass the investigation. As for the female high elf, whether it was a result of him having some elven blood that a fortuitous encounter was given to him, or if she had any hidden motives, he claimed that he was unsure. He hoped that the pontiff could figure out the answer to lessen his worries.

Alger displayed his fear of the unknown, making the cardinals believe that this was the main reason why he had reported the fortuitous encounter.

This proposal was designed by Alger himself, but with Miss Justice's suggestions, it was tweaked to be more in line with human nature.

Of course, as expected, Alger didn't receive the advancement ritual. Instead, he entered an inspection period.

The pontiff of the Church of Storms, the Grounded Angel, had reinforced the seal in Alger's body, preventing the Cataclysmic Interrer characteristic from seeping out for two years and affecting him.

In the past half a year, Alger had led the pirate fleet that had been assigned to him. He had worked hard to harass the ships of Feysac and Feynapotter. He had even participated in sea battles, taking great risks and making numerous contributions. This fully expressed his devotion to the Lord of Storms, as well as his submission to the orders given by the Church.

Finally, after this Rorsted sea battle, the situation had escalated. His patience paid off as the Council of Cardinals acknowledged him.

Alger took a deep breath and struck his right fist to his left breast, shouting loudly, "Holy Lord of Storms!"

His agitation was half an act, while the other half came from the bottom of his heart. This was because in the past half-year, he had suffered quite a bit of pressure.

Ma'am Hermit had already finished digesting the Mysticologist potion and was preparing to advance to Sequence 3, Clairvoyant;

Although Miss Justice had yet to fully digest the Manipulator potion, she had made significant progress. Furthermore, she was a complete rookie when she first joined the Tarot Club. Now, she had become a true demigod. She wasn't just a Sequence higher than Alger, but a whole tier;

Before long, The Sun could advance to Sequence 4, Unshadowed, and obtain godhood;

The Star had also finished digesting the Sequence 5 potion and had accumulated a significant amount of contributions. He was just waiting for the higher-ups to give him a chance;

Miss Magician wasn't far from digesting her potion after "Traveling" time and time again. Furthermore, her teacher had prepared the corresponding Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer ingredients for her;

There was no need to mention The World Gehrman Sparrow. Even if he were to suddenly inform them that he was an angel, Alger wouldn't find it surprising;

Miss Judgment was currently a Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin. She was digesting the potion and was trying her best to keep up with everyone's progress;

The Moon, who didn't like to work hard, became anxious as a result and was seeking to become a Sanguine Earl.

Faced with such a situation, as one of the most senior members of the Tarot Club, Alger naturally didn't wish to be left behind. He desperately wished to advance to Sequence 4 and become a demigod.

So many days had gone by; yet, he suppressed his anxiety and patiently waited. There were two instances where he showed signs of losing control

which required him to hire Miss Justice to treat him.

And now, he finally got the answer he wanted the most:

He had passed the assessment and was to prepare for the ritual!

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CHAPTER 1217
THE FIVE MUSH AND TWO ROOMS

Moon City.

Many humans walked out of buildings which stood unusually sturdily despite having mottled surfaces. Some of them were obviously deformed, while others had already developed some abnormalities.

The humans looked at each other and noticed some confusion on each other's faces.

There were still two to three months before the Sun Sacrifice. Why was the High Priest summoning everyone to the square?

Could something have happened? The residents of Moon City were filled with anxiety, fear, and confusion as they entered the only square from every street.

At this moment, the high platform was empty. The person who had convened them appeared to have not arrived.

The residents of Moon City gathered together in a very orderly manner according to their respective zones, and they discussed amongst each other in whispers.

"Why isn't the High Priest here yet?"

"Doesn't he like to wait and not want others to wait for him?"

"What happened exactly? Why did he suddenly gather all the city's residents aside from the guards?"

…

Amidst the voices, at the top of a tower near the square, High Priest Nim leaned against the wall and looked at the square from behind the crystal glass with a twisted expression as he endured something.

His grayish-white hair flared up as a bunch of short black hair grew on his face. His ribs and waist were squirming, forming a swollen patch.

These abnormal changes would disappear and occasionally appear. It was as if he was suffering from relapses again and again. His entire being was sinister and terrifying.

After about a minute, he finally calmed down. He let out a long breath and wiped the cold sweat on his forehead.

Just now, he had been resisting the madness that had accumulated in his body.

In fact, no matter which Beyonder pathway it was, the higher the Sequence, the greater the insanity and inhuman inclinations one had. This gradually exceeded one's own humanity. One had to rely on external anchors to maintain a balance.

Normally, such situations weren't obvious at Sequence 4 and Sequence 3. And at the level of an angel, even if there were enough anchors to stabilize them, they would fall into darkness from time to time. In the negative and abnormal states, one had to endure and resist on their own, waiting for them to ease up.

They were like a sacred and solemn existence who might appear unproblematic normally. They could respond to prayers, chat normally, and even joke. However, at times, they could only hide in dark rooms and in the

shadows. They tore off the surface of their skin, revealing a sinister side that showed signs of madness.

As Nim often ate monster flesh, he had accumulated a lot of toxins, corruption, and madness. This forced him to endure such pain despite being a Sequence 4.

Of course, those who didn't know the acting method and relied on time or luck to advance to Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 would also share the same fate.

After composing himself, he turned and left the room. With the help of an illusory door, he appeared on the high platform in the middle of the square.

After the discussions died down, the residents of Moon City cast doubtful and uneasy gazes at the High Priest.

Nim looked around and directly said, "The hunting team led by A'dal met an outsider."

An outsider! The eyes of the residents of Moon City suddenly widened as though it was a bolt from out of the blue.

This was the first time in two thousand years for Moon City to encounter an outsider! Of course, this was referring to human interaction and not monsters.

Nim took a deep breath and continued, "He claims to be a missionary who's here to spread the light of a deity. He caused the grayish-white fog to undergo obvious changes. He cleansed A'dal and the others of the corruption and toxins accumulated within them. Also, he treated their physical mutations."

As he spoke, he nodded to the side of the platform, and A'dal and Xin, who were hiding in the shadows, immediately passed through the row of torches

and walked to his side, using their own conditions to prove what the High Priest had just said.

"Oh my…”

"God!"

"Is that A'dal and Xin?"

"They really, really…”

Exclamations sounded out as surprise and shock mixed together into something almost physical.

A'dal and Xin exchanged looks, took two steps forward, and recounted what their hunting team encountered.

The crowd heard about the tiny flame that appeared in the darkness, the cross that emitted a bright light, the cane that could cure any mutations and ailments, the parting of the grayish-white fog, as well as the appearance of the door. Upon hearing the hunting team's delightful description of their excellent condition, the residents of Moon City gradually fell silent.

Some of them had already unknowingly teared up—a result of the extreme fatigue and repression. Finally, they saw a ray of light.

The tears carried a mild and salty feeling as they flowed past their faces, slipping across the corner of their lips and dripping onto the ground.

In addition, a person who was still rational and clear-headed raised his arm to express his opinion.

"Could that missionary be a special monster from deep within the darkness?"

"Are A'dal and Xin acting like this because they've already been controlled and influenced?"

After the wave of doubt calmed down, Nim said in a deep and clear voice, "I've checked them and have also used the Sealed Artifacts. I haven't found anything unusual for the time being.

"I will let them remain in the black tower and undergo at least fifteen days of quarantine."

After making the promise, he paused and said, "That missionary named Gehrman Sparrow will be meditating in the vicinity of the grayish-white fog for some time. He has permitted us to experience the glory of the god he believes in, and listen to the corresponding teachings. And every day, at the time when the lightning frequency is highest, he will provide cleansing and treatment.

"Everyone can make their own decision on heading over there, but they have to report their decision in advance and follow instructions. No one is to act on their own accord and affect the city's defenses. After they return, they will be quarantined for fifteen days like A'dal and Xin."

The residents of Moon City fell silent. They looked at each other, unable to make up their minds.

At this moment, Rus and another member of the hunting team, who had previously missed the cleansing and treatment because of their choice to return to inform the High Priest, stepped forward.

"High Priest, I'm going!"

"Alright, I'll lead this… team tomorrow." Nim nodded and agreed.

He had originally planned to give this team a name, but he failed to come up with a good description. He could only stammer and skip it.

In his heart, there was actually a name, but he didn't dare say it out loud. It was: Pilgrimage.

With Rus and company leading the way, several Moon City residents stood forward, indicating that they were willing to take the risk.

When the frequency of lightning increased, it was the dawn of a brand new day. A group of seven to eight Moon City residents carried animal hide lanterns and began to traverse the darkness, heading towards the periphery of the grayish-white fog.

After darkness and light exchanged countless times, Rus and company's eyes suddenly lit up.

It was a bonfire that was slowly burning. Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing strange clothes and a strange hat, sat on the other side of it. He held an iron-black long skewer and was roasting something.

There were corpses of monsters lying around the bonfire. On these corpses, there were all sorts of strange objects. Some of them were white and full, as if they would spew out liquids the moment they were poked. Some of them were black, embedded with blood-colored lines and marbling. Some were covered with golden spots, while the tops were the size of a palm…

These items were densely packed, covering the different parts of the monster's corpse. They had a strange and alluring beauty to them.

After taking a few steps forward, High Priest Nim noticed that Gehrman Sparrow was roasting one of the strange objects. Drops of oil dripped down and produced sizzling sounds in the fire, brightening the light and allowing an alluring fragrance to spread.

Gulp. The residents of Moon City swallowed their saliva instinctively as they developed an irresistible urge to eat.

Every cell of theirs was screaming crazily:

I wish to eat it!

I want to eat it!

Give it to me!

Sitting on a rock, Klein raised his head and pointed at the colorful objects growing on the corpses of the monsters around him. He said in a deep voice, "These are called mushrooms. They're divided into different types. If you're willing, you can pick and eat them yourself, but do not touch the black ones. Furthermore, they have to be thoroughly cooked before you can eat them. Otherwise, you will encounter a terrifying curse."

The High Priest of Moon City thought for a moment and replied on behalf of the others, "We would like to first listen to your Lord's teachings and experience 'His' radiance."

With a slight nod, Klein said as he rotated the long barbecue skewer that he had summoned from the Historical Void, "You may sit down and listen."

When the eight Moon City residents sat opposite the bonfire, he said with a solemn expression, "I came from the Giant King's Court."

This was a term that all the residents of Moon City were familiar with. Their spirits were instantly lifted as they cast their attention away from the items above the burning fire and cast it at Gehrman Sparrow.

Following that, Klein described the situation outside the City of Silver and the situation beyond the cursed land. He also shared with them his sightings of city ruins along the way.

The residents of Moon City sighed when they heard this. Sometimes, they looked forward to it, but sometimes they found it hard to believe. At times, they could empathize with it and be filled with sorrow.

Halfway through his sentence, Klein suddenly stopped. He retracted the black long metal skewer, brought it to his mouth, and bit down on a mushroom.

Thick meat juices seeped out and, with a slightly scorching feeling, cleansed his mouth.

After spending half a year in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, Klein had already overcome his disgust towards mushrooms. After all, Danitz was often tasked by him with things to do. He was unable to meticulously prepare food and sacrifice things to him. During this period, he could only rely on mushrooms for sustenance.

He closed his eyes in satisfaction and handed over the long, black skewer. He smiled and said, "You can try some."

High Priest Nim was still hesitant when Rus reached out his hand. As he expressed his gratitude, he got a mushroom and put it into his mouth.

He ate too quickly, so much so that his mouth was scalded. However, after his expression twisted, it suddenly froze.

Following that, his expression slowly relaxed as he gradually revealed a sense of intoxication, pleasure, and yearning.

In the end, Rus's tears flowed out unknowingly as he muttered in a deep, choking voice, "This is the best and most superb food I've ever eaten…”

Even though their taste for food had changed after generations, humans couldn't adapt to food with toxins and madness. They still yearned for sugar and fat.

At that moment, all the residents of Moon City could tell that Rus was moved.

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CHAPTER 1218
CLUE

"Give it a try too." Klein handed the iron-black long skewer to the other residents of Moon City.

Their throats bobbed up and down as they couldn't help but swallow another mouthful of saliva. However, they didn't immediately respond. All of them cast their gazes at the High Priest, waiting for him to nod.

In his animal hide clothes, Nim took out an item. It looked like a magnifying glass with a handle.

At a glance, Klein almost imagined that he had seen a monocle. This fright made his heart skip a beat. Thankfully, he managed to control himself in time to confirm the details.

Holding the metallic handle, he placed the glass object in front of his right eye and observed Rus for a few seconds through the lens.

After a brief silence, he put down the item and nodded at the other Moon City residents.

People other than Rus finally reached out their hands and carefully removed a mushroom from the iron-black long skewer and stuffed it into their mouths.

The item that was void of nauseous smells and foulness made them instantly become intoxicated. Without caring about the scorching feeling in their oral cavities, they swallowed the mushrooms into their stomachs and instinctively reached out for another one.

However, all the mushrooms on the iron-black long skewer had already been distributed.

Nim retracted his gaze from the iron-black long skewer and waited for Gehrman Sparrow to continue explaining his experiences and The Fool's teachings.

Klein looked around and repeated the words he had previously said:

"The surrounding mushrooms can be taken at any time, apart from the pure black ones. In addition, they have to be fully cooked before they can be eaten. Otherwise, you will be cursed."

The residents of Moon City no longer hesitated. They immediately stood up and chose the mushrooms that they had been longing for.

With a glance, Klein added, "When the white mushrooms are cooked, they easily split open and have liquids flow out. You need to prepare some containers or drink them once that happens."

Without waiting for Rus and company to respond, he continued the topic that he had previously stopped mid-explanation. He went on until he mentioned how he heard the voices in the grayish-white fog chant Mr. Fool's honorific name.

Seeing that High Priest Nim so absorbed by his tales, to the point of being a little moved, Klein deliberated and said, "There are still many ways to make the grayish-white fog react, but they are all related to my Lord."

This was a reasonable guess. This was because not only was there one hanging person, but there wasn't only one way to enter the world above the gray fog. If Emperor Roselle had brought the mysterious silver plate that he had replicated here, there was a high chance that the invisible barrier would produce an anomaly. Of course, the prerequisite was that the Emperor belonged to one of the three pathways of Seer, Apprentice, or Marauder.

Seeing that there were no doubts from the others, Klein said warmly, "According to my observations, there isn't only one Beyonder pathway in Moon City."

The grizzled Nim didn't hide it from him and simply replied, "Yes, when we were selected to come to Moon City, the Oracle had intentionally ensured that there was a comprehensive record of Beyonder pathways. Unfortunately, after all these years and the repeated disasters, many of the potion formulas and Beyonder ingredients of the various pathways have been lost."

"Which pathway are you from?" Klein asked casually as he looked at the residents of Moon City using monster bones to roast the mushrooms.

"I'm a Nightwatcher," Nim said frankly.

Sequence 4 Nightwatcher of the Evernight pathway? Klein nodded slightly and asked, "Did anything unusual happen near this grayish-white fog?"

After pondering for about ten seconds, Nim with his pockmarked face said, "Yes."

Klein's heart stirred as he calmly asked, "What kind of abnormality was it?"

Nim glanced at the mushrooms that emitted fragrant smells, and he deliberated over his words.

"A small hill suddenly disappeared, leaving only a deep crater in the ground.

"There were no signs of an explosion in that area, nor was there any soil scattered around."

What's going on? That's a little bizarre… As he threw the mushroom's roots into the fire to turn them into fuel for the flames, Klein asked without any change in expression, "Did you investigate further?"

"Yes." The High Priest of Moon City nodded and said, "An investigation team encountered a demonic wolf there. It wasn't a demonic wolf that has already rotted or mutated, but the kind of demonic wolf from a long time ago."

Demonic wolf? Klein didn't expect to hear such information. His pupils changed slightly as he asked, "What did that demonic wolf look like?"

Nim unconsciously took a deep breath and said, "It's the same as the demonic wolves described in ancient literature, but it's even bigger. Even though it's eight legs are on the ground, it's still as tall as two or three people combined.

"Its fur wasn't pure black. It exuded a dark and deep feeling. Its eyes were very strange. The pupils—black pupils—took up a large part of the eyes. Also, there was a tuft of gray short hair on its head…"

This… Isn't that the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar? It actually came to the far east of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, and was involved in an anomaly? If the power of the Western Continent's disappearance really comes from Sefirah Castle, it would still be quite normal for it to attract the Mythical Creatures that corresponded to Miracle Invoker… Klein frowned slightly and said, "It didn't attack your investigation team?"

Klein had deliberately used "it" instead of "He" to prevent frightening the residents of Moon City.

In his opinion, it was very easy for the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar, to wipe out an investigation team. It didn't even need to pay a huge price to turn the city into "His" marionette kingdom. Yet, this Mythical Creature had apparently spared Moon City.

If not for the Spirit Body Threads that he had seen in advance and that he confirmed their conditions, Klein would've suspected that he was only talking to a few marionettes.

"No, it left in a hurry," Nim replied.

This doesn't match the suspicious and cautious nature of the Dark Demonic Wolf… What frightened "Him" so much that he fled in such a hurry? "He" didn't even have the time to silence the people who saw "Him"…Or rather, there's something special about the people guarding Moon City under the ancient sun god's revelation, and unless it's necessary, the Dark Demonic Wolf wouldn't attack them? Klein continued without any change in his tone, "Did it leave any tracks?"

"No." Nim firmly shook his head. "Other than the hill turning into a deep crater, we didn't discover anything unusual."

As his thoughts raced, Klein tried to ask from another angle.

"When did this happen?"

The more he understood an object from the past, the more he could make contact with it in the fog of history.

After some thought, Nim said, "Two years ago, two months, and ten days ago."

He immediately explained, "There are too few things worth recording. It left a deep impression on me."

Two years ago, two months and ten days ago… Currently, it's 8th September 1351, and subtracting that time, it would be 28th June 1349… This… Klein's right hand suddenly trembled slightly.

His pupils and his expression were normal, but this was a result of using his Clown powers to control them.

He remembered very clearly that on 28th June 1349, he had "transmigrated." It was the day he became Klein Moretti, it was the day he repeated the luck enhancement ritual and entered Sefirah Castle!

The abnormality here, the appearance of the Dark Demonic Wolf, and the hasty departure of this Mythical Creature were all related to me? A huge wave of emotions surged through his heart.

For a moment, he couldn't find an explanation and pretended that nothing had happened. He thought for a moment and asked, "Did something similar happen in the past two to three thousand years?"

"No." Nim gave a clear answer.

"What about two hundred and eight years ago? Did anything special happen?" Klein asked.

That was the time when Emperor Roselle "transmigrated" to this world.

After hesitating for two seconds, Nim said, "I can't tell you the answer. I need to go back and read the corresponding records.

"Thankfully, the information and documents in the past three centuries haven't been damaged."

At this point, he added, "My limited impression tells me that there shouldn't be anything special."

If that's the case, then the cause of this anomaly was because I entered the world above the gray fog and bound Sefirah Castle to myself? Klein nodded slightly and didn't ask further. He simply said, "Tell me where the crater is."

By the time the High Priest, Nim, gave an answer, the mushrooms that the residents of Moon City had grilled could be eaten. Some of them took a small bite of the white mushrooms and were scalded by the milk inside. They couldn't bear to spit it out. Some chewed repeatedly, reminiscing over the faint sweetness. Some of them couldn't stop eating at all.

Nim was taken aback by what he saw, as though he couldn't believe that these people were from Moon City.

Every one of them was showing the conflicted looks of having cravings and being satisfied. Their expressions looked twisted, but they were brimming with pure joy.

"High Priest, try it as well." Rus, whose eyes were very close to each other, handed a mushroom covered in golden spots that emitted a unique and sweet fragrance to Nim.

After hesitating for a moment, Nim carefully used the " magnifying glass" to take a look before taking the mushroom and stuffing it into his mouth.

In the next second, his expression changed slightly as he slowly closed his eyes.

He had a taste of something similar from some mutated tree roots, but it wasn't as pure or memorable.

After an unknown period of time, he looked at the indifferent Gehrman Sparrow and said with an abnormally sincere tone, "Your Excellency, we would like to listen to Mr. Fool's teachings."

I haven't had the time to make it up yet… However, as I'm getting closer and closer to being an angel, the corresponding matters should be prioritized… The anchors need to be prepared in advance… As his thoughts raced, Klein recalled what he had said when he had tricked—no, come up with to reform the believers of Sea God.

His expression quickly turned solemn as he raised his right hand and grabbed at the void. He pulled out a cross covered in bronze and sharp spikes.

Following that, he pressed his right thumb onto a thorn, letting the blood enter the Unshadowed Crucifix.

The bronze-green surface of the Unshadowed Crucifix quickly peeled off, revealing a body made of pure sunlight.

"God said…" Klein opened his mouth and said in a low voice as he raised the resplendent cross in his hand a lot higher.

Warm and bright light surged out like a tidal wave, instantly filling the surrounding area.

The darkness and discomfort accumulated in the bodies of Nim, Rus, and company began to rapidly melt away; It was as if their bodies were being cleansed.

They were in a daze when they heard the oracle, who was holding the resplendent cross and covered in holy radiance, solemnly say, "God said…

"First Commandment: Thou shalt not sacrifice unto me living human sacrifices."

"Second Commandment: Thou shalt not use my name in vain.

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CHAPTER 1219
CHANGING THE GOAL

In the Fog Sea, which hadn't been engulfed by war, the Future slowly began to sail towards the Berserk Sea amidst a convoy of ships.

Admiral of Stars Cattleya hadn't had much to do recently. All she had to do was wait for the Moses Ascetic Order to respond to her request. As she strolled the deck, she enjoyed the sunlight that shone through the thin mist.

With a sweep of her gaze, she saw Frank Lee.

This first mate of the Future, the second most important person of the Star Pirates, was wearing light blue pants and a white shirt with the top two buttons unbuttoned, revealing thick brown chest hair. He was like a humanoid giant bear.

He stood at the bow of the boat, looking into the distance. It was unknown what he was thinking, but he looked rather down.

Cattleya involuntarily slowed down a little as she turned to enter the cabin.

"Captain!" Frank noticed her and looked over with anticipation, as though he was waiting for this Admiral of Stars to answer his questions.

Cattleya's figure paused as she adjusted the heavy glasses on her nose and asked in a seemingly casual manner, "What are you stumped with?"

Frank thought about how to phrase his question and replied in a serious manner, "I'm reevaluating the inventions and creations I've created over the years."

“…What are your thoughts?" Cattleya asked cooperatively.

Frank nodded and said in distress, "There are too many matters I need to reflect on.

"The most important thing is that the things I've created are still missing the most important thing."

Cattleya was puzzled, but she didn't wish to ask further. In the end, she still held onto the thought of taking responsibility for all the crew members on the Future. She deliberated and said, "What is it?"

Frank's expression instantly turned solemn.

"They all lack souls!"

"It's a good thing that malt, grapes, and mushrooms don't have souls…” Cattleya subconsciously advised before saying, "This isn't something you can dabble in right now. You're only a Sequence 5 Druid."

Frank's eyes lit up when he heard that as he blurted out, "I've got it!"

Cattleya frowned indiscernibly.

"What… did you get?"

Frank was no longer depressed.

"I understand the problem. That is, the creations I want have exceeded the limits of a Druid's abilities.

"Therefore, Captain, I'm not going to be a Druid anymore. I want to become a Classical Alchemist!"

This was Sequence 4 of the Planter pathway, the starting point of a demigod.

Cattleya's expression froze for a few seconds before she took on the posture of a captain and a demigod. She nodded gently and said, "Having a goal is a good thing, but you have to understand how difficult it is."

Underlying those words, she wanted him to not hold any hopes and not to take this goal seriously.

Frank Lee nodded heavily after receiving her "encouragement."

"I will do my best!"

To prevent Frank Lee from acting rashly, Cattleya decided to take the progress of the matter into her own hands.

"I will help you too."

When the time came, even if she had any progress, she could inform Frank Lee that she had tried to no avail.

Frank was very happy as he thanked his captain from the bottom of his heart before continuing, "I'll also write to Gehrman Sparrow and ask him for help.

"He's my good friend!"

What Frank didn't know was that the letters he had written for the past half a year had gone through a rather convoluted process:

The letter went to the messenger before being delivered to Fors. Fors would then transfer it to Gehrman Sparrow or request Mr. Fool's help at the Tarot Gathering.

Cattleya nudged her thick glasses again and, without another word, turned and entered the cabin.

She returned to the captain's cabin. Before she could think about what had just happened, she saw a letter on the desk with the brass sextant.

Cattleya was delighted. Ignoring the use of her Beyonder powers, she quickly walked over, picked up the letter, and opened it.

It was from Bernadette. After exchanging a few simple pleasantries, she wrote:

"If you are free anytime, you can come to La Cha incognito."

La Cha was a rather hidden island in the Fog Sea. It hid Queen Mystic's palace, also known as "Emerald City."

Cattleya repeated the sentence a few times before the corners of her mouth curled up involuntarily.

…

Backlund, West Borough, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn White once again met the middle-aged, gentlemanly Sanguine Baron, Cosmi Odora.

"What did Lord Nibbs say?" Emlyn controlled his emotions, trying his best to appear less eager.

Cosmi looked at Emlyn's bright red eyes and said, "He only wanted me to tell you that the entire Sanguine race doesn't have any excess Earl Beyonder characteristics. You can only wait for the present Earls to die of old age or accidents, leaving behind their inheritance."

Compared to humans, the Sanguine had a long lifespan. Even without a noble title, ordinary ones could live about three hundred years old. Under such circumstances, they could slowly accumulate and occupy every level, preventing any excess in Beyonder characteristics.

Therefore, it wasn't easy for ordinary ones to advance to Baron or become a Viscount. They either waited for the existing nobles to die, or they would obtain it from external sources. Otherwise, they would have to make sufficient contributions and receive the precious inheritance.

Compared to the first two Sequences, it was even more difficult for a Viscount to become an Earl. This was because being a Sanguine Earl meant being a demigod, and he could easily live for more than a thousand years. Those Viscounts' descendants had to pass generations before they could wait for a chance of an Earl's passing.

And it was precisely because of this that, as long as there was a vacancy in the Earl position, it would immediately be distributed and not "in stock."

For Baron and Viscount characteristics, they existed in the Sanguine's treasury in the form of Beyonder ingredients and Sealed Artifacts, but the numbers were few and far between. Every bestowment had to be strictly administered. There really weren't any spare Earl characteristics.

This answer was within Emlyn's expectations. He looked at Baron Cosmi and nodded slightly.

"In other words, as long as any Count passes away, it will be my turn?"

"No." Cosmi shook his head. "Although you have contributed plenty, you haven't reached first place on the waiting list yet."

"What's my ranking?" Emlyn first frowned before relaxing his brows to prevent his eagerness from showing.

Cosmi coughed and cleared his throat.

"Twelfth."

…This might not even happen when the apocalypse arrives… Since the Ancestor has given me the important task of saving the race, why didn't

"She" arrange all these matters? My Scarlet Scholar potion has been digested for months… Could it be that another test? Emlyn thought to himself silently for a few seconds before asking thoughtfully, "If I obtain an Earl's characteristic from external sources, will the race help me prepare the ritual?"

Cosmi exhaled and said, "Of course!"

Emlyn didn't stay any longer. He left Odora's villa and took a carriage back to his residence.

Ever since Feynapotter declared war on Loen, he had never been to the Harvest Church. He had only heard from The Star that the door had been smashed and many things had been stolen. It had become a place for the homeless.

As for Father Utravsky, he spent half a month in a cell behind Chanis Gate. The rest of the month was spent in a room on the upper level of Saint Samuel Cathedral, with the archbishop of Backlund next door. This arrangement was repeated over and over again.

This was because they were worried that if Father Utravsky were to stay behind Chanis Gate for an extended period of time, he would suffer irreversible damage. Under such a tense situation, the Church of Evernight wished to leave some buffer time so that they could use this opportunity to express their goodwill and begin negotiations.

Although Emlyn wasn't a believer in Evernight, and he even somewhat detested the cathedral, he went to Saint Samuel Cathedral twice a month to visit Father Utravsky.

Where can I obtain an Earl's characteristic… Emlyn, who felt that he had fallen behind and might not be able to bear the responsibility of saving his race, looked at the bleak streets while seriously considering every possibility.

He quickly had some ideas.

Ma'am Hermit had mentioned before that the Aurora Order's Saint, Saint Tenebrous, had Grazed a Shaman King. This corresponded to the Earl characteristic. If I could hunt this demigod of the Shepherd pathway like the Saint of Secrets, the problem would be resolved…

However, after the previous lesson, Saint Tenebrous probably wouldn't fall into a trap so easily…

There's also a possibility of directly attracting a King of Angels…

This was something everyone had discussed in the Tarot Club. The conclusion was that they had been attacking the Aurora Order for the past year, so it was best not to provoke them further.

Apart from Saint Tenebrous having a Sequence 4 Shaman King characteristic, Emlyn White could only think of one other option:

The Rose School of Thought!

Be it the Life School of Thought's Artificial Vampires or the Primordial Moon worshipers that originally existed in the Southern Continent, they were now part of the Rose School of Thought.

Of course, there were definitely some people who sought freedom. They hadn't joined any organizations yet, but either they were not at high Sequences, or they didn't have enough information to leak out.

Upon thinking of the Rose School of Thought, Emlyn instantly recalled a person.

Maric!

Maric represented the temperance faction of the Rose School of Thought. It was a faction that resisted the Mother Tree of Desire.

They also appear like they want to obtain something from the Rose School of Thought. Perhaps I can cooperate with them.… Emlyn nodded slightly.

…

A number of residents in Moon City anxiously gathered at the entrance, casting their sights east from time to time.

They were the relatives of the people who had previously been led by the High Priest. They were also the representatives of most people in Moon City.

Finally, as the flames flickered, High Priest Nim, brought Rus and company closer to Moon City.

A man went forward and looked at his sister. He noticed that there were still traces of tears on her face.

This Moon City resident, who wasn't deformed, could sense her brother's gaze. She couldn't help but open her mouth, tears streaming down her face.

"God, God is here to save us…” She started to cry. It was such a sad and free cry as she let out her emotions.

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CHAPTER 1220
A "CURTAIN"

"God, God is here to save us…”

The words spoken in a sob-filled voice echoed at the entrance of Moon City, causing the residents who were waiting to fall into a trance.

…

At the edges of the grayish-white fog, a fire quietly burned.

After eating another batch of mushrooms, Klein dispelled the iron-black skewer in his hand and looked up at the crater described by Moon City's High Priest, Nim.

He then reached out with his right hand and gently pulled, dragging "himself" out from fifteen minutes ago.

After exchanging looks, Klein's true form rapidly vanished and entered the fog of history. He ran all the way to a time before the First Epoch, and he sat in the old stacked cities.

His historical projection stood up and snapped his fingers repeatedly, flashing through the crimson flames as he headed for his destination.

When the crater that was once a hill was almost right in front of him, he stopped. He cautiously extended his right palm and pulled Qonas Kilgor out of the void.

The burly Earl of The Fallen's facial muscles twitched as he quickly transformed into another Gehrman Sparrow.

He took out a lantern from the fog of history with one hand and rubbed his temples with the other as he muttered softly, "Why does a marionette have to change its appearance?

"There's no one else here…

"I can't develop OCD…”

A few seconds later, the marionette's projection carried a lantern that emitted faint yellow light as it walked towards the crater not far away.

As the light flickered, Klein saw his target location and realized that it wasn't too deep. The difference between the bottom and the ground wasn't more than two meters. Of course, compared to the original hill, this change was indeed huge.

Inside the "crater," the soil was smooth, and there were a few rocks in it. There were many twisted, mutated plants around it whose species were difficult to distinguish. It looked no different from other places.

After observing for a while, Klein, who had stealthily activated Spirit Body Threads and Spirit Body Threads vision, slowly entered the crater, planning on following his preplanned route and reassessing everything worth paying attention to.

As he walked, he frowned slightly and let out an exclamation.

He realized that his thoughts had turned sluggish, but it didn't affect his thinking!

It was as if he had slept too much and had just woken up—having a heavy head with insufficiently active thoughts.

This was a situation that a person would occasionally experience. Beyonders of the other pathways might not be able to detect it, but as a demigod of the Seer pathway, Klein could clearly sense something amiss.

If it were any deeper, it would be close to the effect when a Marionettist controls Spirit Body Threads… The influence left behind by Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar? That's not right. If "He" didn't mean to leave it behind, it means that "He" showed "His" complete Mythical Creature form back then. That would've resulted in Moon City's investigation team in breaking down and losing control… If "He" had intentionally left it behind, what would be the purpose? Telling others that "He" was here? Klein circled the area in puzzlement, but he didn't discover any anomalies.

After some thought, he let his main body that was hiding in the Historical Void in a time before the First Epoch take four steps counterclockwise as he recited the incantation and went above the gray fog.

He wanted to do a divination!

With the exact time and location, Nim's description, and a real-world survey of the area, as well as lighting up some of the historical fragments, he believed that the prerequisite for making a "divination" had basically been met.

This didn't mean it was enough, but that he could barely give it a try. Besides, if the hill turning into a crater incident had something to do with Sefirah Castle and him, then the chances of a successful divination would greatly increase. The revelation would be very clear and not be interfered with.

Without any further thought, he sat on The Fool's high-back chair. He conjured a dark red fountain pen and yellow parchment and wrote:

"28th June of June 1349 of the Fifth Epoch. The anomaly that happened here."

He put down the fountain pen and grabbed with his left hand. He pulled out a handful of crater soil from the fog of history to use it as a medium for divination.

With one hand holding the soil and the other holding the parchment, he leaned back in his chair and recited the divination statement seven times. Then, with the help of Cogitation, he fell asleep.

In the hazy dream world, Klein saw the grayish-white solidified fog. He saw the hill that was tens of meters high, and the twisted vegetation around it.

A few seconds later, the fog began to churn and rapidly "vomited" a black shadow.

The black shadow was like a huge velvet curtain, madly absorbing all the light around it.

Its translucency increased as it completely enveloped the hill.

Following that, the hill vanished without a trace, leaving behind only a crater.

The strange plants at the edge of the crater were also suddenly covered and had black illusory Spirit Body Threads that extended towards different parts of the black "curtain."

The "curtain" became more and more transparent and illusory until it reached a point where one couldn't see it with the naked eye. If not for the fact that he had Spirit Body Threads vision to observe the reality of the scene, Klein wouldn't have been able to discover that the "curtain" had covered the crater's surface.

The scene flashed, and the dreamscape twisted to reveal a new scene.

Moon City's 5-man patrol team approached and discovered that a crater had replaced the hill that had vanished.

They stopped in their tracks and left the area without hesitation. They didn't rashly investigate.

After an unknown period of time, a gigantic figure suddenly appeared in another direction.

It was a demonic wolf covered in dark fur with eight legs. It was about four to five meters tall.

The demonic wolf had a tuft of short, grayish-white fur on its forehead. Its pure black pupils covered at least three-quarters of the space of its eyes. It was none other than the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar.

The Dark Demonic Wolf raised "His" head and opened "His" mouth, as though "He" was screaming, but nothing happened.

In the next second, a figure appeared in front of "Him." It was another "Him."

The Dark Demonic Wolf's historical projection did a simple step with "His" eight legs and "He" instantly arrived beside the crater.

After "He" surveyed the area, "He" carefully lowered "His" head and picked up the completely transparent "curtain" that had made the entire hill disappear.

The "curtain" suddenly came alive as it rapidly contracted and spun. It wrapped around the black demonic wolf as if it was adding half a black translucent piece of clothing to "Him."

The Dark Demonic Wolf trembled slightly, as if it had become a "clothed" marionette in two to three seconds.

However, this was only a Historical Void projection. The next breath didn't happen as the main body stopped maintaining the projection.

The "curtain" lost its support as it instantly collapsed and lay spread out on the ground.

Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar didn't give up. "He" occasionally transformed the monsters around "Him" into marionettes or summoned historical projections, allowing them to go forward again and again, experiencing all kinds of failures. However, in the end, "His" newest batch of marionettes still managed to pick up and control the "curtain."

The entire process was silent, as though it was a mime act.

Following that, the gigantic demonic wolf made the marionettes bring the "curtain" to "Him."

At that moment, the grayish-white fog around "Him" churned again, forming a vortex that was comparable to a hill.

The vortex emitted an invisible suction force, causing the strange "curtain" and Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar to be thrown towards it at the same time!

Such a scene caused a substantial ripple to appear in the dreamscape. Countless points of light appeared, making it difficult for him to see the specific details.

When everything returned to normal, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar draped the transparent "curtain" around "Him" and rapidly flew away from the solidified fog.

And at that moment, the Moon City investigation team arrived and saw the ancient subsidiary god leave.

Kotar glanced at them, but "He" didn't stop, vanishing into the darkness.

At this point, the scene shattered and the dream ended. Klein woke up.

He sat up straight and tapped the edge of the long mottled table with his fingers as he silently muttered, *It's not that there weren't any anomalies before I arrived. More likely it is that the guards from Moon City didn't discover it. After all, the fog extends outwards to an unknown limit…*

What's that "curtain" that was spat out by the grayish-white fog? It can cover a hill when it's large, turning it into a crater, as though by magic. When it's small, it can be used as "clothes" by the demonic wolf, turning "Him" into a marionette… It's a little like a high Sequence item of the Seer pathway…

It was spat out because I entered the world above the gray fog and completed the binding with Sefirah Castle?

It seems to be able to turn the surrounding vegetation into its marionettes… This gives me a familiar feeling…

Yes, there was something wrong with the food laid out in the rooms of the foggy town back then. Spirit Body Threads were growing out of them, reaching out towards the core of the cathedral. Once they've been eaten, one will instantly evaporate and vanish. Yes, they end up hanging in the cathedral and becoming a marionette…

In other words, once one reaches the level of Miracle Invoker or Attendant of Mysteries, one can make plants or objects with spirituality grow Spirit Body Threads, so as to turn them into marionettes?

…Is that "curtain" the Beyonder characteristics of a Miracle Invoker or Attendant of Mysteries?

Judging from the Dark Demonic Wolf's performance, it might very well be the latter…

This is the reason why one Attendant of Mysteries characteristic has been missing for a long period of time. There were only clues, but no one could find it?

Before Sefirah Castle had an "owner," the grayish-white fog unconsciously attracted the high Sequence characteristics of the three pathways across space and accommodated them? What is it trying to do?

That suction force is really very strong. It frightened even Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar. "He" didn't even stop, only having thoughts of escaping…

What was "He" suspecting? What was "He" afraid of?

After some analysis, there was a look of excitement on his face.

If he could successfully hunt down an angel like the Dark Demonic Wolf, it would be an unparalleled harvest!

Of course, the Dark Demonic Wolf, who now had the "curtain," was much harder to deal with than before. This matter had greatly reduced his confidence in succeeding.

As his thoughts raced, he suddenly recalled something:

From the timing of these sequence of events, the Dark Demonic Wolf clearly had the "curtain" by the time he arrived in the northern city ruins, Nois…

"He" turned the entire city into marionettes and created a marionette city. It wasn't to settle down, nor was it to accumulate helpers. It was to prepare the ritual for Attendant of Mysteries?

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CHAPTER 1221
LEAVING A MESSAGE

If the Dark Demonic Wolf really is preparing the Attendant of Mysteries ritual, then "His" whereabouts won't lack traces… Klein nodded slowly. He already had some vague ideas on his mind, but he was still unable to truly sort them out.

He instinctively wanted to divine the location of the "curtain" by using the soil that had been tainted by the "curtain," so as to lock onto the location of the Dark Demonic Wolf. However, considering how the latter was an angel, such a method would most likely alarm "Him," alerting "Him" and causing "Him" to take precautionary measures. Therefore, Klein rationally gave up on this idea and returned to the real world. He thought hard about formulating a plan.

The next day, when there was a high frequency of lightning, another batch of Moon City residents came to Gehrman Sparrow's bonfire under the leadership of a priest named Duke. They listened to his teachings, enjoyed the mushrooms, and waited to be cleansed.

After the residents of Moon City experienced the cleansing, with tears streaming down their faces, Klein looked around and casually asked, "The sun god told you to guard this land and to take note of anyone walking out of the fog?"

Duke, who had been cured of his bloated ailment, knew that the High Priest had mentioned this matter to the oracle before him. He answered rather calmly, "Yes."

Klein nodded slightly and continued on the topic.

"If you really discover someone walking out of the fog, what will you need to do?"

Duke said without hesitation, "Recite the honorific name of the great sun god immediately and… report this matter to 'Him'…”

As he spoke, his tone became very depressed. In the end, he was unable to formulate his words. This was because the sun god—the Creator—hadn't given any response for more than two thousand years. Even though Moon City had held the most complete rituals and repeatedly chanted the honorific name, there had been no response.

"Anything else?" Klein pressed as he sharply noticed something.

This was a revelation from his spiritual intuition, and also a result of a certain degree of deduction. It was obvious that the ancient sun god and the City of Silver Creator would have considered this problem. One possibility was that the person who walked out of the grayish-white fog was extremely careful. He was very cautious and didn't enjoy being watched or monitored. After discovering the patrol team in Moon City, he would be inclined to use his Beyonder powers to affect their minds, making them forget that they had seen him or reciting the honorific name.

In this situation, the ancient sun god should've made certain arrangements.

Of course, this wasn't absolute. If Amon's father could accurately predict that the person walking out of the grayish-white fog was a rookie, then there was no need to say too much in the revelation.

However, considering how the ancient sun god—the City of Silver's Creator—had made an error in predicting where he would come out from the grayish-white fog, Klein was doubtful of the aforementioned possibility.

Duke thought for a moment and hesitated before saying, "To welcome that person and tell him a single word."

Klein's spirits were immediately lifted as he asked without batting an eyelid, "What word?"

Duke's lips quivered as though he was mimicking the pronunciation. Then, he said in a strange tone, "Chernobyl."

"…” Klein's mind froze for a second before he let out a silent sigh.

…

The Loen Kingdom, East Chester County, in a forest.

The nearby villagers gathered here and plucked strange mushrooms that were covered in roots, deadwood, and shrubs.

According to the kingdom's laws, everything that grew in this forest belonged to its owner, Miss Audrey Hall. However, with the war escalating, the demand of food, and the high taxes, these factors made it so that the farmers could no longer care about breaking the law. It was something that needed to be considered only if they survived. Furthermore, with more people participating, they naturally became emboldened.

They formed small teams and very efficiently plucked the mushrooms that were covered in golden stars or marbling streaks. They were divided into two parts, and a small portion was reserved for consumption. Most of them were prepared to be sold to grain merchants waiting outside the forest to exchange for gold pounds, for salt, fabric and other essential items.

These farmers didn't go overboard. Other than the mushrooms, they only took a portion of the fruits on the trees. They left behind what was sufficient for the rangers of the forest to submit to their masters.

In just two or three hours, the farmers sold large amounts of mushrooms and fruits. With the gold pounds in hand, they returned to their hamlets with beaming smiles.

To them, everything that happened today was what they wanted to do and they had also achieved their predetermined goals.

The grain merchant who had a full beard was equally happy because this was an unexpected harvest. With the present situation, he could earn a lot of money.

He led the workers with him to move large amounts of mushrooms and fruits to the processing point outside the city. After making the necessary arrangements, he placed them all into the warehouse.

As a meticulous businessman, he checked the warehouse again after sending the workers away. After confirming that there were no mistakes, he closed the door and locked it.

At this moment, he saw a thick wad of cash on the ground. They were all ten-pound notes.

When did I drop so much money? The grain merchant bent down in joy and picked up the stack of notes.

As he counted, he suddenly recalled the origins of the money.

They were the profits from selling the mushroom powder, dried mushroom, and dried fruits!

How generous! The bearded businessman sighed in satisfaction and turned to leave the warehouse.

Inside the warehouse, Audrey, who was wearing a light blue dress, removed her Psychological Invisibility and took out a black pocket.

This was the Traveler's Bag that she had rented from Xio.

Following that, the blonde, simple-looking Audrey easily threw bags of food into the black pocket.

After doing all of this, she took out a hard-covered bronze notebook and flipped to a page with "Teleportation."

This was from Fors—Leymano's Travels.

And what had conspired here was secretly manipulated by Audrey.

She first gave the fast-growing mushrooms provided by Ma'am Hermit to the animals in the woods. With their help, she "planted" them at suitable spots. Following that, she "influenced" the farmers in the surrounding hamlets, strengthening their inner desires, and making them overcome their fear of the law. And that grain merchant "happened" to pass by and discovered this.

This sort of manipulation of a person's heart was intoxicating, like a master of all beings. However, Audrey didn't smile at all. Instead, she sighed softly.

It's still not enough… I'm still lacking plenty. Lots…

The mushrooms she had obtained wasn't the type that Little Sun said could absorb the flesh and blood of monsters to flourish. They needed sufficient nutrients to rapidly grow. Therefore, there was no way to plant a second batch of mushrooms in this forest in a short time; otherwise, it was very likely to become a desert.

Staring at the empty cloth bags that had been emptied out, Audrey's green eyes flashed. She couldn't help but think, *A large amount of food is concentrated at the Church, the royal family, the military, the government, the nobles, and the businessmen…*

There are also some from Feysac, Intis, and Feynapotter, but who knows how many times I'll have to move them with only Traveler's Bag…

Manipulating the nobles, businessmen, and military personnel is very dangerous. I might be discovered if I'm not careful…

If the situation hadn't deteriorated to such a state, I might have never known that some people would have such a side to them…

When the environment and circumstances are different, the masks that everyone wears are different. I have to take note of this in the future…

As her thoughts raced, Audrey, who lacked experience in handling such matters, decided to seek Mr. World's advice to see if he had any suggestions.

As The World Gehrman Sparrow had been walking alone in the uninhabited Forsaken Land of the Gods, he was surrounded by darkness and despair. Audrey suggested that he should seek her out regularly for psychological counseling. This might not necessarily imply any treatment. A casual chat could effectively relieve the pressure, loneliness, and misery.

Gehrman Sparrow followed his doctor's advice, and from their chats, Audrey knew that, apart from asking her for medical advice, this powerful adventurer would also gossip with Mr. Star above the gray fog from time to time, maintaining a rather good state of mind.

With this decision, Audrey immediately activated her "Traveling" ability and returned to Backlund.

But on second thought, she felt a little depressed.

This was because she knew that, even if she gathered a large amount of food, she could only quell the residents of Backlund for some time. If the war didn't end, the situation would still worsen.

War… Audrey closed her eyes. She had no idea how she could stop it.

She had heard from Ma'am Hermit that the nature of this war was very likely to be a battle of gods. And the prelude to a battle of gods had always been very consistent; it was to spend a certain amount of time and strength to shake the anchors of "Their" opponents.

After some thought, Audrey pursed her lips and decided to start with what she could do.

As the notebook emitted a misty glow, her figure quickly turned transparent and disappeared.

…

Beside the quietly burning bonfire, Klein, who had just sent away the "guests" from Moon City, couldn't help but recall the words Blasphemer Amon had said before.

"He" said that there were many clues and things in the past that "He" wanted to explore that were buried deep within Chernobyl.

The ancient sun god had also specially emphasized "Chernobyl"…Amidst his thoughts, he suddenly had the urge to explore Chernobyl.

This wasn't considered rash. It was something he had always wanted to do. However, he didn't dare to do so because of Amon.

I've been heading east for more than half a year. Who would've thought that I would suddenly arrive at Chernobyl… Amon has obtained the last Worm of Time Beyonder characteristic and is preparing the ritual. It's impossible for "His" true body to still be in Chernobyl… Yes, "He" is a very patient King of Angels. Perhaps, "His" avatars have been waiting in Chernobyl all this time… After analyzing the present situation, Klein decided to let a projection from the Historical Void make an attempt.

In any case, he would never head there directly with his actual body!

After making up his mind, Klein went above the gray fog to do a divination. Then, he returned to the real world and reached out his hand to grab into the void, dragging his past self from five minutes ago.

As his main body disappeared, his projection gained consciousness. Following that, he grabbed a few times and took out the black staff embedded with many gems.

The Staff of the Stars!

He wanted to use the power of the Staff of the Stars to directly "Teleport" to Chernobyl!

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CHAPTER 1222
"RESEARCH FACILITY"

When he held the Staff of the Stars, Klein pulled out a gold coin out of thin air with his other hand and flicked it.

As the gold coin tumbled, a revelation from his "divination" appeared in his mind.

It was an extremely deep ravine. At the bottom of it was a thick and vast building that was covered in layers of "grayish-white."

Every detail was restored to the Chernobyl that Klein had seen at the beginning. However, it didn't originate from the spirit world, but from his own subconscious.

Using the technique of dream divination, he reproduced the images he had seen in his mind.

And the moment this scene was completed, the gems embedded in the Staff of the Stars emitted a faint glow. It instantly vanished along with Klein's Historical Void projection and appeared above the grayish-white building.

In just a second, Klein returned from the easternmost front of the Forsaken Land of the Gods to Chernobyl!

This was one of the main powers of the Staff of the Stars: if the corresponding scene that surfaced in the mind of the wielder still existed in the real world, then the Staff of the Stars could allow them to cross all obstacles and distances, directly descending to their desired destination.

Of course, the prerequisite was that the outlined scene had to be absolutely correct and not visually be any different from the original.

The reason why he chose the deep ravine where Chernobyl was located, and not the grayish-yellow fog, was because he knew that the Giant King's youngest son, the God of Glory, Bladel, had perished after being freed from the curse. The area would definitely experience major changes, and the only thing that wasn't affected was the mysterious Chernobyl, which was valued by the ancient sun god and Amon.

This also didn't mean that the deep ravine and grayish-white building wouldn't have any visible changes. In fact, Klein had already prepared himself for the failure of his "Teleportation" attempt. After all, the person performing it was fake, and the item in his hand was also fake. It wouldn't be a pity if he lost it.

In midair, Klein, with the Staff of the Stars in his hand, didn't even have time to examine his surroundings when his entire body suddenly sank and plummeted downwards.

He didn't wear Creeping Hunger, nor did he transform into an avian creature. He was currently unable to fly.

Therefore, even though the demigods of the Seer pathway were bizarre and terrifying, they actually had a human side to them.

As his thoughts raced, a Beyonder power appeared in his mind.

Following that, the Staff of the Stars lit up with different colors, causing the surroundings to be filled with violent winds.

The wind swirled around him, causing his black trench coat to flap and his body to slowly descend.

During this process, Klein's right hand trembled, allowing the Staff of the Stars's historical projection to return to its normal location, doing so to

prevent accidents from happening to him because of him imagining certain scenes.

Right on the heels of that, his left hand pressed down on the half top hat on his head. Just as the lightning in the sky was about to pass, he pulled out a lantern from the void.

Under the dim yellow light of the lantern, Klein stepped firmly onto the ground beneath the deep ravine with his buckle-less leather shoes. The endless darkness around him seemed to contain monsters.

He was standing in front of the "grayish-white" Chernobyl which was formed in layers.

Under the synchronized effects of the lightning and the lantern in his hand, Klein quickly discovered a situation.

There was no door to this thick and vast grayish-white building!

Hmm, every place is sealed… I remember that the ancient sun god had opened an illusory crack on the grayish-white wall before coming out… As if in thought, Klein found the spot in his memories and began chanting the honorific name of The Fool.

At the easternmost front of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, by the solidified fog near Moon City, Klein, who was hiding in the Historical Void, immediately entered Sefirah Castle. With the help of the prayer light, he used his "true vision" to scan the situation at Chernobyl.

In the deep ravine and desolate plains with remnant grayish-yellow fog, there wasn't a single Amon present.

As for Chernobyl itself, even with the "true vision" provided by Sefirah Castle, it wasn't enough for him to clearly see what was going on inside.

Underneath the layers and layers of "grayish-white," there appeared to be absolute nothingness, a space without any color.

Indeed it's not simple… As expected of the place where the ancient sun god —the City of Silver's Creator—walked out of… After sighing inwardly, he quickly left Sefirah Castle and returned to the historical fragment from before the First Epoch.

Klein, who was standing outside of Chernobyl, regained consciousness. He reached out his hand and took out Leymano's Travels.

He quickly flipped to one of the pages and prepared to use the "Door Opening" power of an Apprentice.

Such an action was actually a little rash for him, but considering that this was just a projection in the Historical Void, he felt that there weren't any problems with that.

The Beyonders of the Seer pathway are indeed both cautious and reckless at the same time. They're careful when making preparations, but reckless after making preparations. They show traits of caution and recklessness at the same time… As he lampooned himself, Klein silently passed through the obstacle and entered Chernobyl's interior.

After "Door Opening" repeatedly, he finally left the "grayish-white" buildings. He saw an ajar heavy metal door in front of him.

The metal door wasn't very tall, only about 2.5 meters tall. It was obviously prepared for humans.

In front of it, there were two pitch-black marks and two machine guns that were more sci-fi than any weapon belonging to this era.

These two machine guns looked a little similar to the ones he had seen when he was flipping through some magazines in his previous life. However, he wasn't a fan of such things, so he couldn't be sure.

Klein didn't pick them up or attempt to study them. His spiritual intuition told him that the two firearm-like weapons had completely corroded. Any contact with them would instantly cause them to disintegrate.

After taking a few looks, he dispelled Leymano's Travels. With the lantern in hand, he passed through two pitch-black marks and arrived behind the metal door.

There was a wide aisle here, and on both sides were rooms of different sizes. The tables and chairs inside were toppled, some were fine and others were broken in half. The walls were covered with black streaks.

It looks like a research facility… Klein set off from the remnants and overall layout, coming to a preliminary conclusion.

There was no need for him to deliberately search for anything. He quickly found a room with a destroyed machine. There were a few pieces of paper on the table that had a yellow tint to it.

It seemed like someone had casually placed it there after collecting it.

The ancient sun god or Amon? After hesitating for two seconds, he finally stepped into the room.

The dim yellow light dispersed the darkness inside as he picked up the few pieces of paper and quickly scanned them.

Ten seconds later, Klein put down the piece of paper and the corner of his mouth twitched.

He didn't recognize any of the words on those pages!

In my previous life, I only barely passed English, let alone other languages? Klein suddenly felt the feelings of the other Beyonders in this world when they read Roselle's diary.

He slowly exhaled as he extended his hand into the void and took out an item.

This was a translating device that Zhou Mingrui had bought before going on a trip overseas which he had saved up for. When the luck enhancement ritual was held, it was inside a computer bag by his side.

To him, the greatest advantage of this translating device was that it could do offline translations—as long as it didn't exceed the internally stored database.

After fiddling with it, he finally understood what the few pages wrote:

…Research of the appearance of oil in a dried-up oil field… Why would they need to build a research facility in such an unimaginable place for such matters?

…God, what did they discover deep in the oil field…

…This is some amazing material…

…What exactly happened? The doctor turned into a puddle of black oil in front of me!

…More and more people have turned into oil. This research facility has been sealed from the outside… No one can leave. No one can leave…

…Mad, they've all gone mad. We're still normal, but our food is almost running out…

…I seem to be hearing things. There seems to be sounds coming from underground. It's summoning me. "He" is summoning me!

These lines of simple words sent a chill down Klein's spine. He felt as though he was walking towards madness and death.

At the same time, a thought naturally came to his mind:

The corruption that stems from underground.

The cause of all this was the unnecessary experiments involved after the discovery of some strange material in a dried-up oil field? Then, the world was destroyed? But if it was a disaster caused by such a coincidence, then there's no reason for me, Emperor Roselle, and the others to obtain items to help us "transmigrate" ahead of time… Perhaps, there are chances amidst inevitability, and in chance, there is inevitability? The underground corruption has always been influencing the human world in an unobvious manner. It can intermittently bring about certain mysterious events. Only when the research facility probed deeper was "He" fully awakened? Klein subconsciously swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

With the lantern in hand, he left the room and headed towards the depths of the research facility. He also paid close attention to anything that was worth paying attention to.

After walking for nearly a minute, his vision suddenly darkened.

More than half of the dim yellow light's radiance was consumed by the area ahead!

When he took a closer look, he realized that there was a cliff two steps away from him.

That portion of the research facility had collapsed into the ground. It was dark and empty, with no end to it.

Faintly, he seemed to hear a silent cry. It sounded in his mind from deep underground.

This feeling was something Klein had experienced before—from behind the bronze door in the Hall of Truth.

He frowned slightly and took a few steps back, prepared to dispel the Historical Void projection at any moment.

At this moment, a palm that was so dry that it only had skin and bones stuck out from the darkness, grabbing onto the edge of the cliff.

Then, a figure leaped out and landed in front of him.

He was wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe. He had a monocle on his right eye. It was none other than Angel of Time, Amon.

However, this Amon's condition was very abnormal. It was like a skeleton covered in a skin membrane.

Klein subconsciously took a few steps back and saw the flesh and blood of the man before him rapidly fill up.

"He" adjusted "His" monocle said with a smile, "Ah, a visitor. I wasn't expecting that.

"And you are?"

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CHAPTER 1223
THAT LEVEL

Who am I? Just as Klein was about to remove the Historical Void projection, he was taken aback by Amon's question.

He controlled himself and didn't frown. Instead of answering, he asked, "You aren't Amon's true body?"

Standing at the edge of the cliff, Amon took a step forward and smiled.

"Of course not.

"You seem to know my true body or my other avatars?"

Although the Amon in front of him didn't take any action, the step "He" took still gave Klein an indescribable pressure. It wasn't easy for him to keep still without retreating, which would betray his cowardice.

He grunted and replied in a low voice, "That's why I'm curious as to why you don't know me."

"Are you very famous?" said the Amon who had crawled out of the darkness. "He" then raised "His" hand and adjusted "His" crystal monocle on "His" right eye.

This action lasted for a few seconds before it came to an end. As though in thought, Amon muttered, "There are no other 'me's nearby… Are there really none, or has the connection been completely severed?"

What kind of accident caused this Amon to be independent? No way, I can't believe this fellow's acts. "He" is a top-notch swindler… Klein's heart stirred at first before he suppressed his corresponding thoughts and asked, "Why did you crawl out from underground?"

Amon's expression returned to normal as "He" chuckled.

"Guess."

Be it "His" actual body or "His" avatars, the fact that he has a terrible personality doesn't change… Klein thought to himself and tried to probe with an answer, "You are exploring the secret that lays underground."

Amon nodded slightly and said, "Isn't that obvious?"

"He" then half-turned "His" body and pointed at the darkness beyond the cliff that the light failed to light up.

"My father crawled out of here just like I did.

"Ah, right. It has a name. You should have heard of it—Chaos Sea."

Chaos Sea? The Chaos Sea, one of the nine sefirots… It is indeed hidden deep underground… Is the corruption behind the bronze door really brought about by it? Previously, I was made aware of this mysticism knowledge through my casual chats with Amon… The ancient sun god was originally a member of this research facility. Then, he fell into the deep depths of the Chaos Sea, only to awaken in the Second Epoch and crawl out? As he was only an ordinary person back then, based on the law that proximity to the underground increases in danger with higher Sequences, he wasn't affected too much? Klein's mind raced as he recalled many matters and came up with various guesses.

Three seconds later, he said in response, "So you took the risk and jumped in to search for the truth of the buried history and the world?"

"Something like that." Amon man pinched the edge of his monocle and said in a self-deprecating tone, "But I didn't do it willingly."

"Ah?" Klein used a terse exclamation to express his doubts.

Amon smiled and said, "Every single one of me knows that it's very dangerous deep underground. We don't want to go down alone. We have tried many detours, including creating a marionette to replace us. However, we failed to succeed and failed to obtain any feedback.

"In the end, under the true body's watch, we held a fair vote. Unfortunately, I was chosen."

…It's a miracle that Amon hasn't completely gone mad yet… As expected of the God of Mischief… Internal decisions have to be done in such a way… Klein resisted the urge to lampoon.

"And then, you jumped down yourself?"

"What else? Let 'Them' throw me down?" Amon said as "He" spread "His" hands.

Having said that, "He" seemed to finally understand something as "He" muttered to "Himself," "The Chaos Sea made 'me' sever ties with my main body and the surrounding avatars?

"Am I independent?"

*Independent… Previously, in front of the bronze door of the Hall of Truth, I felt that every cell and every Worm of Spirit were giving birth to a new consciousness, generating a different form of self… It's very normal for there to be similar changes in Amon's avatar after directly entering the Chaos Sea… An independent Amon avatar should be able to effectively trick Amon's true body… No, I can't trust "Him"…*Klein validated Amon's words using his own experience, but he quickly reminded himself not to trust the God of Deceit.

He smiled and said, "I suspect you're bluffing."

Amon held up the crystal monocle and sized up Klein for a few seconds.

"It doesn't matter whether you believe me or not. Even if I want to find a partner, it wouldn't be someone as weak as you."

In the era of the eight Kings of Angels, were you very close to Red Angel Medici… Having made up his mind not to trust the independence of the Amon in front of him, Klein tried asking, "What did you discover in the Chaos Sea?"

"Plenty of things. Guess what they are," Amon said with a smile.

"You didn't discover anything," Klein said deliberately.

Amon shook "His" head.

"The other 'me's probably think so too. Besides, I haven't been out for a very long time, and I didn't respond. It's logical to believe that I had already been corroded and was digested by Chaos Sea."

Without waiting for Klein's response, Amon continued, "Chaos Sea is very large. It almost fills the core, and goes to a further layer. It's also the only sefirah that merges the real and the illusory and has an entrance in the real world. The others are either completely illusory and hidden somewhere unknown, or they're definitely real while existing in the real world.

"I found something very interesting inside. The first Blasphemy slate was likely born there, but it was later attracted by some power and left the ground before it was complete.

"My father might've browsed through that Blasphemy Slate in the beginning, which is why 'His' condensed into the second Blasphemy Slate when 'He' perished."

This is the origins of the two Blasphemy Slates? It's no wonder the ancient sun god was so powerful in the late stages of the Second Epoch… Klein vaguely understood something and subconsciously asked, "What's so different about the two Blasphemy Slates?"

Amon adjusted the crystal monocle and said, "The second Blasphemy Slate changed some of the Sequence names and added content.

"Those contents contain secrets about transcending Sequences."

"Transcending Sequences?" Klein's pupils widened slightly. He felt that his long-term guess had been confirmed. "Become the Creator?"

Amon smiled and said, "More or less, but this description isn't accurate enough.

"I like to refer to that level as 'Above the Sequences.' There are also a number of true deities who name it in other ways. Some call it 'Great Old Ones,' others refer to it as 'Outer Deities' or 'Cosmos.'"

Cosmos… The moment Klein heard this term, his spiritual intuition began to give crazy warnings.

He remembered very clearly that the ascetic leader of the Church of Evernight, Arianna, had told him before that unless he became an angel, he shouldn't attempt to understand the cosmos. Otherwise, just having knowledge of it would bring him great danger!

Without any hesitation, Klein, who had been hiding in the Historical Void's in a time before the First Epoch, gave up maintaining the projection. He stood up from the stacked cities of old, and he took four steps counterclockwise.

Almost at the same time, the violent lightning that streaked across the sky of the Forsaken Land of the Gods calmed down. The endless darkness vanished as well.

A gigantic crimson moon covered half the sky.

The light on the surface of the crimson moon stretched out as if it was alive.

Outside this world, the moon that was revolving around the Earth had a crimson sea flowing. It drowned everything, as though it was digesting this huge natural satellite.

The blood-colored sea boiled when Klein learned about the news of "Great Old Ones," "Outer Deities," and "Cosmos."

They quickly gathered towards the middle, constantly piling together until they formed an indiscernible, blood-red phantom image.

This phantom image was many times bigger than the moon. It had countless eyes, and "it" looked down at the blue planet. It cast its gaze at Klein's main body through the connection that was established the moment he learned about these matters!

As the crimson sea "receded," many craters appeared on the surface of the moon.

From the ground, the moon no longer crimson. It was bright and clear. It had remained the same despite the hundreds of millions of years.

Further out in space, the Brown Star, Orange Star, Scarlet Planet, Gold Planet, and Blue Planet twinkled like the blinking of eyes.

In the fog of history, boils began to emerge from the surface of Klein's body. Each boil had a mutated Worm of Spirit. They wore the faces of Zhou Mingrui, Klein Moretti, Gehrman Sparrow, and Dwayne Dantès. They were trying their best to drill out of his body.

Klein's thoughts quickly turned chaotic. His entire Spirit Body seemed to be torn apart by an invisible blade, but he still forced himself to finish reciting the last sentence of the incantation.

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

Silently, Klein's Spirit Body tore through the gray fog and entered Sefirah Castle. The power of the entire space began to boil as it surged forward and enveloped him, melting away wisps of black gas, streams of red light, and boils, severing the invisible connection.

Nearly ten seconds later, the struggling Klein finally regained consciousness. He stood up using the high-back chair as support.

Inside Chernobyl, Amon, who was standing at the edge of the cliff, said to "Himself" in a low voice as "He" adjusted the crystal monocle on "His" right eye, "Quite a fast reaction…”

If Klein had been a second slower and was embroiled in that chaotic state, Amon could deceive the connection between the projection and the actual body before Klein could remove the maintenance of the historical projection. "He" could then appear inside the corresponding historical fragment.

Above the gray fog, Klein sat down and rubbed his temples.

That Amon was indeed lying…

"He" should be the avatar that stayed behind to guard Chernobyl. When "He" discovered that I had come, "He" hid somewhere between the cliff and the Chaos Sea, pretending that "He" had just crawled out. "He" was unable to deal with my main body by bypassing the historical projection. Furthermore, "He" might not have the strength of a Sequence 2 angel. Therefore, "He" pretended to be an independent avatar so as to carry out the deceit…

On the surface, "He" attempted to make me believe that "He" was an independent avatar and could be cooperated with. "He" made me focus on this aspect, but in fact, "He" concealed the danger in "His" words…

Even in a normal conversation with the God of Deceit, one can still be scammed…

However, in order to achieve "His" goals, "He" had also given a sufficient amount of secrets…

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CHAPTER 1224
GUESSES ABOUT THE APOCALYPSE

Loen Kingdom, Backlund.

Fors, who was still sleeping soundly, suddenly woke up from her dream. She subconsciously cast her gaze out the window.

She didn't lack similar experiences. Before she became a member of the Tarot Club, she often woke up in the middle of the night due to the curse of the full moon. But today, she didn't feel any familiar pain, but her heart throbbed for some unknown reason.

As the curtain had blocked the window, Fors was unable to determine what time it was from the weak light. She subconsciously got out of bed, walked to the window, and drew the curtains.

The sunlight that penetrated the thin fog shone into the room, dispersing the accumulated darkness. Fors stood by the window and looked up into the sky with an obvious look of confusion.

The sun has already risen, and the crimson moon had long set. Why do I still feel the sensation I have during the curse of the full moon?

Furthermore, there were still many days to the full moon!

…

The Intis Republic capital, Trier.

One by one, the astronomers, who had woken up early, as well as mysticism enthusiasts, as well as the covert Beyonders, cast their gazes high into the sky.

The layers of evening clouds disappeared, and the huge and bright moon outshone the light of the stars.

The moon's color was no longer the usual crimson color. It was white and unusually bright.

All who saw it were stunned. This was a moon that they had never seen before.

Be it the normal textbooks of human society or books related to mysticism, none of them recorded similar phenomena!

Apart from the common new moon, full moon, and the occasional Blood Moon, the moon had never experienced such changes. At least for the past 1300 years since the beginning of the Fifth Epoch, there had been absolutely no such change!

At this moment, the onlookers realized that, other than the crimson and blood-red states, the moon had another color.

…

The Forsaken Land of the Gods, the City of Silver.

As it was in the afternoon when the frequency of lightning was high, Derrick and company noticed the abnormality in the sky.

They were used to the familiar lightning and darkness. In just a few seconds, all of that completely disappeared without a trace. The blood-colored circular glow that blotted out half the sky was so obvious. It's massive size illuminated everything to great visibility.

The people of the City of Silver who had relatively agile thoughts immediately thought of the description and the corresponding picture of the moon in the general knowledge book. They suddenly had a thought that came to them:

"Could this be the moon?"

"The crimson moon?"

"We actually saw the crimson moon…”

Soon, the blood-red colors of the crimson moon in front of them drained inch by inch, revealing its bright and clear body.

The City of Silver residents were increasingly at a loss, unsure of what had happened.

Having heard Mr. Hanged Man, Miss Justice, and the other members of the Tarot Club talk about the outside world, Derrick Berg was even more shocked and surprised than them. This was because there was no such natural phenomenon outside the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

A few seconds later, the moon disappeared and the darkness once again engulfed everything. The frequent flashes of lightning became the main source of light.

"What happened just now?"

"Did you see that red circle?"

"Moon! That's the moon!"

"That's the crimson moon!"

"Is this a sign that we are about to escape our current situation?"

"Our second exploration of the Giant King's Court will go very smoothly and we will open the door that leads to the outside world?"

Amidst the confusion, most of the residents of the City of Silver subconsciously treated this phenomenon as a good thing, treating it as an auspicious sign from mysticism. Only the Chief, Colin Iliad, and the Elders of the six-member council like Lovia had serious looks on their faces as they frowned.

…

Above the grayish-white fog, inside the ancient palace.

Having gained a general understanding of Amon's scam, Klein instinctively turned his attention back to the "secret" he had learned.

He previously had some guesses about the corresponding content, but when it was truly revealed, he realized that it was even more terrifying and exaggerated than he had imagined. It made him even more hopeless.

To be able to successfully attract the attention of the Cosmos, this means that most of the secrets that Amon revealed are true…

There really is another level above Sequence 0. This should be the level which the ancient sun god was at. However, "His" condition didn't seem too right. "He" ended up being stabbed in the back, perished, and divided up.

…According to what Amon said, using the Creator to describe this level isn't accurate enough. "He" named it as "Above the Sequences"…There are also existences who use the term "Transcending Sequences" to describe that level, indicating that they have escaped the restrictions of the Beyonder pathway?

…Deities refer to this level as "Great Old Ones," "Outer Deities," "Cosmos"…From this, one can tell that there are two matters. One is the vast universe outside this world. In the boundless cosmos, there are "Great

Old Ones" and "Outer Deities," who are existences at the Creator's level. For example, the one who controls the moon…

…From the looks of it, the brown star and orange star were the original planets. They have changed, making Emperor Roselle unable to recognize them… This is because there are Great Old Ones or Outer Deities entrenched in them, watching our world?

…The Box of the Great Old Ones mutated after being corrupted by the cosmos…

…Yes, there are most likely more than one Great Old One or Outer Deity… Why are "They" all surrounding this planet? What are "They" spying on?

…"They" didn't directly invade because there's a power that temporarily keeps them out?

…Thanks to the seven deities?

…Connecting this to the prophecy of the apocalypse in 1368, the seven deities might not be playing a crucial role in this. "They" have yet to transcend the Sequences… When the true barrier disappears in 1368, the Great Old Ones and the Outer Deities will no longer be obstructed. Then, the apocalypse will descend upon us?

Upon thinking of this, the questions that he had accumulated in his mind suddenly flashed through his mind.

Why did the Evernight Goddess take the risk of bringing about a battle of gods to seize the Uniqueness of the Death pathway?

Why did the seven deities tacitly acquiesce to having a Black Emperor?

Why did Adam, Amon, and the other Kings of Angels, after being silent for so many years, step out from behind the scenes in this era?

Why were the legacies of the ancient gods from the Second Epoch appearing one after another?

Why was there only one transmigrator released from Sefirah Castle in the first four epochs, but two in the Fifth Epoch, a period spanning slightly more than a thousand years?

Phew, be "They" good or bad, everyone is working hard to improve themselves to usher in the apocalypse… The Goddess, who is so good at setting things into motion, chose such a risky method because "She" wanted to transcend the Sequences and become a Great Old One? There's only a decade or so left. Time waits for no man… Did "She" provide me help in secret because "She" had similar hopes? Adam didn't take action even though "He" could finish me off twice. Apart from "Him" and me not having any significant grudges, this plays a role in everything? Klein gently rapped the edge of the long, mottled table as he muttered softly, "The key to becoming a Great Old One or Outer Deity is one of the nine sefirot?"

Looking around the empty Sefirah Castle, Klein sighed and muttered to himself, "As for the exact situation, I have to look at the second Blasphemy Slate to know. Unfortunately, I don't know when I'll have a chance…"

He then focused his attention on something else.

I'm not sure if the ancient sun god had completely transcended the Sequences… If a native Great Old One were to be born, humanity might still have a sliver of hope when the apocalypse happens…"His" death is even more complicated than I imagined…

It's no wonder Emperor Roselle said that only a Sequence 0 could preserve "Themselves" and protect the people "They" value…

I wonder if those Great Old Ones or Outer Deities have infiltrated the Earth with their powers?

Yes, according to how the seven orthodox deities and the other evil gods like the True Creator view the Primordial Moon and the Mother Tree of Desire with animosity, the latter might be Great Old Ones or Outer Deities…

It's no wonder the Mother Tree of Desire could directly mislead my divination above the gray fog. "She" is the most dangerous existence in my books!

I understand what those Great Old Ones and Outer Deities are gathered around this world for…

They likely want to obtain the nine sefirot; destroying the world is just something done in passing…

As he thought of this, Klein suddenly recalled the phrase the Mother Tree of Desire had said through Cynthia:

"Admiral, I want to have a child with you."

He couldn't help but shudder as he seriously considered his safety after returning to the real world.

He already had a certain level of understanding of the cosmos. As long as he subconsciously thought of something related, he would directly establish a connection with the Great Old Ones and the Outer Deities, and be corrupted!

If not for the fact that Sefirah Castle had cut off all contact from before, I wouldn't dare return to reality… After some thought, Klein decided to invite his psychiatrist, Miss Justice, to help hypnotize him and seal the corresponding information deep within his subconscious. Only when he saw a preset reminder would he recall it.

He originally wanted to directly summon the projection of "Justice" from the Historical Void to do this, but considering that this was an intricate task, it was very likely a mistake or oversight might happen if the person didn't

have a deep understanding of the mind. And once there was a slip-up, the Great Old Ones and Outer Deities would cast "Their" eyes on him.

Phew, I need to remember to get Miss Justice to hypnotize herself to forget this matter… After some deliberation, Klein turned the corresponding request into a stream of light and threw it into the crimson star representing Justice.

Not long after, just after breakfast, Audrey, who had yet to leave home, arrived above the gray fog.

The long bronze table had vanished. There was a desk and two chairs placed in the ancient palace.

"Mr. World, what is the matter that you wish to forget this time?" Audrey looked at Gehrman Sparrow who was sitting opposite her and raised the most important question.

Klein rubbed his temples and used a deep voice to describe the secrets of the Cosmos, Great Old Ones, and Outer Deities.

Upon hearing this, Audrey's eyes widened bit by bit as if she had been possessed by an evil god.

After he was done, she fell silent for a few seconds before saying with the same deep and slightly confused voice, "This is the truth of the apocalypse?

"Even the seven deities are unable to save us?"

Without waiting for Klein's reply, Audrey laughed self-deprecatingly.

"I thought what I've been doing recently was very meaningful…

"I thought the worst news I could think of was the defeat of Loen and the annihilation of the Church…

"But compared to the secrets you told me, all of this is so insignificant."

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CHAPTER 1225
COUNSELING

When he heard Miss Justice's slightly bleak and confused words, Klein could empathize with her. This was because he had previously had similar thoughts.

After recalling snippets from self-help books, he deliberated and said, "A father's death is so insignificant to the entirety of Loen. One or more cases might happen every day, but to his child's family, it is something that can change their fate.

"Similarly, if we don't reach the level of an angel, everyone's outcome will be sealed—death and be buried. But this doesn't mean that the time from when we were born to the time we die is meaningless."

Audrey nodded slightly when she heard that. She once again said in a self-deprecating tone, "I understand all of this. However, the secrets you mentioned had a huge impact on me, and I couldn't control my emotions.

"As a Psychiatrist, I actually needed someone else to counsel me…”

Klein smiled and said, "Isn't this very normal? Many times, we can tell if someone else's condition is normal, but we can't clearly see our own problems. Didn't you mention that you and Susie counsel each other from time to time?"

Due to the fact that Dwayne Dantès had seen Susie, the golden retriever, Audrey didn't hide anything related to her during their chats.

Audrey nodded gently and said, "Yes… that's right.

"I've already straightened my thoughts out. I should do what I can and not leave any regrets."

She gradually adjusted her mental state.

Klein then said, "It's not just a matter of not leaving any regrets; we might be able to add to the forces that resist against the apocalypse.

"Compared to the whole, this might be trivial, but even the vastest desert is made up of grains of sand. The boundless ocean is also formed by droplets of water. As long as everyone sends out as much light as the heat inside them[1], it might bring some hope."

"Sends out as much light as the heat inside them…" Audrey repeated the keywords in Gehrman Sparrow's words softly.

"Don't quote me," Klein added with a smile.

The corners of Audrey's mouth curled up as she replied with a faint smile, "Could it be something Emperor Roselle said?"

That I don't know… I have to endure a strong sense of shame when flipping through his quotations. I hadn't finished reading it all this time… Klein didn't give an affirmative answer, nor did he deny it. Instead, he said, "Start hypnotizing me. Let me forget things related to the cosmos, and only remember the corresponding reminder."

"A little while longer. I would like your advice on something." Audrey openly made a request. She took this opportunity to recount what she had been doing recently, as well as the difficulties and perplexities she had encountered. "…Mr. World, what suggestions do you have? What should I do to lessen the suffering of the people of Backlund before the war ends?"

As for stopping the war, although she wanted to, she knew that she didn't have the ability to do so.

At the same time, she also understood that even Mr. World wouldn't be able to do it. Even if Mr. Fool personally intervened, he would at most be able to turn the situation around. There was no way to stop the war. After all, this world war was essentially a battle between deities.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Klein calmly said, "Although the Spectator pathway tries to act behind the scenes as much as possible, and although I always keep the words 'caution' and 'carefulness' in my mind for everything I do, and try not to put myself in a dangerous situation…"

When he said this, Audrey subconsciously thought to herself, *From the various rumors at sea, the descriptions of Fors and the others, and the demigod battle I witnessed, I really can't see the "caution" and "carefulness." There's only "dominance" and "radicalism"…Hmm, to be able to do those things and survive on strength alone is indeed not enough…*

Seeing that Miss Justice was listening seriously with her green eyes filled with attentiveness, he continued, "In this world, nothing can be easily resolved without taking risks.

"Sometimes, I do something with the thought that 'death is a possibility.'"

The muttering in Audrey's heart stopped. She fell silent for a while before slowly saying, "I understand what you mean.

"There are many times when you can't do what you want while ensuring absolute safety. You can only choose one of them."

Klein nodded and decided to let Miss Justice understand the reality of this world better, so as to prevent her from being overly idealistic when she did things.

"The method you mentioned just now is the most feasible, with the least risks. The people who can help the people of Backlund are the nobles, Churches, businessmen, and the royal family.

"Why don't we rob Feysac, Intis, and the Feynapotter army of their food?" Audrey subconsciously asked.

Klein calmly said, "This is because the three armies have already entered the Loen Kingdom's borders. Even if you can escape a demigod's notice and successfully snatch the food, they will not collapse. They will definitely snatch the food from the surrounding people for sustenance. The effects will not be significant in the short term. As for the long term, we might not have the luxury of time to wait that long."

When that happened, it was obvious to Audrey who would be the true victims.

This was the difference between a war between deities and an ordinary war.

"Besides, I'm unable to do that. The capacity of Traveler's Bag is limited. It's the same for the "Teleportation" recorded in Leymano's Travels." Justice Audrey began to counsel herself as she asked thoughtfully, "If I were to really obtain food from the nobles, businessmen, and royal family, what reaction would the Church have when they discover traces of my interference?"

Klein maintained his previous tone and said, "A tacit acquiesce."

"…" Audrey vaguely felt that this was the answer, but she couldn't figure out the reason.

Klein continued, "Believers are the anchors of the deities. One believer is an anchor point. In this aspect, there is no difference between a noble and a poor person. In essence, no one is nobler or lowlier.

"Under normal circumstances, nobles and merchants can use their status, power, wealth, and influence to help the Church maintain its system and spread its faith. Therefore, they are more important. But in this situation, who is more important—thousands of anchors, or millions of anchors?

"This is a simple problem in mathematics."

Faced with the truth of the veil that had been ripped off, Audrey was momentarily speechless.

Seeing this, Klein added, "From this point of view, whatever you want to do on a wider level has its meaning.

"You will help the Evernight Goddess and the Lord of Storms stabilize their anchors. In the future, this might be critical to resisting the apocalypse."

Audrey pursed her lips bit by bit, holding them pursed for a long time before relaxing them. She chuckled and said, "Only now do I realize that I'm actually a little proud of my status as a noble."

"Nobility is in your character, not status." Klein helped her finish her sentence.

Audrey slowly exhaled and calmed her chaotic inner thoughts. She didn't make up her mind as a result.

She casually said, "Our Tarot Club and the Church… Uh, the relationship with the Church of Evernight seems pretty good.

"Mr. Fool and the Evernight Goddess are allies?"

This question stumps me… I do wish to become allies with the Goddess, but "She" might not be interested… After lampooning a few times, Klein said in a serious tone, "You can think of 'Them' as allies at the moment."

He deliberately emphasized that it was only now, so as to prevent himself from being slapped in the face by reality in the future.

At the same time, he muttered the real answer in his heart:

Based on the current situation, the Goddess was an angel investor of the Tarot Club, the major shareholder…

Audrey nodded slowly and suddenly smiled.

"I was just thinking about what you could be mumbling inwardly when you answered 'allies at the moment.' It must be interesting, just like when we were exploring Liveseyd."

…Lady, a Psychiatrist isn't suited to joking with a patient on such matters… Is it because we've been chatting for too long in the past half year and have become much more familiar with each other that you've revealed your true nature? Please show some respect to this adventurer in front of you who is famous for being cold and crazy… Yes, I have to say, the Spectator pathway's ability to adjust their own emotions is indeed impressive… It was all Leonard's fault that time… Klein was first taken aback before he pretended that nothing had happened as he leaned back into his chair.

"Let's begin."

Audrey immediately reined in her emotions and began to seriously and carefully attempt to hypnotize him.

After everything was over, Klein confirmed that Miss Justice wasn't under the notice of the Great Old Ones through the crimson star after she returned to the real world.

Of course, he had already forgotten anything regarding the Great Old Ones or Outer Deities. He was just able to confirm that nothing abnormal had happened from Miss Justice's condition.

Phew… Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He threw the piece of paper that could awaken his memories into the junk pile and told himself to wait until he became an angel.

…

Backlund, Bridge area, in an apartment.

Emlyn White looked at Maric, who had suddenly appeared in front of him. The former took off his hat and bowed in an extremely gentlemanly manner.

"What's the matter?" Maric sat on the sofa and leaned forward, his hands clasped.

Emlyn pulled a chair and sat down. He smiled and asked, "Do you still wish to deal with the important figures of the Rose School of Thought's indulgence faction?"

"Do you have any leads?" Maric asked indifferently.

Emlyn was definitely prepared before he paid the "visit," so he said unhurriedly, "I do not have any clues regarding the person-in-charge of the Rose School of Thought in Backlund.

"However, after the war escalated, the Southern Continent's East and West Balam, Star Highlands, Paz Valley, and Haagenti Plains have been thrown into chaos. Many of the Rose School of Thought demigods have emerged and walked onto the stage. They are no longer so difficult to lock onto."

Maric looked at the red-eyed and thin-lipped Emlyn and said, "Which duke or marquis of the Sanguine are you representing?"

"Am I not allowed to represent myself?" Emlyn raised his chin slightly and asked with a smile.

Maric shook his head seriously and said, "You are only a Sequence 5; you aren't qualified enough."

He had said it so directly that Emlyn was momentarily at a loss for words.

[1] Quote from a leading figure of modern Chinese literature, Lu Xun

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CHAPTER 1226
HANDING OUT MUSHROOMS

Emlyn maintained his smile and calmed himself down before responding, "I can find helpers of a sufficient level."

He didn't wish to borrow the forces of the Sanguine too much on this matter, because if that happened, he would undoubtedly end up as a liaison, a bystander, and a messenger. He would not have any say in the eventual distribution of the spoils of war.

As for the Sanguine Dukes and Marquises, they had no lack of direct descendants who wished to advance to become a demigod and become an Earl.

At the very beginning, Emlyn believed in his identity as the Sanguine's savior. He believed that the important figures would treat every single member fairly. However, as The Hanged Man analyzed the various high-level Sanguine orders from Marquis Nibbs and the other high-level Sanguine, Emlyn gradually became wary of them.

He frowned slightly and said, "Sherlock Moriarty?"

Emlyn was puzzled as he shifted in his seat.

"Why do you think it's him?"

If it was in the past, he would have directly said, "Why are you mentioning Sherlock Moriarty? He has been away from Backlund for nearly two years." But now, he could acutely grasp that there was some hidden information in Maric's words. He subconsciously adjusted his question.

In the eyes of this Wraith, Sherlock Moriarty isn't simple? Yes, indeed, he isn't simple… As he spoke, Emlyn made a guess.

Upon hearing Emlyn's question, Maric's expression immediately turned odd, as though it was his first time meeting this Sanguine Viscount.

He quickly restrained the abnormality on the surface and said without emotion, "We need to consider it.

"I hope you can come up with a more convincing plan the next time we meet."

"No problem." Emlyn secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

He immediately stood up and bowed gentlemanly.

After deciding on the means of communication, he put on his silk hat and walked out of the room.

As he returned to his residence, Emlyn couldn't help but run through his initial plan.

As long as I complete a cooperative agreement with the demigod of the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction, I can use it to apply for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact from the Marquises and Dukes of the race…

Using the reason that it's under the cooperating partner's behest that they object to having demigods of the race be involved, I can stop them from directly interfering…

Yes, in order to make an agreement, I have to show enough strength to convince Maric and the others… I can only commission the mission at the Tarot Club to see if Ma'am Hermit, Miss Justice, and Mr. Hanged Man are willing to accept the commission. Miss Magician can also be considered. She can summon the projection of Gehrman Sparrow…

The biggest problem now is that I can't provide enough compensation…

I can only try to make an advance or a promise. Once I become an Earl, I'll return the payment one by one…

With this in mind, Emlyn suddenly felt thankful that he had joined the Tarot Club.

This was the only organization he knew that could use a future promise to exchange for current material goods.

And within the Sanguine, or in the orthodox Churches, one had to accumulate enough contributions until one reached the end of the line where the characteristics and advancement ritual was awarded. Sometimes, a Beyonder might not be able to accumulate enough contributions in their entire lives.

This is like a credit loan underwritten by Mr. Fool. It can be used to issue missions, and when the advancement succeeds, it can be paid in installments… Emlyn habitually leaned towards the things he was familiar with.

Although he had never borrowed money from the bank, some of the Sanguine had rich experience in such areas and would often talk within their own circles.

Most of them had a fixed, expensive hobby. The precious items might not be liquidated easily at times, so they had no choice but to borrow money from close friends or the bank to ensure the necessary cash flow.

Emlyn remembered that there was a Sanguine who wasn't good at wealth management. He relied solely on his profession as a doctor to earn money. When he took a fancy to a precious piece of art, he bought it using a loan from the Backlund Bank.

After that, he couldn't bear to pledge his property up for the mortgage. Exploiting his long life, he spent two hundred years repaying the debt. Of course, in name, his father had died, and the son took over the debt. When the son died, the grandson took over the debt.

Emlyn's evaluation of this was: very honest.

…

North Borough in Backlund. Outside Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The citizens lined up in rows as they received the grilled bread, dried mushrooms, preserved fruits, and other food from the workers of the Loen Poverty Relief Foundation.

Their lines extended from the main entrance of the cathedral all the way to the square and circled it several times. At a glance, it was densely packed with people.

Audrey stood on the steps behind Melissa and took in everything.

She saw the pale faces of the citizens, their eyes filled with longing. Seeing a mother holding a baby in her arms, she anxiously coaxed the child while eagerly observing the line in front of her that didn't seem to shorten. She saw many people dressed in bright clothes, formal suits, and long skirts. Some of them pressed down their hats and wore veils, as if they didn't want the people around them to recognize them.

At times, some people didn't want to keep order and were dragged out by the priests and policemen who were helping to maintain the order. They were thrown to the back of the lines.

As food was delivered, the cloth bags piled behind the long table slowly dwindled until there was none.

Finally, all the food had been distributed, but the long line had only been reduced by half.

The citizens who were unable to receive the help couldn't resist revealing their disappointment, frustration, and reluctance. However, they didn't make a scene or argue. They moved their feet mechanically towards other handout points.

They had experienced this many times in the past one or two months. They had long known that unnecessary emotions would only waste the energy they had little of. It would hamper their quick movements to other relief points or fair-price food outlets.

At this moment, their expressions were numb, their eyes vacant as they left the square like a bunch of zombies.

During this process, a woman carrying a child had her legs give way as she fell to the ground.

Her child started wailing loudly, his voice laced with pain.

As he cried, the child sobbed and said, "Mommy, I'm so hungry…”

"There'll be food soon. There'll be food soon. There's food at Memorial Square…” The woman carried the child and patted his back. Tears streamed down her face as she spoke.

Upon seeing this scene, Audrey was just about to say something when she saw Melissa take out a plate of food from a wooden crate under a long table and run towards the mother and son.

"I didn't see it just now. There's still one more…” Melissa crouched down and handed the bread, dried mushrooms, and preserved fruit over. Then, she explained in a soft voice, afraid that it would cause a dispute among the citizens.

The rest of the food was actually prepared for the foundation staff who had been busy all this while. The portion that Melissa had given them was hers.

The woman took the food and handed it to the child as she said repeatedly, "Thank you, thank you…”

The child hugged the food tightly and mimicked his mother in his nascent voice, "Thank you, thank you…”

Audrey subconsciously looked around and noticed that the Church's priests, most of the police, as well as the "Nighthawks" who were mixed among the people to secretly prevent any accidents, were all showing sympathy, pity, and sadness.

After the citizens had left, Audrey picked up her own set of food and handed it to Melissa.

"You deserve it."

Melissa looked at Miss Hall before her and shook her head.

"I gave my own share.

"Miss Hall, don't worry. I'll have food when I get home. My brother is a civil servant…”

With a faint smile, Audrey stuffed the grilled bread, dried mushrooms, and preserved fruits into Melissa's hands.

"You don't have to worry about me. My family has prepared snacks for me when I'm out busying myself."

As she spoke, she took a wooden box from her personal maidservant, Annie, and opened it for Melissa to see.

The wooden box contained exquisite cucumber sandwiches, cream muffins, and a small carrot cake.

A look of astonishment appeared on Melissa's face. She stared at the snacks for a few seconds before looking up at Miss Audrey Hall.

She immediately lowered her head and, without saying a word, she ate the grilled bread and water that Saint Samuel Cathedral had prepared.

As if "petrified" by her gaze, Audrey held the wooden box and stood rooted to the ground. For a few seconds, she didn't move and only pursed her lips tightly.

…

After the fifth batch of residents from Moon City received cleansing and treatment and enjoyed the magical mushrooms, this ancient city became a believer of The Fool without any resistance. It welcomed the saint and oracle, Gehrman Sparrow, into the city.

With that, Klein held a large Mass and used the Unshadowed Crucifix and the Life's Cane to heal the remaining Moon City residents.

High Priest Nim, who had finished his quarantine, came out and respectfully asked at the end of the Mass, "Oracle, what is the complete honorific name of the mighty Lord?"

Klein looked around and said solemnly with his face tightened, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…”

After giving out the honorific name, he specially emphasized, "Don't chant the complete honorific name in normal times. Do so only when important matters arise."

Otherwise, as Mr. Fool, he would suffer a mental breakdown from all the "phone calls from work."

Nim wasn't surprised at all, because the ancient sun god was the same.

After some thought, he asked, "What are the requirements for the ritual of the Lord?"

Klein said confidently like a charlatan, "God says: Eighth Commandment: Serve me with your heart, not with your offerings.

"The most important thing for a ritual is to be pious. There are no other requirements. It can be very simple."

After all, the Lord does not care[1]… After saying that, Klein silently added in his heart.

After explaining this, he raised his right hand and pointed at the pile of mushrooms in front of him.

"The Lord has bestowed these mushrooms to you because he wants you to enjoy a bumper harvest.

"These mushrooms are nourished by the flesh and blood of monsters. They can rapidly grow and accumulate all the toxins, corruption, and madness into those pure black mushrooms. This can be used as a medium for curses or to smear the heads of arrows…"

The Moon City residents listened in excitement as they clasped their hands and bowed their heads, shouting, "Praise be to The Fool!"

At that moment, it was as if Klein could hear countless illusory voices coming from the air. They were mixed with the real praises, circling him and anchoring him.

[1] Quote from The Dark Forest of the Three Body Problem trilogy.

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CHAPTER 1227
SUMMONING RITUAL

After Mass, Klein followed the newly appointed Priest of The Fool, Nim, into the black tower.

With no reservations, Nim gave a detailed description of how many demigods and Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts there were in Moon City.

Three demigods… Five Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts… Moon City isn't weak at all… As expected of a power that can directly receive a revelation and guard the border… Furthermore, they had people relatively well-distributed across the twenty-two Beyonder pathways in the beginning. They could work together effectively so that some rituals didn't need any requests for external help or become restricted by the environment… Yes, compared to the City of Silver in how their surroundings is worse and how they do not have Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts to support them, it's already extraordinary for them to survive to this day… If it wasn't because they couldn't find suitable food, they should be able to survive in the darkness for centuries… Klein felt wistful after hearing the introduction.

At this moment, Nim said respectfully, "Oracle, we are willing to sacrifice all the Sealed Artifacts and Beyonder characteristics to the Lord. I wonder which one of them will be more pleasing to him?"

This High Priest had previously mentioned that apart from him, a Nightwatcher, Moon City also had an Iron-blooded Knight and an Imperative Mage. They were respectively the Lightning Priest and Night Priest.

As for the five Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, one of them belonged to the Monster pathway. It seemed to be a portion of Misfortune Mage characteristic mixed with a little of a Chaoswalker's characteristic. One of them came from Puppet from the Mutant pathway, and the other was bestowed by Red Angel Medici. It allowed everyone to gather all their powers together. One of them was suspected to be the amalgamation of a Bizarro Sorcerer's characteristic, and there was one of an unknown pathway. It had extremely strong discernment abilities, but it was rather dangerous due to an unknown corruption.

Hearing that, Klein's eyelids twitched as he smiled.

"Serve the Lord with your heart, not with your offerings.

"The Lord accommodates the entire world and doesn't care about these things."

Having said that, he paused and said, "Of course, if you don't mind, you can bring me around for a tour to broaden my horizons."

"No problem!" Nim answered without hesitation.

He originally imagined that Gehrman Sparrow would take away a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact while taking the tour, but to his surprise, the Oracle only wanted to get a better understanding of the specific situation and had no intention of reaping any benefits. He picked up every Sealed Artifact to take a look but put them back in the end.

After the tour ended, Klein said to the three demigod priests, "The opportunity to leave this cursed land isn't here yet. You need to hold on for a while longer.

"And I will continue my journey to find other survivors and spread the light of the Lord."

"Yes, Oracle," Nim and the other priests replied without any hesitation.

With those mushrooms, they would be spared from annihilation for at least another three generations.

After settling the matters in Moon City, Klein walked out into the darkness in his trench coat and top hat.

What he was going to do next was very clear:

Find Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar and hunt for this God of Wishes!

My wish is to obtain the Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic and that "curtain." I wonder if "He" will be able to help me achieve it… As Klein walked, he made a mockery in his heart.

With him out of sight of Moon City's residents, he pulled another "him" out of the fog of history.

His main body entered the Historical Void, causing his consciousness to shift to the projection.

This projection also summoned the historical projection of the Staff of the Stars. With its Beyonder powers, he descended directly into the place in his mind:

The completely destroyed northern ancient city, Nois!

After successfully reaching his destination, the projection quickly disappeared, and Klein's body returned to the wilderness outside Moon City.

Following that, he summoned the Staff of the Stars's projection and repeated the process, allowing him to instantly reach the Nois ruins.

The main purpose of the Historical Void's projection was to scout ahead and ensure that the scenes that surfaced in his mind were identical to the real

world, without having any discrepancies. This prevented the Staff of the Stars from creating its random effects.

This was the cautiousness of a Scholar of Yore.

…

In the middle of the quiet and dark training grounds of the City of Silver.

Colin Iliad, who was carrying two swords on his back, stood by the side. He watched as Derrick Berg set up the ritual and prayed to Mr. Fool, asking him to send a holy spirit down upon him to provide him with help.

This was different from a normal summoning ritual. The corresponding incantation was more complicated:

"The Great Fool;

"You are the ruler above the gray fog;

"You are the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

"I pray for your loving grace.

"I pray for your notice.

"I pray for the power of concealment and change.

"I!

"I summon in the name of the great Fool:

"The Holy Spirit that sees through Everything, the Loving Grace of the King of Yellow and Black, the Traveler from the Dream and Mind."

As the Jotun words echoed at the altar, the flames at the tip of the candles suddenly expanded, forming an illusory door covered in mysterious patterns.

The door slowly opened and a woman wearing a pure white dress and silver mask walked out. She stepped out of the void and walked across the ground.

Her hair was red and her eyes were golden. They were limpid and deep, as if they could see through everyone's hearts.

This was Justice Audrey. She had used Lie to change her height, and a mask to conceal her main features.

She came to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the City of Silver in the form of a Spirit Body.

In fact, the summoning ritual wasn't complicated at all. Klein had pulled Audrey's spirit above the gray fog ahead of time. He waited for the Door of Summoning to be established before helping her open it, allowing her to pass through and settle the entire matter.

That also meant that the description of "Holy Spirit that sees through Everything" could equally have changed to "Sleeping Princess, the Holder of the Golden Apple, the Previous Owner of the Crystal Slippers," and Justice Audrey would still be able to descend. This was dependent on who Klein allowed to pass through the Door of Summoning. After all, the key point of the ritual was to use The Fool's name for the summoning and using the power of Sefirah Castle to communicate with the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

The silver-masked Audrey secretly surveyed her surroundings. She sized up the lightning-lit sky, the darkness that spelled lurking danger, and the City of Silver's Chief, Colin Iliad.

She then looked away and nodded at Little Sun.

"We can begin."

As she spoke, she couldn't help but sigh at his height.

Although this could be seen during the Tarot Gathering, it was still something that left her in a daze when she met him in real life.

She remembered very clearly that The Sun was a few years younger than her. According to Loen's standards, he was definitely still underage. To her surprise, he was more than two meters tall. This made Audrey, who had used Lie to deliberately increase her height, still have to look up.

Without any hesitation, Derrick relaxed his mind and cast his gaze at the golden potion placed on the altar.

Gradually, he felt a little dazed as scenes involuntarily flashed across his mind.

Scenes of his parents who remained alive inside the coffin;

The silver sword that stabbed down, hard. The blood that splattered and blinded his eyes momentarily.

It was the heartwarming scenes of his family in the past;

It was the City of Silver that was on the verge of collapse in the darkness.

They were teammates who supported each other and watched each others' backs;

It was the Elders standing in front of everyone, blocking the storm.

It was the repeated curses, the hope he saw in the lightning amidst the darkness;

It was a dream that had existed for more than two thousand years. It was something that generations of people yearned for daily.

The emotions that Derrick was most unwilling to give up were very complicated. It contained his anger towards reality, the fondness of the past, the pain of his circumstances, the repression of history, and the desire to save the City of Silver.

Audrey slowly separated these emotions as though she had experienced the despair and sadness of the City of Silver, experiencing their unity and sacrifices.

Her golden eyes sometimes turned gloomy and heavy, while there were glints at other times, as if she had grabbed something and taken it in; yet, she still remained lost.

After a while, she saw the twelve-white-winged angel of light. This was another response from Mr. Fool to The Sun.

Audrey seized the opportunity and attached all the intense feelings onto the angel phantom, preventing them from disappearing or undergoing a resurgence for a short period of time. By doing so, they didn't stay completely separate from Derrick's body.

It's done. She didn't open her mouth, but instead, allowed her voice to echo in his heart.

At this moment, Derrick's eyes became abnormally cold, as if he no longer knew what joy, sadness, pain, and depression were.

He picked up the golden potion in front of him and poured it into his mouth.

This was a demigod potion obtained from shattering the Unshadowed Crucifix.

The Sealed Artifact that originated from the ancient sun god no longer existed. Of course, for Klein, anything he once possessed remained as enduring as the universe.

A hot, violent liquid gushed down Derrick's throat, instantly filling his entire body and occupying his soul.

Rays of bright sunlight burst out from his body, washing away the remnants of his body's corruption and the heaviness of his soul.

Derrick's body became purer and clearer, like a holy spirit formed from pure light.

His self-awareness and emotions were being purified and repelled. It wouldn't take long for him to only have the instinct to praise the Sun.

At this moment, Audrey no longer let the strong emotions that she had stripped from him remain attached to the angel projection. She guided them back towards Little Sun.

One scene after another surfaced in Derrick's mind, causing him to experience abnormally complicated emotions.

He once again experienced the pain of personally killing his parents, the despair brought about by the circumstances of the City of Silver, and the joy of receiving Mr. Fool's loving grace.

This drilled deep into him, becoming a foundation of his mind world. It was very sturdy and very reliable, allowing him to withstand the last few rounds of the potion's cleansing forces.

Finally, Derrick opened his eyes—it was pure white.

When he saw a ray of light in front of him, he instinctively extended his right hand in an attempt to grab it.

However, the light quickly dimmed and extinguished.

Derrick was stunned for a moment before he clenched his right hand tightly.

Beams of light rose up and enveloped the entire City of Silver.

The legendary noon descended for a brief moment.

All the residents of the City of Silver were stunned by what they saw. This was even more shocking than any of the previous demigods' advancement.

Sunlight.

It was sunlight that illuminated the entire city.

…

After ending the summoning, Audrey returned above the gray fog.

At that moment, Mr. Fool was no longer around. The ancient palace only had The World Gehrman Sparrow, who had planned on observing the ritual.

"You don't seem to be in a good state?" asked Klein.

Audrey sat down and smiled.

"I'm just a little edgy, hesitant, and confused."

"That's very normal. Before truly making up one's mind, everyone would behave like this. There are countless people who retreat and regret their decision," Klein calmly said.

Audrey didn't directly answer the topic at hand and instead said with a faint smile, "Ever since I became a Spectator, I've always displayed what would be the most acceptable side to them in front of others, taking care of their most delicate emotions. This isn't a bad thing, but this way, I won't be able

to know what I really look like in the eyes of others. I won't be able to unveil the gorgeous clothes and see the rotting flesh beneath me. I won't be able to figure out the problem.

"Recently, I've been trying to show my true state in some details. I want to see how the people around me will react under such a situation. I want to see if they still think that I'm the kind, amiable, and virtuous young lady."

At this point, she suddenly fell silent. A few seconds later, she sighed and said, "The gap…”

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CHAPTER 1228
WISHES

Without waiting for The World Gehrman Sparrow to respond, Audrey, who was maintaining her posture, slowly said a few words:

"Heaviness…

"Pain…

"Shame…”

Klein listened silently without commenting on what Miss Justice said. Instead, he asked in a gentle tone that was closer to the image of Dwayne Dantès, "Why do you suddenly want to do such a test?"

"It's not a test." Audrey shook her head. "It's just to reveal the details that I usually hide and avoid. I want to see what I really look like in the eyes of others."

After pausing for a moment, she moved her lips without a smile.

"After our previous conversation, I really am trying to come up with a plan. I plan to secretly do some manipulating, so that the nobles, businessmen, royal family, and the Church can release enough food from their stockpiles.

"Theoretically, this is a simple matter, but when actually trying to put it into action, I realize that I can't be as determined and decisive as I thought.

"Some of them are my uncles and aunts, some of them are my cousins. Some of them are friends I've known since I was young, while others are

elders who have been very protective of me. Some of them I often meet with during various charity events and are rather friendly. They formed my childhood and gave me too much. It was a part of my growth, a part of the beautiful memories of my past…

"Besides, the food they accumulated wasn't stolen. Their explanation is actually reasonable.

"I really can't do it—to make them my target in an attempt to rob them of a portion of their wealth. At least, it's like this now."

As she spoke, Audrey's voice unknowingly escalated into a crescendo, as if she was arguing with someone.

She then realized that she had lost her composure, and remained silent for two seconds before continuing, "That's why I want to know more about myself. I want to strip away the false image from our past relationships. Under different circumstances, I want to ask myself what I really want, whether my thoughts in the past were impulsive, hypocritical, and naive, or strong beliefs from my heart."

At this point, Audrey suddenly smiled.

"Although I haven't come to any conclusions, the attempt has already brought some added benefits.

"I used to think that I had strictly abided by the principle of 'you're only acting,' but now I realize that I'm almost addicted to acting.

"Other pathways require different identities and occupations. The Spectator pathway's acting is completely consistent with one's daily life. Sometimes, it's hard to clearly differentiate between them.

"The simplest example: Who wouldn't want to be loved by everyone? Hence, when facing different people, I would wear a different mask and use the powers of the Spectator pathway to create an image that suits the other

party's expectations the best. When there are more and more of such things, when you face everyone, you would actually be obsessed with 'acting.' You would almost lose yourself."

Klein nodded slightly and said, "That's a good lesson."

He didn't comment on Miss Justice's prior words.

After a moment of silence, Audrey slowly said, "During this period of time, I've read the East Borough investigation report that my father hired someone to do. I've experienced many different things.

"Before the war, many of the poor people, workers, and farmers have lived lives that are as difficult as the lives today. They've been in constant hunger and pain. The changes to the Poor Law, and the strict laws about the working hours and environment, has indeed brought about some improvement to the management of the pollution in the air, but just a little…

"After the war ends, and if—if we overcome the apocalypse, will such things happen again?"

As she spoke, Audrey pursed her lips tightly and fell into silence.

Klein could sense Miss Justice's confusion and perplexity. After some deliberation, he didn't say the answer in his heart. He said in a deep voice, "These questions of yours, including what you said about your true thoughts, require you to find the answers yourself. No one can replace you.

"I can only give you some advice. Go to the fields and take a look at the hardworking farmers. Go to the factories and take a look at the diligent workers. Go to the East district and experience them. Go to the library and read through the past newspapers and other related works."

Audrey listened attentively and nodded seriously.

"I will try."

She immediately stood up and bowed towards the end of the long, mottled table. Although Mr. Fool had left, she believed that "He" was watching.

Just as she was waiting for Mr. Fool to send her back to the real world, The World suddenly said, "Hold on."

"Oh?" Audrey expressed her curiosity with a nasal grunt.

Klein looked at her and conjured a piece of paper.

"This is the description of a Mythical Creature's character and behaviors. I hope you can provide me with some help. Based on this analysis, determine what kind of reactions 'He' will carry out in different situations."

"Alright." Audrey did not refuse and agreed.

After she took the piece of paper and finished reading the content, Klein deliberated and said, "Regarding what you just said, I have another suggestion:

"There are two types of questions that you have. Some of them are indeed very pressing, while the others are not. You can wait for things to calm down and do a deeper investigation. Well, once a person is anxious, they will easily make mistakes. It's best you be clear about the differences."

Audrey thought for a moment and nodded solemnly.

"I understand."

After responding, she suddenly laughed.

"I thought you called me at the last moment to give me your blessings, hoping that I will still love this world after seeing the world as it is."

Klein was first taken aback before he asked with a smile, "You seem to have read a lot of Emperor Roselle's novels?"

"He's an outstanding novelist and also a very complicated and contradictory person," Audrey said with a faint smile.

Klein nodded indiscernibly and spoke slowly, "If I wanted to give you my blessings, I wouldn't have said that.

"I would have said, I hope that you will still love your family and friends after seeing them as they are."

Audrey was taken aback as her lips quivered, as though she was repeating the words.

After a few seconds, she closed her eyes and said with a slightly hoarse voice, "Thank you…"

…

Sonia Sea, in the waters of the Rorsted Archipelago.

The Blue Avenger led a pirate fleet through the battlefield that was ravaged by war.

Suddenly, a huge fireball flew over from nowhere. Intertwined silver beams split apart the surface of the sea, creating a passageway that didn't originally exist. Surrounded by the massive waves on both sides, it pointed straight at the Blue Avenger.

Alger Wilson, who was standing at the bow, raised his right hand without a change in expression when he saw this scene.

A violent hurricane suddenly appeared, sweeping up the azure-blue seawater and curling up the silver rays, like a long snake that shot into the sky, colliding with the huge fireball.

Boom!

The water splashed down like rain.

Alger immediately locked onto a battleship, opened his mouth, and let out an angry roar.

With a boom, the boat was suddenly lifted into the air by a ferocious wave.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, the Blue Avenger's cannons automatically fired as a series of salvos echoed continuously.

Realizing that the Beyonder on the other party's warship was trying to use the force of the fireball's detonation to allow the ship to drift sideways, Alger suddenly pulled down his right hand.

A thick bolt of silver lightning struck down, charring the Beyonder's body as he constantly convulsed.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As artillery shells hit their target, the ship disintegrated in midair.

At that instant, Alger felt a little dazed. He couldn't help but look down at his right hand.

This is the power of a Cataclysmic Interrer. Is this how it feels to be a demigod? He sighed in his heart in a somewhat intoxicated manner before quickly snapping back to his senses. He got the Blue Avenger to pursue the enemy.

An hour later, the intense sea battle was over. Loen's side had once again secured the Rorsted Archipelago.

Alger was in a rather good mood. After returning to the port on the Blue Avenger, he called the sailors down and headed for one of the few bars that

still remained open for business.

Loen had already issued an alcohol ban during wartime as a way to add to the food rationing efforts. But to sailors, alcohol was indispensable. Therefore, in the area controlled by the Church of the Lord of Storms, the restrictions in this area weren't too strict. Furthermore, the Rorsted Archipelago had plenty of produce and there weren't too many people. The shipping lines were under control, so their food supply hadn't been disrupted.

After walking for a distance, Alger's gaze suddenly froze.

The street in front of him had been hit, and many houses had already collapsed. One of them had a huge crater in a concrete field, while the four-story building beside it was left in ruins.

The smile on Alger's face gradually disappeared.

…

On Monday afternoon, 3:00 p.m. Backlund time.

Dark red beams of light shot up from both sides of the long bronze table, coagulating into blurry figures.

After all the members bowed to Mr. Fool, the gathering's transaction segment began since there weren't any more Roselle diary pages or accumulated questions.

Emlyn immediately sat up straight and surveyed the area.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a commission."

"Which Shaman King do you wish to hunt?" Cattleya asked according to her understanding of Mr. Moon.

"…” Emlyn took two seconds to digest her question. He maintained his elegant smile and said, "You guessed correctly."

Cattleya nodded slightly and said, "What kind of payment can you provide?"

Emlyn was once again at a loss for words, a little embarrassed to say what he had prepared to say.

At this moment, The World at the bottom end of the long bronze table suddenly said, "You found someone from the Rose School of Thought temperance faction to cooperate with?"

Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief.

"That's right."

"Then I can take on this commission." As this was related to Miss Messenger, Miss Sharron, and Maric, Klein controlled The World to take the initiative to accept the mission. "Of course, this requires a certain medium."

Without waiting for Emlyn to respond, he made Gehrman Sparrow look at Miss Magician.

"Make some preparations in advance."

??? Fors, who had been watching the entire thing play out like a performance, wore a blank look on her face.

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CHAPTER 1229
COLLECTIVE WISDOM

Seeing that Miss Magician had yet to react, Klein made The World add, "You don't need to be there. Just summon my historical projection in advance."

“…Alright!" Fors nodded hurriedly.

At that moment, because Gehrman Sparrow had accepted his mission, Emlyn clearly relaxed.

From what he knew, this meant that the success rate of the matter had skyrocketed.

In the next second, The World looked at him and hoarsely asked, "What kind of payment can you provide?"

Emlyn fell silent for two seconds before saying with his eyes darting upwards slightly, "Once I become a Shaman King, I'll provide a free promise on similar matters.

"Also, I only want the Shaman King's Beyonder characteristic. The members of the Rose School of Thought temperance faction should have a clear goal. The rest will be yours."

Mr. Moon isn't very stolid. He doesn't have much confidence… Through his actions and words, Audrey came to a conclusion.

This fellow, Emlyn, has learned how to use "consumption loans”…Klein secretly laughed and made The World indifferently reply:

"It looks like you can only afford a demigod like me."

If Mr. Moon can provide a large amount of food, I don't mind participating… Justice Audrey mumbled inwardly.

However, she didn't need to say anything to know what Mr. Moon would say.

Why would we Sanguine be hoarding so many snacks?

To the Sanguine, their staple was the blood of humans with abundant spirituality. Bread and meat products were all non-essentials.

Seeing that The World Gehrman Sparrow didn't reject his offer, Emlyn secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

"What other requests do you have? I'll try my best to fulfill them."

Gehrman Sparrow thought for a moment before saying, "Give me a mystical item or a Sealed Artifact that can greatly increase the wielder's spirituality for a short period of time."

This was for Miss Magician, allowing her to maintain the Historical Void projection for a few more minutes. And there was no doubt that the Moon domain had such Beyonder powers. For example, the Scarlet Scholar could create a full moon state, allowing their spirituality to be enhanced.

Phew… Emlyn quickly nodded.

"Alright, no problem."

Seeing that the human and vampire had come to an agreement, Fors hurriedly raised her hand and said, "No Full Moon."

That way, ignoring the enhancement of her spirituality, she would be considered lucky if she didn't die on the spot. After all, the higher the

Sequence, the clearer one could hear Mr. Door's ravings. Fors had long since advanced from Sequence 6 Scribe to Sequence 5 Traveler.

Emlyn also knew about Miss Magician's "full moon curse," so he had no questions about it. He acknowledged tersely, indicating that he had taken note.

At this moment, Alger, who was listening to the completed transaction beside him, said in thought, "Although the Beyonders of the Rose School of Thought are easily controlled by their emotions and instincts, this didn't mean that their brains had already disappeared along with their zombification. Even if they're gone, they still have members of the Moon domain.

"Since their demigods were directly involved in the Southern Continent's war and have exposed their locations, they wouldn't dismiss the possibility of an attack from the Sanguine and temperance faction. I believe there's a high chance of them laying a trap."

"That's right." Leonard echoed, "Many dossiers indicate that, although the Beyonders of the Rose School of Thought are well known for indulging themselves in bloodshed, cruelty, and desires, they still act very meticulously. Their actions show certain cunningness and sinisterness."

Xio glanced at her friend and said, "I encountered a supernatural incident involving the Rose School of Thought two months ago. The target was obviously deceived and fell into a trap."

The World Gehrman Sparrow listened attentively before scoffing. He then said to Emlyn, "Which Shaman King is your target?"

Emlyn didn't hide anything.

"The Shaman King who led the natives from East Balam's North Olite County to attack the Loen's main colonial city."

Upon hearing this, a thought flashed across Klein's mind:

The Mother Tree of Desire doesn't seem to want the Goddess to control the Uniqueness of the Death pathway. "She" was driving the natives and using the war to waver the fundamental faith of the Church of Evernight in the Southern Continent.

As this thought flashed through his mind, he made The World Gehrman Sparrow look at Emlyn and chuckle.

"Then my target will be another Shaman King. This has nothing to do with your operation."

There was no need for him to be too direct. Emlyn, Cattleya, and company quickly understood his plan.

This was a simple plan:

Gehrman Sparrow hunted another Shaman King and took the initiative to step into a trap to attract the hidden forces of the Rose School of Thought. And at that moment, the Moon and the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction would take the opportunity to attack the real target.

"Isn't this too dangerous?" Emlyn subconsciously replied.

The danger was of course directed to Gehrman Sparrow who would be walking into a trap.

The World Gehrman Sparrow replied very calmly, "It will just be a historical projection."

If he dies, so be it…

Upon hearing such an answer, Emlyn, Leonard, and the other members of the Tarot Club were at a loss as to what expression to show as a response. It was unknown if they should reflect on the fact that Sequence 3 demigods

were different, or be envious that Scholars of Yore had such Beyonder powers.

Klein continued to let The World speak, "If the Rose School of Thought has any doubts about my sudden attack, and only divert a portion of their strength to stop me so as to still maintain a relatively complete trap, then I will try to hunt that Shaman King seriously and turn the false target into the true target. After all, all you want is the corresponding items. You don't care who the original owner is."

A simple but effective plan… The key point is that Gehrman Sparrow has to have a strength that exceeds his limits, one that can put up resistance even when facing an angel… Audrey learned from him seriously and evaluated this inwardly.

Emlyn no longer had any doubts. After some thought, he said, "Before the official operation, I need to meet with the members of the Rose School of Thought temperance faction to finalize the details."

The World Gehrman Sparrow nodded and said, "Make arrangements for it."

After the exchange, Klein made The World conjure a paper stack and distributed it to the members of the Tarot Club.

"Some existences and I will be dealing with a Mythical Creature. You can raise your opinion and share your thoughts."

The piece of paper was written with the character and actions of the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar, as well as the various analysis Miss Justice had made.

He hoped that he could find inspiration through different people with their different personalities and knowledge.

Mythical Creature… The World has set his sights on Mythical Creatures? Alger, who had been much quieter than usual, couldn't help but look at the

bottom end of the long bronze table.

Although he was already mentally prepared for this, he felt that he wouldn't be surprised even if The World Gehrman Sparrow suddenly called himself an angel. However, when he realized that the other party was really targeting a Mythical Creature, he couldn't help but feel a little shocked and perturbed.

Cattleya had similar feelings as well, but she immediately recalled the Snake of Fate, the Death Consul, and the Ancient Bane.

This matched the Gehrman Sparrow's words of "some existences."

It was very normal for three angels and a Sequence 3 Blessed to hunt a Mythical Creature!

One by one, they retracted their gazes from the bottom end of the long, mottled table, and they began reading the information in their hands seriously.

At this moment, as they weren't involved in the commission or involved in a transaction, nor were they sharing information; yet, the members of the Tarot Club had a baffling feeling of working together for one common goal. They felt like they were starting to feel like an organization.

After reading the contents, Alger was the first to speak.

"According to Miss Justice's analysis, no bait will trap that paranoid Mythical Creature. It will only push 'Him' to escape further.

"Under the situation of 'Him' suspected to wield a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, 'He' really doesn't need to chase after other things. Advancing 'Himself' is the most important thing at hand. If you want to deal with 'Him,' we can only consider it from this point of view."

Upon hearing this, Xio said from a professional point of view, "But this Mythical creature is very cautious. 'He' doesn't leave any clues behind. And according to the intel, the location 'He' can use to prepare for the Sequence 1 ritual isn't actually restricted in an environment like the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

"Yes, there are too many monsters for 'Him' to use." Derrick confirmed what Miss Judgment had said.

There was silence immediately. Leonard thought for a moment and said, "Can we rely on the law of Beyonder characteristics convergence?"

As he spoke, he looked at Klein Moretti.

"That Mythical Creature seems to be from the same pathway as you."

"Just relying on the effect that comes from the convergence of Beyonder characteristic at this level to 'chance' upon this Mythical Creature might take a year or two, perhaps even longer. Furthermore, the other party is a complete Mythical Creature. 'He' has the ability to cause some interference." Klein overruled Leonard's suggestion.

Of course, if he augmented the power of Sefirah Castle onto himself, he might be able to meet the Dark Demonic Wolf the next time he used the Staff of the Stars's random teleportation. However, the problem was that if that happened, the chances of a "coincidental encounter" with Amon would be much, much higher. This was the standard way of knocking on death's door.

After hearing everyone's discussion, Cattleya said in thought according to what the Queen found taboo, "Can we use this Mythical Creature's honorific name to establish a connection?"

If the Dark Demonic Wolf hadn't been tracked by Amon in the past, that might have been possible. But now, what can be thought must have been thought of by Amon. Under such circumstances, the fact that the Dark

Demonic Wolf hasn't perished implies that "He" is wary of such matters…
The World Gehrman Sparrow slowly shook his head.

"With 'His' paranoid character, 'He' definitely wouldn't respond automatically."

Just as he said that, he suddenly had an idea.

Not receiving a response from the Dark Demonic Wolf didn't mean that "He" wouldn't pay attention to the corresponding prayer light!

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CHAPTER 1230
MEETING AGAIN

As he had personal experience, Klein placed himself in the shoes of the Dark Demonic Wolf and pondered.

Usually, he would shut down the automatic prayer response to prevent an enemy from using the feedback to establish a connection and lock onto his position;

Under this premise, to receive a sudden prayer from a stranger would no doubt lead to "Him" relying on the corresponding point of light to observe the supplicant and grasp more information. This allowed "Him" to make preparations for what might happen in the future;

If the person chanting the honorific name was a powerful existence like Amon or someone relatively more familiar, it would be best to destroy that point of light immediately. However, if the person was a stranger, under such a situation where "He" was completely safe, "He" would monitor him for a long period of time to understand the exact situation and see if there was a need for a counterattack. It was something that every rational creature would most likely do. At the very least, Klein would do so.

The essence of this matter was that non-Mythical Creatures were marked by high-level existences. They could die in a baffling and tragic manner at any moment. To the supplicant, this was equivalent to suicide or something even more terrifying. To the Dark Demonic Wolf, it was only a positive outcome, nothing negative.

At the beginning, the suspicious Dark Demonic Wolf would definitely suspect that there was a conspiracy. "He" wouldn't dare to establish a

connection and influence Klein from a distance. However, with the passage of time, as the observations deepened and a confirmation was made that the other party was a non-angel weakling who possessed the aura of Sefirah Castle with signs of being unprepared, "He" would definitely find an opportunity to attack from afar. At the time when Klein was most unprepared, "He" would mark the prayer light and deal a remote attack.

This aligned with Klein's previous conclusion about his advantage that Klein—"I'm very weak."

The only problem with this plan was that the initiative was completely in the hands of the Dark Demonic Wolf. Everything Klein did would be monitored, and there was no way to prepare ahead of time. Once the other party tried to exert "His" influence on him, he would not be able to fight back and wouldn't be spared.

Phew, by doing so, I would successfully bait the prey, but kill the hunter as a result… It's meaningless… Yet, if I don't place myself in such a passive position, it will be difficult to bait an angel of the Seer pathway, the paranoid demonic wolf… This is something that a marionette or others cannot do in my stead… If only I can be certain that the Dark Demonic Wolf wouldn't rashly attack remotely because of "His" paranoia and will only choose to monitor and observe… Thoughts raced through Klein's mind as he sought out the possibilities amongst numerous impossibilities.

With regards to this, he could only sigh inwardly, feeling regretful for not being an angel from the Spectator pathway.

According to his assumptions, the angels of the Spectator pathway would more or less have some special characteristics of "the more others know about you, the more you understand them." When the Dark Demonic Wolf monitored him closely through prayer light and ended up carefully observing an angel from the Spectator pathway, "His" position would undoubtedly be exposed to the other party.

Unfortunately, I'm not… Besides, the Spectator pathway's Sequence 2 might not be able to do so. I can only be certain that a Sequence 1 has this special trait… Summoning 0-08 from the fog of history? No, let's not talk about whether I can summon that quill without Groselle's Travels. Even if I successfully create a projection, the quill is a quill while I am still myself. The Dark Demonic Wolf's understanding of me doesn't make 0-08 do the reverse. Also, I can only use it for a mere two minutes. It wouldn't be enough to sense anything… It can be used as supplementary to the plan, writing the development I wish to see happen, making the Dark Demonic Wolf's "choice" appear reasonable so as to eliminate uncertain elements… Klein considered for a long while, but he failed to find a suitable plan to bait his prey.

Apart from feeling regretful that he wasn't a Sequence 1 angel of the Spectator pathway, he had also thought of the cosmos:

Just learning of it would result in corruption from the cosmos!

If I had the nature of the cosmos, then after the Dark Demonic Wolf uses the prayer point of light to monitor me, "He" would be corrupted, allowing me to lock onto "His" position. However, the cosmos's nature is higher than that of an angel. How could I have it… I keep feeling like I've forgotten something… Klein made The World Gehrman Sparrow shake his head indiscernibly as he surveyed the area.

"There's no need to discuss the answer now. You can go back and communicate with the right person with suitable methods."

He focused his attention on The Star Leonard and The Hermit Cattleya, hoping that they would be able to get advice from the existences that were more experienced such as Pallez Zoroast and Queen Mystic Bernadette.

As for himself, he would return to Backlund with the aid of the historical projection. He would seek advice from Miss Messenger, Will Auceptin, and the ascetic, Arianna.

This is what it means to seek the opinions of angels or quasi-Angels before making a major decision… Klein made a self-deprecatory comment.

When Leonard and Cattleya heard that, they nodded in unison.

"Alright."

Following that, the members of the Tarot Club began discussing the situations of the various battlefields until the end of the gathering.

…

After returning to the real world, Leonard, who was resting in Saint Samuel Cathedral's basement, spoke in a low voice, explaining all the questions that Klein had posed to him and said, "Old Man, do you have any suggestions?"

"This is him trying to obtain the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic left behind in the Forsaken Land of the Gods…" Pallez Zoroast was first enlightened before he chuckled. "Tell your former colleague that there's no way he can resolve this matter himself. I only have one suggestion. That is to seek help from The Fool!"

Leonard knew Old Man's character very well. He hurriedly asked, "Is this really the only suggestion?"

Pallez Zoroast harrumphed and said, "That's a Mythical Creature that even Amon can't capture. It's possible only by relying on The Fool's help."

Only then did Leonard nod and sigh.

"It seems that's the only way…"

…

Two days later, two minutes before the meeting time that The Moon Emlyn had agreed to meet Maric.

Fors sat on a reclining chair beside the fireplace and listened to the commotion on the second floor. She cast her gaze at her friend, Xio.

"If the war continues, Backlund will definitely suffer more attacks. Are you really not going to evacuate your mother and brother to the surrounding villages?"

Xio's short, light-blonde hair was parted in an asymmetrical fashion and was neatly combed. Compared to last year, she looked more serious and had the bearing of an adjudicator. She was like a high-ranking knight leading an order of knights.

She hesitantly said, "The population in the surrounding villages has reached its limit. Besides, I can still get enough food from MI9 now."

Having said that, she paused and said, "If the flames of war really reach Backlund, take them 'Traveling' to Intis and Feynapotter…”

"It seems that's the only way…” Just as Fors was about to mention the matter of her buying food in Intis a few days ago, she suddenly heard the alarm ring.

She shivered and suddenly sat up straight. She stretched out her right hand, which was wearing a red string, and grabbed into the air.

Her arm sank as she pulled out Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat without glasses.

The cold adventurer's eyes rolled and gained consciousness, reducing the amount of spirituality that Miss Magician had to expend.

He nodded gently as he made the glove on his left hand become transparent.

In less than a second, Gehrman Sparrow "Teleported" away and disappeared from Fors and Xio's rented apartment.

"…” Fors was stunned for a moment before the corners of her mouth twitched slightly. She turned to Xio and said, "I think I'm just a tool…”

…

The sky was already dark, but the street lamps weren't lit up. Only the crimson moon illuminated the entire city.

When Klein arrived at the agreed-upon place, he looked around and saw the unusually cold streets, the burning marks on the walls, and the collapsed buildings not far away for a few seconds.

Just based on what he saw, Backlund was desolate and dilapidated. It even had the smell of gunpowder wafting through the city.

At this moment, Emlyn White walked out of an alley and nodded at the crazy adventurer.

According to Gehrman Sparrow's instructions, he didn't say a word or bow. To prevent any delay in whatever precious time Gehrman Sparrow had, he led him to a nearby house and knocked on the door rhythmically.

With a creak, the door opened automatically, revealing a dark environment blanketed with faint moonlight.

The moment Emlyn and Klein entered, they saw the white-shirt and black-vested Maric sitting on the sofa. The door behind them seemed to have a life of its own as it slammed to a close.

After taking a glance at him, Emlyn smiled and pointed at him.

"This is my partner, Mr. Gehrman Sparrow."

Just as he finished speaking, he suddenly realized that the way Maric looked at him was even odder, as though he was examining an idiot.

"Long time no see." Maric immediately stood up, pressed his hand to his chest, and bowed at Sherlock Moriarty.

Since the other party didn't appear in the image of Sherlock Moriarty, he definitely wouldn't take the initiative to mention such matters.

"Long time no see." Klein took off his hat and surveyed the area. "Miss Sharron, please come out for the discussion. I have limited time."

As he spoke, he took out a silver adventurer's harmonica and blew into it.

A figure wearing a dark and complicated long dress holding four blonde, red-eyed heads walked out from the void.

The messenger summoned by the harmonica's historical projection was an objective existence. It didn't increase the spirituality burden of Fors.

At the same time, Maric nodded and said, "Alright."

He cast his gaze on the high stool on the other side of the room.

Emlyn looked at the Wraith in a daze, then at Gehrman Sparrow and the spirit world creature he summoned. For some reason, he felt like he had been ostracized and didn't belong here.

And on that high stool, a figure quickly outlined itself. Her skin was fair like a doll, and she wore an exquisite black regal dress and a small bonnet of the same color. Her blonde hair and blue eyes were slightly pale in color.

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CHAPTER 1231
"VISITING" EVERYWHERE

Emlyn subconsciously looked at the high stool on the other side of the room, and saw the "exquisite doll."

His eyes immediately revealed a look of amazement, admiration, ardor, and other mixed emotions. He opened his mouth and almost blurted out the question of where he could buy such a doll and who was the master behind this piece of work.

However, he was already an adult and had experienced plenty of things. He knew that bringing up such a question was very impolite, so he planned to find an opportunity to ask after the discussion on serious matters were finished.

Sharron frowned indiscernibly as her body floated up. She bowed at Reinette Tinekerr and Sherlock Moriarty.

"There's no need for small talk," Klein said simply. "Our initial plan is this…”

He shared how he would let his historical projection take the initiative to step into a trap to attract the attention of the Rose School of Thought and described it in detail.

Sharron with her black bonnet listened quietly and said with a slightly ethereal voice, "They might not fall for it.

"After realizing that you are the attacker, that Shaman King will likely choose to retreat under the protection of Sealed Artifacts or angels."

This way, it could only implicate a portion of the Rose School of Thought's strength.

Without waiting for Klein and Emlyn to respond, Reinette Tinekerr's four heads opened their mouths and said at a faster pace, "Their…" "Main…" "Target…" "Should…"Likely…" "Be…" "Me…"

Emlyn was a little lost hearing this, but he could roughly tell that the spirit world creature that Gehrman Sparrow had summoned had quite a status. Furthermore, it had a deep relationship with the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction.

That's right… Even if the Mother Tree thinks highly of me, the setup would most likely attract Miss Messenger… After a moment of silence, Klein gave an addendum:

"Madam, you and I will attack the other Shaman King in the form of Historical Void projections."

"…" *Gehrman Sparrow is very respectful towards this spirit world creature…* Just as this thought flashed through Emlyn's mind, he saw the eight eyes on the four heads sweep at him.

He shivered and instinctively joined in the discussion.

"Can this fool those from the Rose School of Thought?"

Since Klein had suggested that, he must have thought of a corresponding solution.

"I have an item that can be lent to Miss Tinekerr."

Having said that, he looked at Reinette Tinekerr and said, "That item can mimic the Beyonder powers that surface in your mind.

"I hope you can use it to summon your past self, then move yourself into a concealed state and inject your consciousness into the projection. This way, the Rose School of Thought won't be able to discover anything abnormal in a short period of time. It's very likely that they will fall for it and gather all their strength to surround and kill you and me, allowing Miss Sharron and Emlyn to find a chance to launch a surprise attack.

"If they're more cautious than I thought…”

Klein paused for a moment before revealing a smile.

"In that short period of time, if you join forces with me in your peak condition, there is a chance of killing the Shaman King despite him being under the protection of a Sealed Artifact.

"Now, the main point is, do you know enough about the Beyonder powers to summon Historical Void projections, as well as entering into a concealed state?

"I can demonstrate the former to you, but I will think of a way for the latter."

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads shook up and down at the same time.

"I…” "Can…” "No…” " Problem…”

"That's the general gist of it. You can confirm the details in the next few days." Klein silently estimated the time, as if he made his delivery succinct.

Sharron nodded indiscernibly and said, "The most important thing is intel. Teacher can provide a portion of it. The rest can be obtained through magic mirror divination."

Maric echoed, "I remember the symbol you drew back then."

She also remembered that the question posed by the hidden existence didn't violate much of her privacy, and didn't bring about too much shame.

Emlyn thought for a moment and carefully asked, "How do we communicate on both sides?

"If we can't grasp the timing accurately, the plan will definitely fail."

The Blood Clan's Oath of Rose was unable to transmit what they saw and heard at such a great distance.

Sharron glanced at Reinette Tinekerr and said, "Teacher's main body can stay on our side. Ten seconds after 'She' enters a concealed state, we will take action.

"Once 'She' exits the concealed state, we will immediately leave regardless of whether we succeed."

"She"…Emlyn jumped in fright as he instinctively turned his head to look at Gehrman Sparrow.

He remembered very clearly that "She" was summoned by Mr. World.

How terrifying… Emlyn didn't know if he was referring to the spirit world creature or Gehrman Sparrow.

"After the intelligence gathering is done, you can communicate again." Seeing that it was almost time, Klein took off his hat and bade farewell.

Emlyn's lips quivered, but he didn't ask anything in the end. He followed Gehrman Sparrow out of the house where Sharron and Maric were.

Miss Messenger actually didn't ask for any gold coins… This is because I'm helping "Her." If "She" really wants payment, all the gold coins I have are historical projections. I can only rely on Emlyn… I have to say, the Bangle of Spirituality that Emlyn provided to Miss Magician has pretty good

effects. On the one hand, it can strengthen Miss Magician's spirituality, and on the other hand, it can speed up her spirituality recovery, allowing her to last this long… Just as the thoughts ran through Klein's mind, he heard Emlyn asked in puzzlement, "That ma'am—uh, Miss Sharron is a Sequence 4 demigod of the Mutant pathway?"

"That's right. The potion's name is Puppet," Klein kindly informed him.

Emlyn was instantly enlightened as he fell silent for two seconds before saying with a complicated expression, "If only she didn't speak or move, then she would be perfect."

…If it wasn't for the fact that a Clown could be described as a master in terms of expression management, Klein nearly spewed a mouthful of water at Emlyn.

He thought that the other party would praise Miss Sharron's beauty and doll-like characteristics, showing his infatuation and fervor, but in the end…

I can't understand what's on this fellow's mind… After controlling his urge to spew out whatever was in his mouth, Klein sighed inwardly.

Emlyn glanced at him and seemed to have guessed what he was thinking. He scoffed and said, "Which two things do you like the most?"

With Gehrman Sparrow's character, he wouldn't have answered such a mundane question. However, he was still Sherlock Moriarty—a friend of the vampire in front of him. After some thought, he walked into the alley and casually said, "Money and delicacies."

"Then, I'll give you a stack of edible gold pounds. Would you like it?" Emlyn asked further as he walked beside Gehrman Sparrow without any fear of the crazy adventurer like Miss Magician.

Klein imagined it and felt that this would taint the value of the gold pounds, but also caused the delicacies to lose their attractiveness. Hence, he slowly shook his head.

"So…" The corners of Emlyn's mouth curled up. "Although I also like exquisite, beautiful dolls and pure girls, if they were to combine together, it would inevitably make me find it a little odd. Yes, I believe that every doll of mine has their own character and story. If they suddenly come to life and not be like what I imagined. I would be very disappointed and worried… Of course, if I had the chance to obtain the Puppet potion and sprinkle some on all my puppets, I might try it…"

As Emlyn spoke of his contradictory thoughts, he acted like a philosopher.

If Miss Justice were here, she should be able to analyze Emlyn's mental state from such a reaction.… Before he could respond, Klein's figure instantly faded and vanished.

…

In the rental apartment where Fors and Xio lived.

In front of the fireplace, Fors leaned back against the reclining chair with a pale face. She pulled up the wool blanket covering her body and, with the help of Cogitation, entered a deep sleep.

Two hours later, she woke up feeling energized, but there was still some fatigue on her face.

This Miss Magician took a slow, deep breath and extended her hand again, pulling Gehrman Sparrow out of the air in front of her.

Half of her demigod-level "Records" were the summoning of Historical Void projections.

Klein glanced at her. This time, without even nodding his head, he directly "Teleported" out of the house and entered an empty room in a hotel.

Two hours ago, he had been busy with Emlyn and Miss Sharron's matters. This time, he had "returned" to Backlund for himself.

Without wasting any time, Klein immediately took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew it.

When Miss Messenger stepped out of the void once again, Klein recounted how he wanted to hunt the Dark Demonic Wolf and finally asked, "Do you have any suggestions?"

Reinette Tinekerr's four blonde, red-eyed heads bobbed up and down at the same time.

"Sefirah Castle!"

In essence, it's the same as Pallez Zoroast's answer… Klein pressed curiously, "How?"

"I don't know!" Reinette Tinekerr's four heads answered in unison.

Klein silently exhaled and thanked "Her."

"Sorry to trouble you.

"You can leave now."

The blonde, red-eyed heads held by Reinette Tinekerr immediately replied:

"Bill…" "Records…" "For…" "1351…"

"September…" "For…" "Gehrman…"Sparrow…"

"Owes…" "Me…" "One…" "Gold coin…"

With that said, "She" turned transparent and returned to the spirit world.

"…" Klein was stunned for two seconds before he slowly took out his wallet from his inner pocket and picked up a paper crane.

"I have some questions to ask of you." He wrote on the paper crane he carried with him.

After doing all of this, Klein lay on the bed and fell asleep.

In the hazy dream world, he once again saw Will Auceptin, who was lying in a black pram and wrapped in silver silk.

You're already over a year old. Do you still think you're a baby that's a few months old? Pretending that he didn't see him sucking his fingers, Klein quickly described his conundrum.

The plump Will Auceptin retracted his thumb and sized up Klein.

"Isn't the answer obvious?"

"Ah?" Klein was pleasantly surprised and puzzled.

Will Auceptin smiled and said, "You must've been eating too few desserts recently, causing your memory to be bad… Do you still remember what happens to a Beyonder below an angel of the Fate pathway when they see you directly?"

This… Klein's eyes lit up.

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CHAPTER 1232
COMPARISON EXPERIMENTS

After becoming a demigod and gaining some level of control over Sefirah Castle, Klein was able to prevent its aura from permeating out into the real world and augmenting him. This made him stop considering similar problems. After all, this would result in abnormalities, causing him to be recognized by the Beyonders of the "Fate" pathway at a glance—it was rather unsafe. And at this moment, once he received Will Auceptin's reminder, he felt that it opened up new possibilities.

When I was only a subsidiary to Sefirah Castle and only had the right to use it, the aura and projection of Sefirah Castle made a saint of the Fate pathway not dare to look at me directly. I was equivalent to a Mythical Creature in the eyes to the corresponding Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders. Now that I have initial control over Sefirah Castle, there's a high chance I can make the "effects" better… This can affect angels who are complete Mythical Creatures "Themselves"? Sefirah Castle's level reaches that of Sequence 0 at the very least? Yes, according to my deductions, it might even be higher than Sequence 0… It has the trait that just knowing of it will result in corruption? Klein's mind whirred with activity as though streaks of lightning were flashing across his mind.

He quickly made up his mind. After returning to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, he would find the monsters in the depths of the darkness and do some experiments with the marionettes in the fog of history, so as to deduce if his idea worked.

He smiled and said to the one-year-old child in the black pram, "I understand what you mean. I'll get someone to send you ice-cream soon."

Will Auceptin, who was wrapped in silver silk, slowly turned his head and looked to the side.

"No, there's no need.

"I've been eating too much ice-cream during this period of time, and it's starting to affect my body's development…”

Klein pricked up his brows and asked, "Genuine, top-grade ice-cream produced right from the Intis capital, Trier."

“…Give it to me next week." Will Auceptin hesitated before answering.

With that said, the plump one-year-old child turned around and buried his face into a tiny pillow in the pram.

Due to the limited time Miss Magician had at maintaining the Historical Void projection, Klein didn't say anything else. Using his unique trait, he forcefully escaped the dream and woke up before getting out of bed.

Right on the heels of that, he stretched out his right hand and repeatedly pulled at the air.

Four to five times later, his arm sank as he dragged out a woman wearing a simple linen robe with a tree bark belt. She was barefooted and had long black hair. She was a lady with average looks.

The leader of the ascetics of the Church of Evernight, Servant of Concealment, Arianna!

At the same moment, in Hillston Borough, in an apartment, Fors, who was sitting in a reclining chair, seemed to be pulled by invisible threads as she sat up abruptly. Her body straightened as the blood vessels on her forehead throbbed.

She felt that her spirituality was like a flood that flowed towards the void in front of her, one that she couldn't stop no matter how hard she tried. She was on the brink of being sucked dry.

In the next second, this sudden surge eased quite a bit, but it remained frightening. It wasn't something that she could handle now.

In a hotel room, Klein spoke succinctly once he saw the Historical Void projection of Ma'am Arianna gaining sentience.

"I plan on cooperating with others to deal with a particular Shaman King of the Rose School of Thought."

Arianna nodded gently, indicating that she understood, but she didn't give any suggestions.

Seeing that the ascetic leader didn't give him any warnings, Klein felt a lot more at ease with the plan to hunt the Shaman King. He then said, "I've been planning on targeting the Dark Demonic Wolf recently."

Arianna opened her mouth slightly and said, "Be careful."

…Did "She" mean to say that I shouldn't belittle the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar? Just as he was about to ask a question, his consciousness suddenly blurred. He saw the woman opposite him and his reflection in "Her" eyes fade away as they quickly disappeared.

Thud!

Fors collapsed into the reclining chair as her facial muscles twitched slightly.

"This is more tiring than writing all night long…" She gritted her teeth and tried Cogitating to fall asleep.

Extreme exhaustion might sometimes paradoxically cause insomnia to a person.

…

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, near Nois ancient city in the north, there was no one in the dark wilderness.

With the lantern emitting a faint yellow light, Klein circled around to confirm his surroundings.

Then, he found a rock and sat down, no longer shielding the aura of the gray fog from seeping into reality.

On this foundation, Klein consciously strengthened the projection that Sefirah Castle placed on him.

After he was done with his preparations, he quickly turned a monster hidden in the darkness around him into a marionette.

The marionette walked out of the darkness. Under the illumination of the lantern, it approached Klein and cast its gaze on him.

In the eyes of this monster marionette, other than the coated and hatted Klein having deeper, more profound eyes, his temperament had also become even more indescribable. There wasn't much of a difference from before.

After repeatedly testing the different types of monster marionettes, Klein confirmed that ordinary people, or most Beyonders, were unable to discover that he had the aura of Sefirah Castle on him.

Following that, he reached out with his right hand and pulled out his body from half a day ago. He controlled the rather dull historical projection to cast his gaze over.

This time, "Klein" saw a layer of grayish-white fog covering his body. Its interior was shimmering with light, but it didn't reveal its actual appearance.

He then removed the projection's support and attempted to pull out Marionettist Rosago and other Beyonders of the Seer pathway to repeat the experiment.

Yes, after enhancing the projection, Beyonders of the Seer pathway can directly discover something abnormal. However, those below the level of an angel can at least confirm that I'm related to Sefirah Castle. There's no way to directly see the strange door of light, which is also the projection of Sefirah Castle… This outcome wasn't too surprising for Klein.

He took a deep breath and, after preparing himself to "rescue himself," he raised his hand and pulled out Winner Enuni from back when he hadn't been his marionette for long.

Enuni raised his head bit by bit, and his eyes gradually reflected Klein's figure. There was a faint gray fog that emanated outwards.

Deep in the fog, transparent or translucent twisted maggots were clustered around countless spherical lights. The spherical lights formed a door of light that was dyed bluish-black.

The door of light was much clearer than before as it appeared even more textured. At the same time, its shape changed as it extended even higher up.

This made it look like a tall and thin, brilliant figure. And the grayish-white fog around it was the figure's hooded robe.

The spherical lights constantly flashed, making Klein feel like he was being watched by this deep, mysterious, towering, and terrifying figure with his numerous eyes.

With a boom, Klein's head involuntarily tilted back as blood mixed with transparent maggots spurted out of his pores.

The Worms of Spirit fell to the ground as they frantically rolled and struggled. Some of them rapidly dissipated, while some eventually calmed down before crawling back into his body and into his pores.

Man… It's much better than directly losing consciousness and suffering memory loss the last time… Klein rubbed his temples and sighed silently.

Enuni, who was standing in front of him, had already vanished because of the impact that Klein had received. Unable to maintain the Historical Void projection, Enuni vanished.

This was also one of the reasons why Klein didn't suffer too much damage this time.

Without Winner Enuni, he was unable to see the mutated strange door of light. This reduced the continuous assault on his senses.

After two seconds, Klein entered the fog of history, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

Looking at the faint dark glow rising from his body and melting away, Klein finally heaved a sigh of relief and gave a self-deprecating laugh.

I nearly corrupted and corroded myself…

In the future, I'll use Rosago and the other Beyonders of the Seer pathway to do additional experiments: If there's no direct assault, I need to confirm if there will be a reverse corruption from Sefirah Castle's projection with the increase in observation time…

…

The Southern Continent, East Balam, Faoltec City that was under attack.

Under the illumination of the crimson moon, the Loen soldiers hiding behind a simple shelter took turns to rest to recover their energy.

Their faces were black and covered with traces of gunpowder. Occasionally, someone would wake up and take out some dried tobacco leaves and casually roll it. Then, they would use the remaining matchstick to light it up and bring it to their mouths to suck deeply at it. In turn, their eyes exuded mostly numbness and blankness.

When the soldiers guarding this line of defense smelled the tobacco, they instinctively sniffed and looked over.

"Do you still have any more tobacco leaves?" a soldier with a rifle asked his companion in a low voice.

His comrade shook his head.

"I've already finished smoking it."

"I don't know when the next batch will arrive… I'm going crazy without the tobacco!" The soldier who first spoke gestured outside the shelter with his chin. "Do you see that? There are so many corpses, so many hands and feet. They all belonged to living people."

Before the sun set, the Resistance had launched a fierce attack by feverishly storming the various defensive lines at Faoltec City. Their disregard for their own lives frightened the Loen soldiers and servant-army who had been guarding the city. They almost had victory at hand, but ultimately failed to break through the critical line of defense. They left behind copious numbers of corpses before receding like the tide.

His comrade fell silent for a moment before saying, "Maybe tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, we will be joining them."

Having said that, he looked up at the crimson moon and said in a dreamy voice, "I wonder how Backlund is. I haven't received a letter from home in a long while… I wonder if they have enough food, or if they can find a doctor when they are sick…”

The soldier who had wanted to smoke was about to curse at the damn war and the damned enemy when his eyes suddenly widened. Trembling, he raised his right hand and pointed ahead.

"Th-they… They're alive…”

One by one, the soldiers looked over and saw that under the crimson moon, the dismembered corpses that the Resistance had left behind were beginning to crawl up one by one, swaying as they tried to approach the defense line.

In the distance, a mysterious hooded person in black robe with embroidered crimson patterns stood behind the Resistance and spread out his arms slightly.

The spirituality of the entire battlefield was rapidly being nourished.

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CHAPTER 1233
TWO SPOTS

Ever since the war became prolonged, the Loen soldiers had seen countless unnatural phenomena. It happened so many that they were somewhat numb to it. However, the scene of the dismembered corpses crawling up remained a shocking scene. It left them horrified and confused. They felt as though they were unable to survive the impending disaster, and would eventually become zombies.

Of course, there was a reason why they were able to maintain their morale after seeing such unnatural phenomena.

Just as they were feeling extreme fear, a series of chants sounded from behind them.

"Lacking clothes and food, they have no shelter in the cold.

“…

"The Evernight did not forsake them, but bestowed them with love[1]."

The holy and sympathetic prayer reverberated across the entire defense line, causing the fear in every soldier to quickly dissipate, their bodies and minds turning tranquil.

Then, a number of the soldiers followed orders and moved out cannons covered in silver patterns. They adjusted the muzzles and aimed at the dismembered corpses that were rushing at them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Sparks flew as shells landed in different spots on the battlefield, exploding and emitting a thick darkness.

The dismembered corpses collapsed, the strength within them vanishing; otherwise, they were directly destroyed, returning to their eternal slumber.

The mysterious black-robed man behind the Resistance army raised his arms upon seeing this, as though he was hugging the crimson moon.

At that moment, his body suddenly turned incorporeal, his body dyed a faint red as he transformed into a hazy ray of moonlight.

The moonlight shattered instantly, turning into red scales before dissipating in place.

Moonlight Transformation!

This was a Beyonder power that a Sequence 5 Scarlet Scholar of the Apothecary pathway possessed. To a Sequence 4 Shaman King, it was almost instinctive.

And at the spot where the Shaman King had been, a figure quickly outlined itself.

It was a huge cloth doll. "It" had blonde hair and bright red eyes, and wore a long black gothic dress with countless mysterious patterns engraved on it. Swirling around it was sinister vines. Its skin had a luster that no human should possess.

Reinette Tinekerr!

"She" had used the Staff of the Stars to summon "Herself" back when she was in perfect condition.

Of course, the Staff of the Stars that was lent to Miss Messenger was the real one. Klein had brought it back to the real world from above the gray

fog ahead of time.

If that wasn't the case, it would be equivalent to Klein's historical projection summoning a Staff of the Stars projection; then, the projection of the Staff of the Stars would summon Reinette Tinekerr in her peak state. The whole burden would be placed on Fors, causing her spirituality to be quickly drained.

A solution to this problem was to temporarily lend the actual Staff of the Stars to Reinette Tinekerr. The draining of spirituality would be borne by this Ancient Bane.

At the same time, Reinette Tinekerr was probably one of the existences that were the least afraid of the negative effects of the staff.

As a key representative of the temperance faction, and as a Puppet and a "cloth doll," "She" could stop unwanted scenes from surfacing in "Her" mind. And after changing into a concealed state, the Staff of the Stars could hardly affect "Her" Historical Void projection.

The peak state Reinette Tinekerr had attempted to sneak closer to directly possess the Rose School of Thought's Shaman King and instantly end the battle. However, the other party had discovered the danger ahead of time. Using the moonlight's illumination, he was one step ahead of the Wraith's possession.

Amidst the crimson glow that enveloped the ground, red scales rapidly reformed into the black-robed, hooded Rose School of Thought Shaman King. His eyes were closed eyes tightly, not daring to look at the Ancient Bane opposite him.

At the same time, on the other side of the battlefield, a figure rapidly appeared. It was none other than Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a black trench coat and a half top hat. He had a transparent glove on his left hand as he raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

Scarlet flames rose up from various parts of the battlefield, as if they were announcing the beginning of a grand performance.

Just as the Shaman King finished reforming, he reached out his left hand and tore apart the clothes on his chest. At that moment, Reinette Tinekerr's bright red eyes reflected his figure.

If things went as expected, the Rose School of Thought Shaman King would've transformed into a rabbit or a goat in the next second. He would "lose" most of his characteristics and Beyonder powers, but his body only emitted a faint glow without any change.

His exposed chest revealed a long, thin brown puppet which was embedded there.

The puppet seemed to grow out of the Shaman King's body, its body connected to his internal organs. Its eyes and mouth were like crescents. The surface of its body was grown with dried flowers and withered grass, giving off an indescribable bizarreness in the moonlight.

Suddenly, the puppet was dyed red as though it was soaked in blood.

It immediately turned into a pool of mud that surged into the organs of the Shaman King.

Amidst the mud, an arm stretched out.

Its surface was flowing with a black sticky liquid that kept protruding out with strange objects. Some were skulls, some had barbed tongues, while others had three-dimensional eyes.

Abomination Suah!

This Rose School of Thought's leader, an existence at Sequence 1, had crossed the vast distance and descended with the help of prior arrangements!

That evil aura instantly caused the surrounding members of the Rose School of Thought and supporting members to either die, mutate, or wildly attack their comrades. Apart from the Shaman King, no one was spared.

…

West Balam, in a port city.

Shaman King Klarman, who wielded the highest authority here, stood at the top floor of a cathedral that once belonged to the Church of Evernight as he looked down at the sparsely-lit city.

In a house not far away, Emlyn White glanced at the doll-like Sharron and took out a bronze box with many ruby gems embedded in it.

Inside the box was an eyeball-shaped glass sphere. It was a Sealed Artifact which Emlyn had requested from the Sanguine, known as the Vision of White—an artifact of the Sun domain.

It was very effective at dealing with the Mutant pathway's demigods and Shaman Kings. It could even be considered able to restrain them in certain aspects.

Of course, it wouldn't feel any sense of pity and kindness just because Emlyn and Sharron were Beyonders on its side.

Upon seeing Sharron nod slightly to indicate that there were no problems, Emlyn's body phased away as the moonlight that shone into the room, and he disintegrated into a series of colorful red scales.

At the apex of the nearby cathedral, Klarman was pacing back and forth with his puffy, black-and-white hair. He sneered at the city's Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers for moving the Loen citizens and all the Sealed Artifacts away ahead of time.

If the group consisted only of Beyonders, it wouldn't be impossible to escape, but with so many ordinary people, how can you effectively move without being noticed? There's no need for me to send people to track you. Simply locking down the surrounding docks and food supplies is enough to break you down without my interference…

As he muttered silently to himself, this Shaman King, who had been active in the Southern Continent since the early Fifth Epoch and was even suspected to be dead, cast his gaze out the window and stared at the crimson moon high in the sky.

Previously, the abnormal phenomenon of the "crimson moon turning white" made Klarman feel the anger of the Primordial Moon. He had always felt uneasy and disturbed.

He had become a Primordial Moon believer over time while researching natural interactions, secret deeds, and other mysterious knowledge.

Normally, it was relatively easy for a Shaman King to live a thousand years, but later on, his physical condition waned—an irreversible form of aging and the decay of his Spirit Body. Therefore, 1,200 years was commonly the natural limit of Shaman Kings and Sanguine Earls. To continue living, one could only rely on various methods to survive. For example, sealing oneself and sleeping in a coffin deep within a castle.

Klarman was nearly 1400 years old and still brimming with energy. He didn't need to limit his movements, because he had received the Primordial Moon's blessings.

This was also the reason why he had disappeared for so many years.

Later on, he received a revelation from the Primordial Moon and joined the Rose School of Thought.

In this aspect, Klarman always had his suspicions. Sometimes, he believed that the Mother Tree of Desire and the Primordial Moon were one entity.

They were different sides of the same great existence. Yet, there were other times when he felt that the Mother Tree of Desire and the Primordial Moon were not only different, but there was also a deep conflict between them.

This resulted in the Primordial Moon believers not getting enough attention when they later joined the Rose School of Thought. Apart from receiving some bestowments in the form of items, they were placed in noncritical positions.

Just as Klarman was focused on sensing the crimson moon in an attempt to gain a revelation, the crimson moonlight that fell onto the cathedral's bell tower had pure red scales of light appear as they gathered together. It then manifested into Emlyn White who wore a tuxedo and a bow tie.

Behind this Sanguine, a thick black gas emanated, forming a pair of illusory bat wings.

Emlyn had already consumed the corresponding potion to remove his scent and spirituality fluctuations, allowing him to approach his target in secret.

Of course, he was up against a demigod, a Sequence 4 demigod of the same pathway. Even if he was fully prepared, he didn't dare get too close, or else he would easily be discovered.

Looking at the window where Shaman King Klarman was, he examined the projection on the glass for a second. Emlyn White opened the bronze box with the rubies embedded in it, and he used his black velvet-gloved left hand to pick up the Vision of White.

His expression twisted as he experienced the pain that came from being exposed to the blazing sun.

Suppressing the pain, Emlyn pushed the eyeball-shaped glass sphere to his right eye.

All the buildings in front of him had suddenly disappeared from his vision, leaving only shadows of cold, crimson, or fallen evil.

Among them, there was a figure that was like a huge black whirlpool that was crazily devouring the light around it, causing his body to become distorted.

This was Emlyn's target, the ancient Shaman King, Klarman.

A ray of light immediately lit up, condensing into a scorching, blinding light. It shot out from the Vision of White and went straight for the figure behind the glass window.

[1] Adapted from Job 24:8, Old Testament.

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CHAPTER 1234
THE PROJECTION'S "DESCENT"

The blinding white beam penetrated the glass window and landed on Shaman King Klarman.

It then burst into an intense light, melting away all the undead, darkness, and evil.

Klarman's figure burned with a white flame, as though he was a paper figurine that had been brought near red embers.

But it really was a paper figurine, one that seemed to be condensed from the crimson moonlight.

The Shaman King's substitute spell, Moon Paper Figurine!

As the paper figurine turned to ash, the ancient Shaman King appeared at the top of the cathedral and cast his cold gaze at Emlyn White, who was standing near the bell tower.

At that moment, within Klarman's blood-red eyes, it reflected the figure of Sharron, who was wearing a black regal dress and a tiny bonnet. Her body stiffened as if she had lost control of herself.

Seeing this, Emlyn didn't hesitate. It was as if he had practiced it a thousand times before. He aimed his Vision of White at the Shaman King's left chest and prepared to activate the Sun domain's "Unshadowed Spear."

As long as this attack struck Klarman's heart, this Shaman King Klarman wouldn't be able to use "Moonlight Transformation" to resolve it. It would also be difficult for him to recover using an artificial vampire's super-recovery abilities.

Of course, this would definitely cause more serious damage to Sharron who had possessed Klarman. However, if they could quickly resolve their target, she was willing to pay the corresponding price.

In the previous discussions, Emlyn, Sharron, and Maric had already discussed a few similar plans and had come to a consensus.

This was also the reason why Sharron didn't restrict Shaman King Klarman by tightening his clothes. Compared to a Wraith's possession, that was easier to resolve for the opponent who could use "Moonlight Transformation." As for whether Klarman would be ashamed of running naked, the answer from the magic mirror was no.

Taking all these under consideration, they eventually chose to let Emlyn White attack the target, so as to deplete his Moon Paper Figurine to create an opportunity for Sharron to possess him.

The transparent glass sphere in Emlyn's hand glowed once again, extending out into a blazing spear that had turned extremely white. But at this moment, Klarman, who was standing at the top of the cathedral, suddenly underwent a transformation.

A crack quickly split open in the middle of his forehead, as if there was a blood moon embedded in it.

Moonlight surged out like a tidal wave, causing the illusory, blonde, blue-eyed Sharron to float out of his body uncontrollably.

Klarman's stiff and slow movements barely restored to normal and, under the radiance of the full moon, he turned into a pool of blood, splitting into countless fragments of light.

His figure rapidly took form on another steeple of the cathedral. Clinging closely behind him was Sharron. As for the Unshadowed Spear that Emlyn had created, it passed through the spot where Klarman was originally standing and flew into the distance, expanding into a miniature sun.

The entire port city was illuminated.

At the same time, Klarman's right shoulder began to squirm before something tore through his black robe and burrowed out.

This was an exquisite male doll. It was only the size of a palm and wore a dark red, gold-patterned tuxedo. Its eyes had been dug out, leaving behind two black holes.

The puppet sat on Klarman's shoulder and raised its hands, tapping all its fingers as though it was playing an invisible instrument.

Sharron's figure was immediately ejected from Klarman's back, as though she suffered a serious repulsion.

Emlyn felt his clothes tighten as they bound him tightly.

His bowtie also came alive in a bid to strangle him to death.

That doll was a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact given to Klarman by the Rose School of Thought. It was called the "General of the Pupil-less Eye." It was an item formed by a Sequence 4 demigod of the Mutant pathway who had suffered a sudden death due to an accident.

It had a living characteristic and could possess objects with spirits and awaken objects that didn't according to its wielder's will. However, the wielder needed to feed it with their flesh and blood; otherwise, it would gradually grow its eyes.

Once this Sealed Artifact was in a good condition, it would transform into an evil spirit that chased after its original owner while abhorring all

humans.

When Emlyn heard the sound of his bones crying in pain from the burden, the Vision of White that was burning his soul emitted a bright glow, turning the surrounding area into a land without shadows or evil.

The effects of General of the Pupil-less Eye had on his clothes were severed.

However, at that moment, Klarman had already indiscernibly muttered a particular word with a cruel smile. He reached out his hands and pulled out an illusory door with many mysterious symbols engraved on it out of thin air.

This was the Door of Summoning!

The Moon pathway's Sequence 3 was Summoning Master!

Under the illumination of the "full blood moon" on his forehead, Klarman, who was only at the Shaman King level, was able to complete a summoning!

However, because of this, there was a certain change in his overall aura. He had lost a lot of his rationality, and his madness had deepened.

Amidst the illusory creaking, the Door of Summoning opened up a crack.

In the gaps, two human palms reached out. Their skin had no luster to it, and they lacked texture. They were like a most inferior cloth doll.

…

Outside Faoltec City, the Rose School of Thought believers and followers who had originally planned on attacking the Loen army's defense line after the corpse horde's attack had begun to kill each other, their rationality completely gone.

Some of them, who were originally ordinary people, bent their backs and grew grayish-black wolf fur. The corners of their mouths tore open as sticky saliva constantly dripped. Some of their skin was dyed black and had become as hard as steel. Some lost their hearts and fell to the ground, only to get back on their feet as though nothing had happened. Some of their bodies turned transparent, as if they had become shadows…

The descent of Abomination Suah's aura had tainted all the living creatures in the vicinity, causing them to either break down and suffer a tragic death, or turn into werewolves or zombies.

As a high-ranking Sequence 1, "He" could directly bestow the power unto "His" believers, but there was a time limit. However, this method might not be the hope of the Resistance.

On the other side of the battlefield, over two thousand meters away, behind the Loen shelter. Although the soldiers didn't see or hear anything, transparent blisters began growing on the surface of their skin, and their minds were filled with thoughts of venting all kinds of emotions and desires.

It wouldn't take long for them to go mad one by one and turn into irrational beasts. Across this base, even to the interior of Faoltec City, it would be a challenge to find humans who could still maintain their clarity of mind.

Suddenly, they heard a chant.

It was a chant formed from sacred and ethereal voices.

This chant came from the Evernight cathedral in the city. It was as though there were many choirs praising the Goddess.

The soldiers, citizens, and officers fell asleep one after another behind the shelter, inside the trenches, and on the streets.

They dreamed of a tranquil darkness, moon flowers, and night vanilla. Their bodies and minds became extremely peaceful, and they were no longer affected by evil.

In the Evernight cathedral in Faoltec City, the high-ranking deacon of the Nighthawks, the Goddess's Eye, Ilya, tried her best to maintain the dream that enveloped the entire city. She was unable to interfere with the demigod battle outside.

At the same time, Klein and Reinette Tinekerr felt the change in the surrounding spirituality. It seemed to transform into layers of barriers that attempted to restrain them and restrict their actions.

And in the bloody mud on the Shaman King's chest, a lump of squirming flesh covered in black sticky liquid drilled out right on the heels of Suah's arm, forming the body of this Abomination.

"He" was like a huge tree that had been splashed with oil. The extended branches were arms which had various strange objects protruding out.

On the surface of the trunk that was covered in thick black liquid, bloodshot eyes kept rolling. It cleared the minds of the onlookers, turning them into rabbits, goats, and pigs.

The dozens of arms rapidly extended outwards. Some of them sealed off the sky, while others burrowed into the ground. The rest either surrounded them from all sides or headed straight for Klein and Reinette Tinekerr.

At the same time, Abomination Suah let out a roar that pierced straight into one's Spirit Body. It caused the two targets to tremble at the same time, causing a certain degree of stiffness to rear its head. It made the crimson moonlight in midair become even richer, allowing a scene to appear on the red "screen."

The core to this scene was a mummy wrapped in a yellowing bandage. "It" had been pierced by countless brown tree branches and was suspended in

midair.

Its stomach bulged, and at times, different parts bulged and shriveled, as if it was giving birth to new life.

The mummy's mouth was agape as it kept screaming. Although Klein couldn't hear any actual sounds, he felt pain resonating with his body and soul, slowly burdening him with the mummy's predicament.

The Chained God!

The roar of Abomination Suah was formed from ancient Hermes words that exceeded the imagination of humans. It was essentially praying to the Chained God and "He" had successfully received a response!

The Mother Tree of Desire was unable to infuse too much power into reality. If one wanted to pray to "Her" and obtain feedback at the angel level, they required a large-scale ritual. Of course, the influence the Mother Tree of Desire directly exerted and "Her" attention via the Chained God had qualitative differences.

The Chained God was originally not a true god, but "He" had contained the Mutant pathway's Uniqueness and two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, making "Him" a King of Angels. After giving birth to Abomination Suah, "He" even lost a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic. When "He" was completely overwhelmed by the Mother Tree of Desire, "He" similarly suffered a life of isolation.

Therefore, regardless of the essence of the Mother Tree of Desire, the effect "She" had on reality was limited due to the indirect methods used. But no matter what, the trap targeted at Reinette Tinekerr was luxurious enough!

As the projection of the Chained God appeared, the entire land was dyed with a dark red color. Klein felt that his connection with the spirit world had been severed, and he could no longer use Teleportation.

His figure instantly leaped into a sea of flames. Taking advantage of the opportunity when Reinette Tinekerr was fighting against Suah, he reached his hand into the void and grabbed at different spots.

Finally, Klein pulled out a silver-black jewelry box embedded with various gems. Then, without any hesitation, he opened the second level.

Box of the Great Old Ones!

This Grade 0 Sealed Artifact's second level could transfer all living beings within its range to a particular scene recorded by it!

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CHAPTER 1235
MOST VALUED SUPPORT

The silver-black, three-tiered accessory box with many embedded gems quickly opened, revealing the interior of the second level.

It was dark. Even the surrounding barriers seemed to blend in with it. It gave one the feeling that it was a pocket of infinite space.

In an instant, the darkness lit up with countless resplendent speckles, as if they had transformed into a miniature cosmos, a miniature universe.

These bright points of light rapidly spun as the surrounding scene changed several times in a second.

What Klein expected was to move Abomination Suah, the Rose School of Thought Shaman, and many of their followers to the ruins of the battle of the gods. By making them leave the Southern Continent, they wouldn't be able to immediately sense that Klarman had been attacked. This way, they wouldn't be able to provide any timely and effective assistance. However, the second level of the Box of the Great Old Ones had an element of randomness to it. The act of sending things to the designated scene succeeded a handful of times. Most of the time, the selected destination would suffer an unavoidable change. This was something that couldn't be influenced with luck, and at the very least, no one below Sequence 0 could do so.

Therefore, when he opened the second level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, Klein didn't know what would happen. It was the same as not using any Beyonder powers to cheat at gambling. He had to rely solely on observation to push out all his chips. This left his heart filled with anxiety.

Of course, he wasn't too worried. No matter where the Box of the Great Old Ones brought him and Miss Messenger, it was impossible to harm him in any way. After all, Reinette Tinekerr was fake, the Box of the Great Old Ones was fake, and even he himself was fake.

With this in consideration, even if he was thrown underground by the Box of the Great Old Ones and faced a terrifying corruption, Klein could instantly dispel the Historical Void projection, enter Sefirah Castle to do a complete "disinfection" and sever all connections.

Building on this foundation, he had the ability to help Miss Messenger's main body resist the corruption. Since it wasn't directly experienced—through the layer of a historical projection—the outcome was relatively better.

The only thing he needed to worry about was that the random scene selected by the Box of the Great Old Ones was where Miss Sharron and Emlyn were attacking Shaman King Klarman. That way, it would be equivalent to leading the main enemy force to head straight for his headquarters. This meant that they could only consider giving up on the operation, and he and Reinette Tinekerr would undertake the responsibility of helping all participants escape from the battlefield and escape the Southern Continent.

The probability of this happening was very low, but he had to be wary.

At that moment, due to the influence of Abomination Suah's aura, Klein's spirituality had "frozen" quite a bit. It seemed to bind his body and soul, but it still flowed into the Box of the Great Old Ones, maintaining its open state.

In the blink of an eye, the scene in the second level of the Box of the Great Old Ones changed, revealing a tiny, vast sea.

Klein, Reinette Tinekerr, Abomination Suah, the hooded Shaman King, and many Rose School of Thought believers and subordinates saw endless

yellow sand and the extreme cold of the night.

Other than the projection of the Chained God, all the living beings on the battlefield were instantly transported to a desert!

As for the projection, due to the departure of Abomination Suah, the connection was severed, preventing "His" powers from seeping into reality.

Without the luxury of time to examine where he was currently, Klein dispelled the Box of the Great Old Ones and snapped his fingers, summoning a scarlet flame as he constantly jumped within them.

He had done so to avoid the attention of Abomination Suah, as well as grab the opportunity to complete the summoning of the Historical Void projection.

At that moment, he heard an extremely evil roar. His mind suddenly went blank, and he temporarily lost all his thoughts.

The scarlet flames he was immersed in came alive as well and, like a cage, bound him to the ground.

With just a roar and the influence of some auras, Abomination Suah had already restrained him to a certain extent.

If it wasn't for the fact that Reinette Tinekerr, who was in "Her" peak condition, was his teammate, Klein's projection would've been helplessly executed. Perhaps his actual body would suffer certain effects.

At this moment, the huge doll the size of a castle took a step forward and opened its tightly shut mouth.

There was no sound, but the distorted "wood" that was covered in pitch-black liquid seemed to encounter a flood dike. It repelled backward and raised the arms with strange protruding objects.

This was a curse that Reinette Tinekerr had been silently accumulating for a very, very long time. The root of the curse was the anger, hatred, and "Her" grudge that had emerged after "She" suffered an attack!

However, Abomination Suah didn't show any obvious changes. "He" only staggered a little and froze for a second before returning to normal.

High-level existences were always able to restrain low-level Beyonders of the same pathway. They could even exert a certain influence over space!

And using this opportunity to escape the restraints of the flames, Klein used Creeping Hunger to flash to another side, avoiding the Blood Moon Arrow created by the Rose School of Thought's Shaman King.

He didn't dare to look directly at Abomination Suah. He seized the opportunity and reached out with his right hand to pull out from the void ahead.

This time, he didn't drag anything out.

Klein continued Blinking about and repeated his actions. Then, he successfully dragged out a figure. It was none other than the leader of the Church of Evernight's ascetics, the angel of the Concealment domain, Arianna, who wore a simple linen robe and a tree bark belt!

My report from before worked after all… A thought flashed through his mind as he activated Creeping Hunger once again and teleported elsewhere.

The eyes of Arianna's projection darted slightly as her eyes instantly turned dark and deep. Following that, she joined in the battle between Reinette Tinekerr and Abomination Suah.

With "Her" help, Reinette Tinekerr, who was in a rather difficult situation and trying hard to create opportunities for him, finally managed to catch "Her" breath. "She" didn't get possessed by Abomination Suah, nor did "She" become a real doll.

The Rose School of Thought's Shaman King showcased his well-rounded aspect towards the Darkness and Moon domains. He attempted to use spells like "Abyss Shackles" to restrict Klein's movement, but the short-distance "Blinking" was simply too effective. Without the projection of the Chained God and "His" influence of the surrounding area, and the interference of Abomination, Klein was like a fish in water. He was free and relaxed. He only needed to consider how to deal with his enemy's spells every two "Teleports."

However, the Shaman King could hardly stop him in an effective manner due to the unpredictability of where he would appear next.

During this process, Klein grabbed at the void a few more times until he dragged out a figure.

This figure had bronze skin, black hair, and brown eyes. His facial features were soft and his gaze was cold. He wore a deep black robe embroidered with golden thread. He wore a golden crown and was none other than the former Death Consul, Azik Eggers!

Another angel.… The Shaman King's eyelids twitched as he watched. At this moment, Abomination Suah suddenly inserted multiple black arms into the desert.

The desert nearby boiled and was blanketed with a thick black liquid. This extended into the distance and invaded the void, disrupting the overlapping of reality and the spirit world.

Taking advantage of the fact that his teleportation wasn't completely affected, Klein "Blinked" behind Mr. Azik. With "Him" shielding him, he quickly grabbed at the air a few times.

His arm suddenly sank and he pulled out a silvery-white snake's tail.

Another angel!

The reason why he dared to directly summon the three angels was because this Historical Void projection of his was summoned by Reinette Tinekerr using the Staff of the Stars. The spirituality consumed was borne by this Ancient Bane, not Fors.

Otherwise, Fors would've already fainted the moment the Servant of Concealment, Arianna, descended. There was no way she could endure spirituality expenditure such as this.

Fors's purpose was to first summon Gehrman Sparrow's historical projection so that he had plenty of time to set up the ritual and bring the Staff of the Stars to the real world. Then, the maintenance of the historical projection would be dispelled, allowing him to return to the fog and have Reinette Tinekerr summoned another him.

In less than ten seconds, as Abomination Suah had focused his attention on Reinette Tinekerr and subconsciously belittled Klein, leading "Him" to not only losing the help of the Chained God's projection, but also being thrown from the state of being the one who had laid in ambush to the one being besieged by four powerful angels.

Without any hesitation, this Sequence 1 angel opened "His" mouth and chanted in ancient Hermes words. "He" had once again prayed to the Chained God.

…

When the Door of Summoning opened in front of Shaman King Klarman, just the extension of two trembling hands was enough for a thought to abruptly flash across Emlyn White's mind.

The other angel of the Rose School of Thought, the King of Curses, Barranca!

This was information provided by Sharron and Maric.

Upon seeing this, Emlyn's mind tensed up. Without any hesitation, he waved his arm and threw the Vision of White at the Door of Summoning!

This was partly because he was experiencing a battle at the demigod level for the first time, so he couldn't help but overreact. On the other hand, he wasn't worried about losing the Vision of White. After all, it belonged to the Sanguine. At worst, he would repay it in the future over time.

At the same time, even without the Sealed Artifact, he still had other mystical items to use, such as Leymano's Travels.

With the notebook, Emlyn could summon the Unshadowed Crucifix to replace the Vision of White.

After the eyeball-shaped glass sphere flew out, it continuously absorbed the light along the way, bringing with it extreme darkness.

When it got close to the Door of Summoning, the Vision of White suddenly exploded into an extremely brilliant glow. Like a blazing sun at noon, it enveloped both the hands and the door, melting away all evil, degenerate, darkness, filth, and undead auras.

The full blood moon on Klarman's forehead was clearly affected. All the light beams were compressed to his side, preventing him from affecting his surroundings.

Seizing this opportunity, Sharron's figure that appeared in midair distorted, turning into a human-sized puppet.

This puppet was identical to Shaman King Klarman. It had messy, black-and-white hair and a pair of bright red eyes.

As for Emlyn, he raised his left arm and revealed a translucent ring that was worn outside his gloved index finger.

The ring seemed to be made of light-red amber, and there was a blood-colored gem embedded on it.

Lilith's Ring!

This was a ring personally made by the Sanguine Ancestor, the ancient goddess, Lilith.

It could project a door that led deep into the spirit world for a certain amount of time, summoning an unknown creature.

Emlyn wasn't sure what he would obtain. He only knew that, under normal circumstances, the summoned object was usually slightly stronger than him, but the possibility of directly pulling out a demigod wasn't impossible.

At the tip of the ring, the blood-colored gem emitted a faint glow as an illusory door covered in mysterious patterns appeared in front of Emlyn.

The door creaked open, the gap in the door widening.

Shaman King Klarman had just recovered his senses from the Sun's illumination when he saw a moon rise up behind the Door of Summoning.

It was a bright moon, one that was slightly silver in color.

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CHAPTER 1236
LINKAGE

In the eyes of Shaman King Klarman, a bright silver moon rose, quickly filling his irises.

This was completely different from the normal crimson moon. It also wasn't the Blood Moon that occasionally appeared. It was similar to the abnormal state of the moon from not too long ago, but there were also certain differences.

It illuminated Klarman's eyes and body, causing him to instantly lose contact with the crimson moon.

That also meant that, before things went back to normal, Klarman could no longer attempt "Moonlight Transformation," nor could he teleport within the range of the crimson moonlight's illumination.

Suddenly, a word appeared in the mind of this Shaman King of the Moon Domain.

Lilith!

The ancient goddess, Lilith, who once controlled the Moon pathway!

Such a change was out of Emlyn's expectations, but Sharron, who was good at controlling her emotions and thoughts, wasn't affected. Despite having become a Klarman puppet, she raised her right hand and yanked some of her messy, black-and-white hair.

Almost at the same time, on the Shaman King's head, a tuft of white hair fell on its own without him suffering any attacks.

The Door of Summoning he had just opened had been dissolved by the full might of the Vision of White's sun rays.

This wasn't because the Rose School of Thought's angel, who had been summoned, was unable to resist the Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, but that the Door of Summoning couldn't withstand such a special attack.

In addition, the King of Curses, Barranca, had only extended two hands out. This limited the amount of power that could remotely be projected via "His" descent. The evil aura that permeated into the real world had also been purified by the Vision of White, preventing it from affecting Sharron and Emlyn.

At that moment, without the Door of Summoning, Barranca could only retreat to where "He" was originally. "He" had to wait for the next summoning or for Shaman King Klarman to pray.

As an angel, "He" had the status required to respond to prayers throughout the world!

When that strand of hair fell, Sharron, in her Klarman puppet state, didn't hesitate. Her right hand naturally slid down from her forehead. She grabbed the exaggerated crack that had the "full blood moon" embedded there and forcefully pressed it down.

Klarman couldn't help but let out a blood-curdling scream. The flesh on his forehead turned into a bizarre blur as they filled up the terrifying crack, blocking the miniature "full moon."

This was one of the Beyonder powers of a Sequence 4 Puppet of the Mutant pathway, called the "Source of Curses."

Apart from being able to influence non-living creatures, Puppets could also turn into mystical puppets and magical paper figurines. Through the connections established, they could use various methods to curse their targets.

This Beyonder power would undergo a qualitative change when they reached Sequence 3. At the current stage, it resulted in mutually destructive damage. Under normal circumstances, Puppet demigods rarely used it.

In other words, a Puppet had to hurt themselves to hurt their enemy.

The reason why Sharron dared to do so was because she was certain that since both she and her target were at Sequence 4, as a Wraith and Zombie, she would definitely be able to withstand the damage better than a Vampire.

After knowing in advance that Shaman King Klarman had a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, General of the Pupil-less Eye, Sharron had never thought of truly succeeding with Wraith's possession. Her main goal was to use this method to establish a connection with Klarman to prepare for the subsequent curse.

The tuft of hair she plucked symbolized the official start of the curse. Destroying the target's full blood moon on his forehead was to prevent him from establishing the Door of Summoning once again which would lead to pulling a Rose School of Thought's angel into the battlefield.

Of course, as a demigod, Klarman wasn't going to die so easily from a curse.

In the past, he would be able to use "Moonlight Transformation" and "Illusory Bats" to weaken the damage brought by the curse. Then, via constantly moving at high speeds, he could avoid attacks while chanting the honorific name of a Rose School of Thought's angel. However, under the silvery-white moon's illumination, his body seemed to freeze, preventing him from completing the series of actions.

While Klarman's mind raced, the General of the Pupil-less Eye puppet on his shoulder, stood up and let out an ear-piercing scream.

The glass windows around them shattered, transforming into bullets that shot towards the floating Sharron. Without anyone controlling the eyeball-like glass sphere, it flew up on its own, causing a gigantic pillar of light that had flames swirling around it to descend.

The pillar of light enveloped Sharron, causing the surroundings to turn bright as though it was daytime.

The General of the Pupil-less Eye could influence ownerless mystical items, allowing them to help it!

Amidst the "Flaring Sun," Sharron, who had transformed into Klarman, showed clear signs of melting as her face contorted uncontrollably. Half the large number of glass fragments melted into the pillar of light while the other half pierced through her body.

Klarman once again let out a tragic cry. It made Emlyn's body turn cold as his blood seemed to frost up.

One bloody hole after another appeared on the Shaman King's body. He was like a candle that had been thrown into a furnace as he slowly softened and the oils from his fats dripped.

Any damage from "Source of Curses" would be reflected onto the target!

As a demigod of the Rose School of Thought, there was no doubt that Klarman knew of this. His action just now was to use this exchange of damage to force Sharron to stop the curse.

The theurgical spells of the Sun domain clearly dealt more damage to evil creatures that were the likes of Puppets, Wraiths, Zombies, and Werewolves than Vampires, Potions Professor, Scarlet Scholar, and Shaman Kings!

That was to say, the continuous "Flaring Sun" strikes caused Sharron to dissipate, but it would only be able to severely injure Klarman. As for the demigods of the Moon pathway, they had extremely strong self-recovery abilities.

In just a second, Shaman King Klarman used his rich experience and deep knowledge of mysticism to accurately grasp the problem of the "Source of Curses" and chose the most suitable method to see results in the shortest time possible.

However, at that moment, having lost the Vision of White, Emlyn White, who had summoned the strange moon, regained his senses. He took out a bronze-green hard-covered notebook and flipped it to one of the pages.

A crackling sound could be heard as bolts of lightning appeared out of thin air, interweaving into a storm that emitted a strong destructive aura. Instantly, the Shaman King Klarman was swept in.

Leymano's Travels, Thunder Storm!

Having temporarily lost "Moonlight Transformation" and the ability to "Blink" within a certain range, Klarman was unable to dodge the attack. He was smote by bolts of silver lightning.

Sharron took the opportunity to dispel "Source of Curses" to prevent the damage dealt to the target from being reflected onto her.

However, her face was clearly much paler than before, and her breathing became weaker.

The pillar of light from "Blazing Sun" had indeed caused quite a significant amount of damage to her.

The silvery-white blob that blasted quickly extinguished, and Klarman's body was already pitch black.

His charred skin and flesh were constantly peeling off. Pieces of flesh were squirming and growing.

The General of the Pupil-less Eye's body rapidly turned incorporeal, as though it had turned into a specter. It was prepared to possess Klarman and move him away from the area to prevent any subsequent blows.

At this moment, a blonde, red-eyed head suddenly appeared and bit the head of the exquisite doll.

Klarman, who remained groggy, subconsciously looked over and saw a headless lady.

This lady was wearing a dark and complicated gothic long dress and holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

Reinette Tinekerr!

…

In that vast desert, the eyes of Reinette Tinekerr, who was attacking Abomination Suah with Azik, Arianna, and the giant silver serpent, suddenly glazed over. Her actions turned stiff as she attacked purely on instinct.

This was part of Klein's plan. When the battle on this side had stabilized, with Abomination Suah was unable to extricate "Himself" from it within a short period of time, Reinette Tinekerr's main body would dispel its concealed state. She would then return to the real world and quickly help Sharron and Emlyn finish the battle.

Looking at the tragic-looking mummy projection in mid-air, as Klein controlled the three angels to hold back Abomination Suah, he used "Their" auras to influence the environment around him. He switched from "Teleportation" to "Flaming Jump," and he continued to deal with the Rose School of Thought's Shaman King.

During this process, he appeared carefree and relaxed, but in fact, he realized that the affinity between his body and his soul was decreasing bit by bit. His body was gradually becoming a spirit cage, causing his actions to become stiffer and heavier.

This reminded him of the core description of Prisoner:

The body was the cage of the heart, and the world was the cage of the body.

As time passed, he understood the meaning of this sentence from another angle.

After Abomination Suah began to direct "His" attention at him, even if "He" didn't have the chance to attack him directly, "He" was still able to make him suffer some form of corrosion!

…

After one of Reinette Tinekerr's heads was in control of General of the Pupil-less Eye, another head raised the black staff that it was biting down on with its teeth.

The gem-embedded staff lit up with a misty glow.

A figure quickly took shape. It was none other than Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a top hat and a trench coat while holding Death Knell.

Bang!

A silver-black stream of light flew out and accurately hit Klarman's body.

Klarman's thoughts came to a halt as he froze on the spot.

Control Spirit Bullet!

This was the Control Spirit Bullet shot by Gehrman Sparrow that the Staff of the Stars had reenacted!

This 0-62 Sealed Artifact could allow the Beyonder powers and people that surfaced in the minds of the wielder to descend upon reality, while the latter could launch a single attack.

On the other side, Sharron immediately turned into a puppet that looked identical to Klarman. She retracted her right hand and ruthlessly stabbed it into her chest.

Blood sprayed out as Klarman gaped his mouth, unable to make a sound.

To a Wraith, the heart definitely wasn't a vital point, but to a vampire, it was lethal.

Without giving Klarman any chance to resist, Emlyn flipped through Leymano's Travels once again and released the recording of "Historical Void Summoning" and took out the bronze Unshadowed Crucifix.

His fingers pressed down on a spike, allowing blood to flow out to "cleanse" the mottled cross.

A pure, burning-white spear instantly condensed.

After Sharron removed "Source of Curses," Emlyn threw out the long spear of light and watched it pierce through Shaman King Klarman's chest, pinning him to the high walls of the cathedral.

Bright light suddenly expanded and completely extinguished Klarman's last breath.

Unshadowed Spear!

…

In the vast desert, Klein suddenly stopped, and while facing Abomination Suah and the Shaman King, he took off his hat, pressed his hand to his chest, and bowed.

His body faded and disappeared.

During this process, Klein wasn't worried about being disturbed at all. This was because it wasn't that he was attempting to leave, but that Reinette Tinekerr had dispelled the Historical Void projection.

This also meant that the operation at the other battlefield had succeeded!

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CHAPTER 1237
DISTRIBUTION

As the golden rays of light shone down, Klarman, a Shaman King, who had lived for more than a thousand years, collapsed into pieces at the entrance of the Evernight cathedral. Every part of his body was charred black, completely drained of its blood.

Amongst them, something fell out of his black-robe ashes. It was a normal-sized palm. Its skin's texture didn't appear human at all, and it had a dim luster. Its fingers were slender with balanced amounts of flesh and bone.

If he hadn't seen it on such an occasion, Emlyn definitely would've believed that the palm was a part of an exquisite doll.

Another head in Reinette Tinekerr's hand swung forward as it quickly bit the palm.

At the same time, Sharron's figure turned incorporeal as she entered the remains of Shaman King Klarman, speeding up the expelling of his Beyonder characteristic.

Emlyn composed himself and looked at the Door of Summoning created by Lilith's Ring. His body suddenly turned into a hazy moonlight.

The crimson moonlight shattered into countless fragments of light.

The bright and devilish red scales swam around the area enveloped by the moonlight, restructuring beside Klarman's corpse into Emlyn White in his tuxedo and bowtie.

Without looking at the Beyonder characteristic that had seeped out, he dispelled the Unshadowed Crucifix, bent down, and picked up the Vision of White that he had previously thrown to the side using his black velvet glove.

His other hand shook Leymano's Travels as he flipped the book to one of the pages. The symbols and mysterious patterns on it all belonged to "Traveling."

Emlyn's figure turned transparent as he vanished from the scene.

He followed the plan and was the first to leave after the operation ended. He didn't interfere with Sharron and company's cleanup of the scene and their clearing of traces. After all, he was the weakest one there. He had used up a considerable amount of energy in battle while relying on the Sealed Artifacts and mystical items.

As for the spoils of war, they would be distributed once they returned to Backlund.

In this aspect, Emlyn fully believed in Gehrman Sparrow's promise and the Rose School of Thought's temperance department's credit.

After "Teleporting" back to an empty house in Backlund, he suddenly threw down Leymano's Travels. He took out a bronze box with many red gems embedded in it, and he placed the Vision of White inside.

Only after doing this did Emlyn have the energy to take off the glove on his left hand. He saw that his fingers were filled with blisters, swollen.

With the Sanguine's regenerative ability, damage at such a level should've long been healed, but in reality, it hadn't improved at all.

The burns brought by the Vision of White will last at least seven days. Emlyn took out ointment he had stored in a metal tube and squeezed out some of it to apply it on his wound.

The soul-stabbing pain was immediately eased by the cooling sensation. Emlyn slowly exhaled as though he had finally resurrected.

He had used a great deal of willpower to restrain himself from throwing the Vision of White onto the ground. This was because once the Sealed Artifact left his control, it would automatically absorb the light around it and emit a radiant glow. To a Sanguine, this was an excellent way of committing suicide.

Right on the heels of that, Emlyn took out a bottle of his blood that he had extracted beforehand and smeared it on the surface of Leymano's Travels. Then, he drank another bottle of blood to ease the bloodthirst that Lilith's Ring brought about.

After such an operation, he finally removed the negative effects the Sealed Artifact had on him.

Only at this moment did Emlyn have the time to recall the accident that had happened during the battle.

The Door of Summoning that he projected with Lilith's Ring didn't summon creatures from deep in the spirit world, but he ended up summoning a strange moon.

The moon hung behind the Door of Summoning and silently illuminated Shaman King Klarman, suppressing the various Beyonder powers that belonged to the Moon domain.

If not for this change, even if Lilith's Ring had summoned a saint-level spirit world creature, the battle wouldn't have ended so quickly. Perhaps they would have had to wait until the Rose School of Thought temperance angel descended to gain an overwhelming advantage.

…A silvery-white moon… Could it be that the Ancestor had provided me with some help? Emlyn had a thought and made a corresponding guess.

This matched the identity of the Sanguine savior that the Ancestor had appointed.

After careful consideration, Emlyn no longer had any doubts about this guess, but unlike the past, he wasn't that excited or thrilled.

After experiencing a battle at the demigod level and confirming that he was shouldering such an important responsibility, he felt no sense of pride. His heart was heavy from the pressure.

Phew… A few seconds later, Emlyn opened his mouth and whispered, "I'm the savior of the Sanguine."

When he said this, his expression was abnormally solemn, somewhat dignified, without any hesitation.

…

In the house where Emlyn met Maric and Sharron.

When the Sanguine saw the perfect doll-like lady take out two items, he heard her slightly ethereal voice say, "According to the agreement, we will only take one thing. This is the rest."

The two items were:

A fist-sized gem condensed from thick blood. It emitted a crimson glow, like a miniature crimson moon. The other item was an exquisite male doll with two black holes as its eyes.

Shaman King's Beyonder characteristic… General of the Pupil-less Eye… Emlyn nodded and saw that the two items seemed to have a life of their own as they flew over.

Just as he reached out to catch it, he heard Miss Sharron add, "The Shaman King Beyonder characteristic has some strange traces of corruption. Even

the Unshadowed Spear was unable to cleanse it."

It means that I need to find an angel to help me shatter it to remove the corruption? Emlyn completely understood what Sharron was saying as he nodded slightly.

"I understand what to do."

Sharron, who was wearing a small black bonnet, immediately floated up and gave a curtsy.

"Thank you for your help."

"Likewise." Emlyn took off his hat and bowed in return.

…

Above the grayish-white fog, inside the ancient palace.

Klein looked at the wisps of black gas emanating from his body, shook his head, and sighed.

I actually got cursed by the Abomination without realizing it… The projection of the Chained God could be the culprit as well…

I was even separated by a historical projection…

If it were any saint without Sefirah Castle, they would probably experience a sudden death after thinking they were safe.

As for Miss Messenger, there wasn't much of a problem even without the historical projection in between because "She" was a real angel. Therefore, Klein wasn't worried.

After the black gas dissipated, Klein waited for a while. He waited until Emlyn sacrificed the items and requested Mr. Fool to help purify the

Shaman King Beyonder characteristic.

Strange corruption… From the Mother Tree of Desire or the Primordial Moon? Klein picked up the miniature crimson moon and carefully observed it for a few seconds.

During this process, he was on high alert, constantly preparing to mobilize Sefirah Castle's powers.

If he wasn't at the level of an angel level here, he wouldn't have agreed to Emlyn's sacrifice. Instead, he would've chosen to smite down with power at the Sequence 2 level, shattering the characteristic and separating the corruption remotely.

Back then, Klein didn't even dare to divine the Werewolf Beyonder characteristic that had been slightly influenced by the Mother Tree of Desire. He had even hurriedly sold it.

After examining it seriously, Klein pressed his right hand, causing the entire mysterious space to vibrate.

The miniature crimson moon shattered with a crack, splitting into tiny red dots of light.

Amongst these light dots, there was a small amount of red mist that evaporated, eventually forming a drop of fresh blood.

Then, the red light dots gathered again, constantly condensing before transforming into the miniature crimson moon. However, compared to before, it was more translucent and pure.

Klein conjured a fake hand, picked up the drop of seemingly fresh blood, and discovered that it contained immense vitality.

It's not at the angel level, but it's a little strange… It seems to have received an evil god's blessings… As Klein cut off all the invisible connections that

resulted from the blood, he took a paper figurine and attempted to press the drop of blood onto it.

The moment the blood came into contact with the paper figurine, it immediately seeped in. In the next second, the paper figurine's stomach strangely bulged and exploded.

At the moment the paper figurine tore apart, a new paper figurine with a hint of crimson crawled out from its stomach. It seemed to have fully-developed features.

The power of reproduction… Klein frowned slightly as he stabbed with his right hand, reducing the newly born paper figurine into powder.

A tiny amount of blood-colored mist emanated again, condensing into a drop of blood.

The characteristic and spirituality were only slightly weakened… It needs to be repeated more than a hundred times before it can be completely removed… Klein silently assessed as he gathered the powers of Sefirah Castle to seal the drop of blood.

He then looked up and cast his gaze at the male doll on the long mottled table.

The palm-sized doll in a formal suit was prostrating; it didn't dare to look up.

Oh, how easy is it to deal with those with living characteristics… Klein chuckled as he gathered the sealed drop of blood and brought it close towards the doll named General of the Pupil-less Eye.

General of the Pupil-less Eye pushed itself up with all four limbs and quickly retreated.

After a pause, it pressed its forehead against the table, emitting a sound indecipherable to humans.

"Declaring your subservience? Very good…" Klein replied with a smile and casually instructed, "Show me your abilities."

After a series of demonstrations, he confirmed that General of the Pupil-less Eye could possess a target and affect lifeless items. It also had some level of control over mystical items that no one possessed or had spirituality injected into.

The latter power might be very useful at certain times… Klein nodded slightly and beckoned for it to jump into a box he conjured.

After carefully sealing it, Klein threw the box and the drop of blood into the junk pile to let them familiarize themselves with their future lives.

As for the negative effects of General of the Pupil-less Eye, Klein believed that they could discuss and resolve it amicably and normally.

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CHAPTER 1238
HYPOTHESIS

After dealing with the spoils of war and bestowing the purified Shaman King Beyonder characteristic to Emlyn White, Klein was in no hurry to leave Sefirah Castle. He simply reviewed the battle today.

One thing he focused on was Abomination Suah's performance in various aspects, so as to assess how powerful an angel was.

If I encounter him head-on and do not hold back, I might not even have a chance to summon an angel projection. Unless I succeed on my first attempt… Of course, my target, Dark Demon Wolf, is a Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker. As for Abomination Suah, "He" is already a Sequence 1. The gap between the two is likely quite significant… However, Dark Demonic Wolf shares the same Seer pathway as me. "He" suppresses me in every aspect… I can only be thankful that "He" hasn't completed the ritual and advanced to Sequence 1, or I wouldn't have any hope of winning… Sequence 1… As his thoughts raced, Klein's gaze suddenly constricted as he sat straight.

He had thought of a possibility in a moment of inspiration.

Could the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar, have advanced and become a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries? "He" created a marionette city to mislead possible trackers, such as Angel of Time Amon?

It can't be ruled out… Yes, there's another possibility. The Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar is in complete control of that "curtain" and has the strength of a quasi-Sequence 1… The more Klein thought about it, the more he realized that the operation was more dangerous than he imagined.

The Dark Demonic Wolf has survived in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for so many years. Even a God of Trickery like Amon is unable to capture "Him." This means that "His" strength and intelligence has reached a rather high level!

I still have to make more preparations for hunting "Him"…Klein frowned slightly and slowly exhaled.

…

Backlund, West Borough, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn sat on a leather sofa in the living room, crossed his right leg, and placed it on his left thigh, patiently waiting for Baron Cosmi to enter.

Before long, the middle-aged Sanguine Baron entered the living room and swept his gaze across Emlyn.

"Viscount White, why are you visiting so late at night?"

Emlyn smiled and said, "Isn't this just the beginning of a day? Look, the crimson moon outside the window is so beautiful."

Cosmi wanted to retort to the young Sanguine, pointing out how Emlyn followed the "good practice" of waking up at seven in the morning and sleeping before eleven back when he went to the Harvest Church. After a moment of hesitation, he resisted the urge and said, "What's the matter?"

Emlyn raised his hand to pat the gown, tugged at his bowtie, and slowly got up. He raised his chin slightly and said, "Tell Lord Nibbs that he can begin preparing for the Earl conferment ritual."

"…” Cosmi instinctively asked, "What are you talking about?"

Just as he said that, he suddenly came to a realization as he recalled Emlyn's previous application.

"Y-you obtained an Earl—no, a Shaman King's Beyonder characteristic?"

Emlyn enjoyed this very moment as he replied with a smile, "Did you think I was just joking when borrowing Vision of White?"

As he spoke, he took out the bronze box inlaid with many ruby gems. He opened it and revealed the eyeball-shaped glass sphere inside, indicating that he hadn't lost it and was about to return it.

Cosmi's eyes flickered as he said, "The Rose School of Thought's temperance faction still has such powerful strength?

"Then why did they cooperate with you?"

The upper echelons of the Sanguine in Backlund, which was also the grandfather of Cosmi, Marquis Nibbs Odora, didn't think highly of Emlyn's previous application. He wanted to wait for the cooperation with the Rose School of Thought to fall through before Emlyn had no choice but to seek help from him or their demigods.

Emlyn glanced at him and replied with a smile, "It's a secret."

This was the tone he learned from Gehrman Sparrow. He found it cool and thought that it suited his preferences.

At the same time, this was the key point that The Hanged Man had repeatedly told him during the free exchange of the Tarot Club.

Only by maintaining a sense of mystery would the upper echelons of the Sanguine experience certain fear. This prevented them from finding excuses or using their status to take away the Shaman King characteristic.

Without waiting for Cosmi to respond, Emlyn threw the bronze box containing the Vision of White and buttoned up his suit. He walked past the baron and walked to the door of the living room.

As he was about to leave, Emlyn stopped. Without turning his head, he straightened his back and looked straight ahead.

"Remember to address me as Earl next time."

With the Ancestor's blessings and the importance the Moon had placed on him, he was filled with confidence in becoming a Shaman King.

Cosmi's facial muscles twitched, but he maintained his silence. Only after Emlyn left did he find it difficult to control his warped expression.

As a Sanguine who had existed since the time of Roselle, he was many years older than Emlyn, but he remained a baron. He was just slightly better than those without a noble title. As for Emlyn, who was considered a laughing stock amongst the younger generation of the Backlund Sanguine, he was about to cross the border separating mortals and gods. He would become a Sequence 4 Shaman King, a Sanguine Earl.

How could Cosmi not lose his composure? How could he not be jealous? How could he not be shocked?

After spending a few minutes to control his emotions, he headed down to the basement. Passing through several secret doors, he arrived at the gray hall where Nibbs was sleeping.

"Grandfather, Emlyn's operation has succeeded."

Inside the black iron coffin, there was a brief silence. After three or four seconds, Nibbs finally said, "The faction backing him is beyond our imagination…”

This Sanguine Marquis's voice was deep and old, with a hint of hoarseness as it echoed in the hall.

"Grandfather, Emlyn succeeded by relying on the Vision of White. A portion of the items he obtained rightfully belongs to the race," Cosmi said

with some anticipation, feeling somewhat indignant.

Nibbs's voice grew louder.

"Buffoon!

"To be able to hunt a Shaman King while the Rose School of Thought was clearly prepared, is that something any faction can do?

"The Rose School of Thought's temperance faction has been in shambles for years, so how much strength can it have left?

"At most, they have an angel in a poor condition, or a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, as well as two to three demigods. All these put together wouldn't be able to restrain Abomination Suah and the Rose School of Thought's other angels, other Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, a sizable number of demigods, as well as the Chained God's projection, and the blessings of the Mother Tree of Desire.

"If Emlyn's operation succeeded, then you can count how many angels and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are needed at the very least. This is a power that can match ours!

"In the future, don't deliberately investigate Emlyn and his other companions!"

After shouting a few more times, Nibbs coughed twice, clearly struggling.

Cosmi's face turned pale as he finally calmed down.

"Then… are you really going to prepare a ritual for him?"

"What else?" Nibbs returned with a question before sighing. "Perhaps after Emlyn took the risk for the Sanguine's future, the Ancestor has truly begun showing 'Her' concern for him…”

…

Fog Sea, La Cha Island.

After leaving the Future on the safe sea route, Admiral of Stars Cattleya used her fairytale magic to arrive at a mountain peak. She recited a passage in Jotun to an empty cliff:

"Open sesame!"

A path immediately appeared on the cliff as though it was real and illusory. It was unknown where it led to.

Cattleya made use of her prophetic means to make a simple assessment of any danger. Then, she stepped onto the path and ventured deep into the cliff.

As she walked, her vision cleared up. She saw the sea that appeared clear like sapphires and a beautiful castle made of pure emerald.

This was Queen Mystic Bernadette's Emerald City.

Cattleya wasn't unfamiliar with this place. She easily passed the questions and tests of the magical guards and came to the half-open room that provided the best vista in the castle.

The tall Queen was standing behind the railing, looking at the waves that surged forward.

For some reason, Cattleya's hidden excitement, thrill, and joy suddenly calmed down at that moment as she felt a sense of security and freedom.

Back when she cruised the seas, she would occasionally feel lonely and sad, like a leaf that had left its tree, allowing the wind to bring her to different places. Now, she seemed to have fallen back to the ground, right beside the tree.

She opened her mouth, momentarily at a loss for words. Finally, she nudged the heavy glasses on her nose and simply greeted, "Good afternoon, Your Majesty."

Bernadette turned around and nodded.

"I summoned you back to Emerald City because I have some things to hand over to you."

Cattleya instinctively asked, "Why are you handing them over to me?"

The Queen had a secret organization like Element Dawn and a group of pirates under her!

Bernadette didn't directly answer Cattleya's question as she said, "I previously received a clue and left Backlund in a hurry."

"I remember the matter," Cattleya interjected.

Bernadette's long and straight eyebrows twitched slightly.

"Through this clue, I managed to piece together an incomplete sea map from the descendants of Edwards, William, and Poli. It records the area my father had explored in the Fog Sea those years.

With the help of this sea map and my prophetic abilities, I can roughly guess that a particular area out at sea that is far away from the safe sea route might be hiding his secret. I plan on heading there on the Dawn to do an extended search.

"I'm not sure when I can return. Perhaps I will never be able to return. Therefore, I have to hand over some items and matters to you in advance."

After listening carefully, Cattleya said without hesitation, "I'll go with you."

"It is my father. This is something I have to do, alone." Queen Mystic Bernadette slowly shook her head.

Cattleya fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "If you don't return, I would do the same."

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CHAPTER 1239
LEGACY

Upon hearing Cattleya's words, Queen Mystic Bernadette looked at her silently for a few seconds before saying, "That is your choice, and also your freedom."

Cattleya stared straight at the Queen before pursing her lips and saying, "I know. You must've destroyed all the clues that will allow me to pursue your tracks…

"To you, this is to end the past—all of it—regardless of whether you return."

The chestnut-colored hair casually draped over Bernadette's shoulders as she maintained her silence as if she was using this method to confirm the Admiral of Stars's guess.

When Cattleya saw this, she smiled bitterly and said, "I won't harp on how I'll do everything I can to find you if you were to remain lost for half a year or a year. I just want you to remember to recite Mr. Fool's honorific name when the danger is gravest."

She said that title frankly.

Queen Mystic Bernadette slowly nodded and said, "I will keep that in mind."

Cattleya immediately revealed a smile as she said with misty eyes, "What items and matters need to be handed over to me?"

With a flip of her hand, Bernadette took out an item from somewhere.

The item was entirely gold in color, like a miniaturized kettle. Its surface was covered with mysterious and complicated symbols, and a part of a lamp's wick extended out from the mouth.

"It's name is the 'Magic Wishing Lamp.' Its serial number is 0-05. It might've originated from the First Epoch, and even a true deity can't shatter it. Normally, it wouldn't cause any harm, nor would it be of any use. However, it will constantly tempt you to rub it through dreams and illusions, to summon the Genie." Queen Mystic Bernadette simply introduced the item's origins and effects. "The Genie claims to be eternal and can grant you any ten wishes, but often, they are fulfilled in an extremely warped manner or with terrifying consequences. My father told me that the holder can avoid the harm brought by the first two wishes through proper wording and preparations, but the third wish is absolutely forbidden."

At this point, Bernadette emphasized, "Absolutely forbidden!"

"It sounds easy to get around it…" Cattleya thought for a moment before saying, "Can't you make two wishes before giving it to me. I'll make another two wishes, then give it to Frank, Heath, and the others. This will allow for many things to be done."

She was only using Frank as an example. She had no intention of letting him come into contact with something so dangerous.

Holding the Magic Wishing Lamp, Bernadette shook her head indiscernibly and said, "The owner is different from the wielder. Before I die, even if you obtain the Magic Wishing Lamp, you will only be a wielder. The first wish you make will also be counted as my third wish and your first wish.

"Also, although we can craft our words and make preparations to avoid the damage caused by the fulfillment of the wishes, this does not mean that the

Genie isn't intelligent. On the contrary, 'He' is very smart, very cunning, and has a very strong sense of autonomy."

Cattleya tersely acknowledged.

"Then, is there any wish that 'He' cannot fulfill?"

"Nothing at the moment, but if it involves the level of a true deity, the distortion of the wish will exceed your imagination. To put it simply, if you wish to become a Sequence 0 true deity, then your body and soul will meld into one with an unknown evil god. Remember, the Genie's requirement is that the wish has to be simple and concise. Otherwise, 'He' will reject it and treat it as if you have already made a wish," Bernadette explained.

With that said, she got an invisible servant to fly towards Cattleya with the terrifying Sealed Artifact 0-05.

After Cattleya reached out her hand to grab the Magic Wishing Lamp, Bernadette continued, "If you dream of the Genie and are bewitched by 'Him' to make a wish, that means that I can no longer return. Following that, you will be its owner. I hope that your first wish is to retrieve all the items that were carried on Bernadette Gustav's person before she headed out to sea, including her own Beyonder characteristic. Yes, it's best to add the exact date when making a wish."

Cattleya looked down at the golden lamp and blurted out, "Can I make a wish to bring you back to life?"

After a few seconds of silence, Bernadette said, "The resurrected me might just be a monster.

"If you really wish to do so, you can ask Mr. Fool for 'His' opinion."

Cattleya nodded slightly.

"Okay."

"This is the item I'm giving you and the matters I need to settle. I'll leave the rest to the Element Dawn. They will have a new leader and won't collapse because of a person's disappearance." Bernadette didn't beat around the bush, indicating that this was the main reason she had summoned Cattleya to Emerald City.

The level of the divine lamp was extremely high, making it impossible to pass it through a messenger.

Without waiting for Cattleya's reply, Queen Mystic's expression suddenly softened.

"Haven't you always wanted to share what happened all these years with me?"

Cattleya was taken aback as she nodded.

"That's right."

She then walked to the Queen's side, pulled a chair over, and sat down, facing the blue sea beyond the emerald railing.

Bernadette sat beside her and listened to her talk about all the encounters after she left the Dawn.

These matters had been mentioned in the letter by Cattleya, but due to the limited length, she didn't provide any detailed descriptions. There were some that she was sharing for the first time.

At some point in time, Cattleya fell asleep and dreamed of a time many years ago.

At that time, she was just a maiden who stubbornly left the Dawn without looking back.

Suddenly, she woke up and realized that there was no one beside her. She realized that it had already turned dark at some point in time, and dawn was even approaching.

Cattleya suddenly reached out and threw out an illusory ball of yarn.

The ball of yarn rolled into the void, leaving behind a bright-colored thread.

Following this thread, Cattleya walked through the spirit world as though she had mastered "Teleportation" and arrived at the periphery of La Cha Island.

She stood at the edge of the cliff and cast her gaze into the distance. She saw that on the dark blue sea, a gorgeous and huge sailboat, which was tinted with an orange glow, was steering towards the horizon.

Cattleya slowly sat down and leaned forward slightly. She hugged her knees and looked in that direction for a long time.

The sun gradually rose and shone on her.

…

In Backlund, at a soup kitchen.

The veil-wearing Stelyn Sammer no longer lowered her head like the previous few months, afraid that others would recognize her. The only worry on her mind as she anxiously looked ahead was if the free food would last until it was her turn.

She could vaguely hear gunshots echoing in the distance. She didn't know if the armies of Feysac, Intis, or Feynapotter had breached the final line of defense, or if the police were dealing with a looter.

Please end it… Please end this war quickly… Stelyn, who had gone to three soup kitchens, silently prayed.

At this moment, a staff member raised his voice and said from a few meters away, "All the food here has been handed out!"

Stelyn's face turned ashen. She looked up at the dark sky and dragged her feet in despair and numbness before returning to the house at 17 Minsk Street.

The moment she opened the door, her two children rushed over and raised their innocent faces.

"Mommy, did you get any bread?"

"Mommy, I'm hungry…”

They were twins, a boy and a girl. Both of them were very adorable.

Stelyn held back her tears and forced a smile.

"Yes."

She then entered the house, took out some pieces of bread she had stashed, and split it among the two children.

As she watched the two children eat the bread without any regard for etiquette, Stelyn's expression kept changing. It cycled between sorrow and pain.

Not long after, her husband, Luke Sammer, returned home, but he, too, didn't have any food in his hands.

Ever since the Coim Company was taken over by the military during the war, this former manager had lost his job. He could only rely on their past savings and maintain his family via government aid.

"I didn't manage to…” Seeing his wife's hopeful gaze, this burly man with a messy beard lowered his head in shame.

Stelyn, who still looked rather pretty while in her thirties, took a deep breath and said, "Me too… I'll go out and queue again. There should still be places that haven't finished distributing food!"

Without waiting for her husband to respond, she rushed out of the door.

Luke immediately turned around and said to her back, "I'll find another one too!"

Stelyn didn't stop. She walked two streets and arrived in front of a house with a garden.

Not long after, she saw the owner of the place, a tycoon in his fifties.

"I want to buy some food." Stelyn took out a stack of crumpled bills.

The grizzled elder smiled and said, "And why should I sell it to you?

"I remember that you rejected me last time."

Stelyn's face paled. Without a word, she lowered her head and unbuckled her belt with her other hand.

With a snap, the leather belt that was originally very exquisite but now had quite a few stains fell to the ground.

…

Luke Sammer wandered aimlessly on the streets, unsure where he could find food.

Looking at the small number of pedestrians passing by, and the bags that they were trying their best to protect, the scholarly gentleman's eyes gradually turned red.

Unknowingly, he followed someone and turned into a street.

In less than an hour, the curfew would begin. This was a rare opportunity for him.

That person stopped outside a house and walked towards the door feebly.

At this moment, the person suddenly fainted and fell to the ground.

Luke subconsciously took a few steps back before quickly approaching to test the pedestrian's breathing.

His gaze unconsciously fell on the paper bag in the man's embrace, and he could smell the aroma of bread.

Luke gulped and reached out for the bag.

As he moved his hand, he looked back in fear at the house that this pedestrian was trying to enter. He saw a child's drawing pasted on the oriel window.

Luke's actions stiffened. A few seconds later, he stood up, walked to the door of the house, and rang the doorbell.

The house's mistress and child quickly opened the door and saw their weak father and the bag of bread.

The curfew arrived very quickly, and Luke returned to Minsk Street dejectedly.

Just as he opened the door, he saw his wife smiling at him.

"I got food!"

That's great… Luke heaved a sigh of relief and hugged her tightly.

…

Audrey walked along the streets and alleys, with no one capable of seeing her.

She didn't say anything and walked back to Empress Borough, all the way back into the luxurious mansion where she smelled the aroma of pan-fried foie gras and other delicacies.

After staring silently for a while, she saw the maids coming and going. Finally, she headed upstairs to her room.

In the middle of the night, she wore a cloak and entered her parents' bedroom before arriving at their bed.

After staring at them for a long time, Audrey knelt down on one knee and pressed her forehead against her father's hand.

Beads of water dripped onto the carpet.

Then, the blonde, green-eyed noble lady slowly raised her head and said to her sleeping parents, choking, "Daddy, Mommy, thank you. Thank you for teaching me what pity, kindness, and virtue are."

As soon as she finished speaking, she closed her eyes and stood up abruptly. Turning around, she walked towards the door, no longer wearing the slightest emotions on her face.

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CHAPTER 1240
THE TIDE

In the early morning, Earl Hall woke up at his usual time and took a stroll in his garden and lawn.

By the time he finished looking at his beloved thoroughbreds, he returned to the third floor of the villa and changed out of his outing clothes. His wife, Caitlyn, had already woken up and was instructing her lady's maid to relay her thoughts to the rest of the servants.

"It's time for breakfast." Earl Hall stood beside the coat rack and smiled at his wife.

At that moment, he heard a commotion outside, one that was getting closer and closer, but it did not quell.

With a slight frown, Earl Hall turned his head to look at his valet.

Without needing the noble to speak, the valet immediately walked to the window and drew open the thin curtain.

With a swoosh, more light shone into the bedroom. It was clear.

The valet then cast his gaze out the window and scanned his surroundings. His expression suddenly became solemn.

He turned around and glanced at Lady Caitlyn, who was still talking to the lady's maid. He walked quickly to Earl Hall's side and said in a low voice, "A protest! Many people are protesting!"

A protest? Earl Hall was no stranger to this term. As a powerful Loen Kingdom noble, and the second largest shareholder of the Constant Coal and Steel Consortium, he had seen many workers protest in demonstrations, requesting for a rise in their weekly salaries, as well as stipulate for maximum working hours. During the past two months, Backlund had also undergone several protests due to various problems, but they were quickly suppressed without causing too much of an impact.

His gaze moved back and forth across his valet's face for a few seconds. Eyes narrowed, he acutely sensed that the protest today might be different from what he had imagined.

Without batting an eyelid, he walked to the window.

Looking out, Earl Hall's eyes suddenly froze.

With the advantage of being on the third floor, he saw that the roads were filled with dense hordes of people, extending far into the distance. They gathered together and surged in this direction, as if they were a dark, gigantic cloud that was about to envelop Backlund.

"Bread!"

"We want bread!"

The shouts of tens of thousands of people, and even more people, grew into a crescendo—one that was loud and clear. It made Earl Hall's scalp tingle.

Having participated in the Mass at Festival Square, he was no stranger to seeing large masses of people or hearing people booming in one voice. But back then, he could barely be considered a part of the crowd. And today, he was one of the targets of the surging "tidal wave."

Earl Hall couldn't help but glance towards the end of the protesters, only to realize that there was no end to it. However, with his rich experience in

handling matters, he could make a judgment based on the details he had observed.

He could see that there were very few police and soldiers on both sides of the protesters. Compared to the large number of people, they were like the eddies created by a tidal wave, a negligible detail.

Earl Hall believed that the protesters that targeted Empress Borough would definitely be clamped down upon with the greatest force possible. It would be impossible for large numbers of soldiers and police to be deployed. The current situation could only mean one thing:

There were too many people participating in the protest!

As such, the soldiers and police were spread too thin!

A protest numbering more than a hundred thousand people? Perhaps more… A protest arising from a food shortage can turn into a riot and looting at any time… It might still seem orderly now… because there are many organizers and leaders? Damn it. Didn't MI9 and the various Churches notice any signs? How could such a large-scale protest be organized overnight? Even if Backlund has become a gunpowder keg, it would still require quite a number of matchsticks to light it! Thoughts ran through Earl Hall's mind as his expression grew graver.

"Bread!"

"We want bread!"

The shouting became louder and more uniform, as if there was a tsunami in the city.

At that moment, the servants in Earl Hall's mansion sensed the commotion. All of them went to the windows and looked beyond the compound gates.

Their faces turned pale, as though they had encountered a flood that could not be avoided.

"Bread!"

"We want bread!"

Countless voices converged together, as the dense masses exuded a suffocating presence.

Earl Hall snapped to his senses. He subconsciously wanted to get someone to send a telegram to the royal family to get them to organize an army to suppress the protesters.

However, after further observation, he realized that quite a number of protesters were wearing military uniforms and were disabled.

"Bread!"

"We want bread!"

The soldiers in charge of maintaining order looked at the protesters with pity and pointed their guns at the sky.

Among those people were their old comrades, their parents and children, their friends, neighbors, and large numbers of people who simply desired the same right to live like them. They just didn't want to starve to death. How could they not feel pity and empathy?

At first, such feelings might have arisen in a handful of soldiers and police, but it quickly spread to almost everyone.

In the past, under their officers' supervision at gunpoint, they would have accepted all orders without any protest. But now, many people were thinking:

*Any son-of-a-b*tch who dares to get me to fire shall be fired upon!*

"Bread!"

"We want bread!"

From the shouts and the impact of the huge crowd, the color in Earl Hall's face drained.

He couldn't help but retract his gaze and look at the guards and bodyguards gathered outside the house. He looked at the Beyonders of the Church of Evernight who were responsible for protecting his family, and he realized that the reactions of the two were different.

The guards and bodyguards were filled with fear. The expressions of the secretly-hired Beyonders had already become rather solemn. As for the protectors from the Church of Evernight, their gazes were filled with pity and empathy.

To the Church, I might be equivalent to a thousand believers, but there are tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, or even more… Earl Hall instantly came to a realization of the consequences of what he had planned to do.

Even though they were armed to the teeth, there was no way they could fend off so many protesters with just a few bodyguards. Once the conflict erupted, the Beyonders of the Church of Evernight couldn't be counted on at all. It was already a blessing by the Goddess if his family could escape Empress Borough with the bodyguards he hired!

For the first time, Earl Hall experienced the strength of the masses. He experienced the terror of the unity of people.

As this thought flashed through his mind, he immediately turned his head and instructed his valet, "Send a telegram to the Prime Minister and send a

telegram to the other nobles. Say that I'm willing to take the lead and donate most of our food!

"Get them to remain calm!"

As the radio signals exchanged across the air, the nobles living in Empress Borough all learned of his attitude.

The present Duke Negan looked out the window with a serious expression. After a moment of silence, he exhaled and said to the male secretary beside him, "Protect the mansion and give up any forceful stance. Follow Earl Hall's lead.

"Also, make the merchants who are hoarding food the first examples!"

By the time the upper-class society came to a consensus and came up with a solution, Earl Hall's heart finally settled back to its original position. He had the energy to head to the dining room to meet his family.

When he passed through the dining hall's entrance, he subconsciously scanned the situation inside.

His wife stood by the window, looking out the window with worry. His eldest son kept pacing back and forth, appearing very angry and anxious. His daughter stood beside his wife, watching the tidal-wave-like protesters in silence.

…

Fog Sea, Future.

Cattleya stepped on a resplendent bridge formed from starlight and returned to the deck.

"Captain, you have to do something about Frank this time!" Boatswain Nina, rushed over and shouted.

Cattleya's depressed and sorrowful mood was instantly shattered as she frowned slightly.

"What did he do again?"

Nina said angrily, "He asked me if I knew how to have children. He wants to study how life is born and how the soul is created!"

“…Did you hit him?" Cattleya fell silent for a second.

"I did!" Nina didn't hide anything.

Cattleya then looked at Frank who was not far away, ignoring his bruised face.

"You should first study how fish breed."

"Alright." Frank scratched his head and heeded his captain's orders.

Following that, Cattleya nodded at the shadow which extended out from the cabin—the pale-faced Bloodless Heath Doyle.

"Everything's fine now."

Heath Doyle clearly relaxed.

"Yes, Captain."

After this farce with her crew, Cattleya finally returned to the real world. While they weren't paying attention, she rubbed her temples and flew into the captain's cabin.

Following that, she sealed the cabin with magic and took out the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact—Magic Wishing Lamp.

After finishing her preparations, Cattleya sat at her desk and lowered her head. She used Jotun to recite Mr. Fool's honorific name to report to him about Queen Mystic.

Holding a lantern in hand, Klein surveyed the surrounding area of the northern city ruins. He turned his head slightly and listened for a few seconds before following the process of entering the world above the gray fog.

He then sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool at the end of the long mottled table, spreading his spirituality towards the crimson star representing The Hermit.

Queen Mystic has some preliminary clues to the primitive island. She plans on leaving the safe sea route to do an extended search…

That primitive island was discovered by Emperor Roselle by chance. It's very likely that one of his nine secret mausoleums is hidden on it… This is the only one that hasn't been discovered and destroyed at the moment. It's the hope of the Emperor's resurrection…

However, the living beings on that primitive island seem to worship an unknown power that comes from the cosmos. Just understanding the cosmos that will lead to corruption… I need to remind Ma'am Hermit to warn Queen Mystic…

Magic Wishing Lamp… Magic Wishing Lamp? So this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is in the hands of Queen Mystic… It's a combination of a Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic and a characteristic of unknown origins. Even a true deity can't shatter it… Just as he finished listening to 0-05's description, he immediately adjusted his vision and enlarged the scene of the golden kettle-like Magic Wishing Lamp.

Suddenly, the wick at the mouth of the Magic Wishing Lamp lit up!

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CHAPTER 1241
GENIE

The light emitted by the lamp's core was extremely viscous, like water that had been infused with quite a bit of sugar. It spewed out, forming a distorted and blurry golden figure.

This figure instantly occupied the crimson star representing The Hermit, cutting off his ability to sense Cattleya.

Sitting at the end of the long bronze table, Klein's eyes widened as a thought subconsciously flashed across his mind:

As expected of a Sealed Artifact labeled 0-05!

Although the serial number of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts was usually based on the order of the time the orthodox Churches obtained or understood them, it had to be known that this set of rules was officially established after the seven Churches truly ruled over the world, which was the late Fourth Epoch and early Fifth Epoch.

Back then, most Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts had already appeared, and they had been learned of or obtained by the orthodox Churches!

This resulted in a situation where the ones with smaller serial numbers being Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts that were more powerful, terrifying, and unimaginable. Then, the rest were labeled based on the order of appearance.

In addition, although it wasn't wrong to say that an item was more powerful the more ancient it was, for an item from the First Epoch that the ancient

gods were unable to affect, it definitely meant that even deities didn't fully comprehend their secrets.

This way, the smaller the number was, the more terrifying the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was.

Of course, based on this rule, the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts with higher serial numbers weren't necessarily worse than the first ten. Perhaps it was simply because they were discovered or obtained by the Church at a later date. Without any numbers left for them, they could only be serialized.

Just as a thought flashed through his mind, the golden figure's gaze pierced through the crimson star representing The Hermit and towards the ancient palace above the gray fog.

Following that, "His" voice echoed in an unusually magnificent manner:

"Long time no see."

Long time no see? Long time no see! He… He knows the former owner of Sefirah Castle, The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings? No, it should be "Him," a Genie who claims to be eternal…"He" can actually use Ma'am Hermit's prayer to directly talk to me… A thought flashed through Klein's mind as he tensed up.

Based on his experience over the recent years, as well as his ability as a Clown, his body suddenly relaxed and he leisurely leaned back into his chair.

Following that, Klein replied, "Heh."

He didn't give an affirmative answer, nor did he deny that he was a fake. He only showed a look of contempt and wore a supercilious look.

The blurry golden figure harrumphed.

"You've actually been weakened so much. It's no wonder that I haven't heard of your honorific name in the past few millennia."

Honorific name… Weak…"He" really knows the former owner of Sefirah Castle… Is that an existence who was active during the First Epoch? Amidst his thoughts, Klein smiled and said, "What you see might not be the truth."

"Haha." The twisted and blurry golden figure laughed and said, "You're still your usual self, always trying to scam others, but the condition of Sefirah Castle cannot fool me. Under normal circumstances, there's no way for me to pass through the outer layers of protection to communicate with you."

"How do you know that I didn't do it on purpose?" Klein asked in a relaxed manner.

"There's no point in lying to me," the distorted, blurry golden Genie immediately replied.

…Why do I feel like the victim of fraud is saying that I'm penniless, to the point of having sold my kidney… Back then, what did the previous owner of Sefirah Castle—the one suspected to be The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings—do to the Genie… Hmm, part of the characteristics of this Magic Wishing Lamp is that of a Miracle Invoker… Using his lampooning to relieve the pressure in his heart, Klein smiled.

"It's not up to you to decide whether there's any point."

The blurry golden figure trembled slightly.

"From the state of Sefirah Castle, you seem to have a need for a Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic."

"He" did not harp on the topic and instead pointed out the situation "He" had observed.

…This fellow can actually see through this matter…"His" level is really very high…"He" is able to separate the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic from the Magic Wishing Lamp? Klein's eyes narrowed as he nearly lost his composure.

He immediately controlled his actions and expression and replied with a smile, "If you think so."

The blurry and distorted golden figure once again made "His" magnificent voice echo above the gray fog.

"We can make a deal.

"You will remove my seal and give me freedom. I will leave the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic to you and only take away the portion that belongs to me.

"As for a witness, let's use our sefirot. Although both you and I have means to resist the backlash and reduce the damage caused by breaching the contract, it won't be without a price. We both need to consider the consequences.

"I promise I won't stay here any longer than necessary."

Sealed… Sefirot… The terrifying nature of the Magic Wishing Lamp is a seal of an existence that's at least at the true deity level? With a thought, Klein quickly analyzed the viability of the matter.

Soon, he made a decision. He was not to be bewitched!

There were two reasons for this. Firstly, he wasn't the real owner of Sefirah Castle. There was a limit to what he could do and handle. Secondly, he had received some mysticism education and had gleaned experiences as a Nighthawk. He knew not to trade with unknown existences or bear any hope in being lucky!

Having made up his mind, he calmed down and focused on how to gather more information.

The Genie was suspected to originate from the darkest, most chaotic, and most mysterious First Epoch, so "He" definitely knew a lot!

After some thought, the corners of Klein's mouth curled up.

"Do you think such conditions can move me?"

He planned to see how high the chips the Genie could offer, so as to pry into certain of "His" secrets.

Upon hearing this, the flickering golden figure's eyes suddenly lit up in a literal manner!

"His" gaze seemed to land directly on Klein as "His" magnificent voice quaked the ancient palace like thunder:

"You are not 'Him'!"

*You are not "Him"…*At that moment, Klein was a little stunned and also a little frightened. It was as if he was performing a grand magic show only to have a member of the audience suddenly point out his trick.

He didn't know what was wrong with his rhetorical question, nor did he know what exactly was wrong. It was difficult for him to analyze the pros and cons in a short period of time, and give a reaction that matched the current situation.

…Why did "He" suddenly realize that I'm not the former owner of Sefirah Castle—the suspected "Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings"…Isn't my rhetoric question very reasonable? Since we're talking about a deal, bargaining should be allowed… The former owner of Sefirah Castle that the Genie knew wasn't like that? Impossible, why would a person who's good at deceit show "His" hand so readily? How can there not

*be some level of negotiation and pressure? Sh*t, too many thoughts are running through my mind. Nearly ten seconds have passed… I didn't immediately answer the Genie's accusation, so it's a form of indirect admittance…* When it came to being exposed, Klein didn't have much experience. He was momentarily unsure for a response.

Just as he raised his vigilance and was about to produce the Staff of the Stars and activate Sefirah Castle's powers to resist the possible attack from the Genie, the golden and blurry figure suddenly laughed.

"Haha. Hahaha. Hahaha."

This laughter seemed to stir his soul, causing Klein, who was inside Sefirah Castle, to nearly show signs of losing control. It wasn't easy for him to remain calm.

There's no intention to attack, but the influence of natural dissipation… What's the Genie laughing about? What's so funny? Klein frowned as he thought of one possibility after another, but he felt that they didn't match reality.

After a few seconds, the Genie's laughter stopped and "He" happily quipped, "Even for existences at our level, fate is still so miraculous.

"Regardless of who you are, the deal I proposed is still on the table. As long as you remove the seal and release me, I will return to the cosmos with the portion that belongs to me. As for the rest, I will leave the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic to you. In addition, I will grant you three wishes.

"How's that? Isn't that enough?"

Cosmos… When Klein heard that, his eyelids twitched as he sharply sensed danger.

This was a warning from his spiritual intuition.

He had originally thought that he could pretend to agree and obtain more information before using Sefirah Castle to go back on his promise, but now he suddenly felt that he could not make the promise!

Hence, Klein decisively said, "Leave."

As he spoke, he cut off the connection between himself and the crimson star representing The Hermit.

The blurry and distorted golden figure suddenly expanded and dissipated, leaving only his voice echoing:

"You will eventually agree!"

Only when the world above the gray fog had its calm completely restored did Klein slowly let out a breath and silently mutter to himself, *The Genie is a powerful creature from the cosmos. Was it sealed within the Magical Wishing Lamp in the First Epoch or earlier?*

The person who sealed "Him" might be the previous owner of Sefirah Castle, the existence suspected to be The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. This can be inferred from the ingredients used to form the Magic Wishing Lamp's Beyonder characteristics…

So, that's how the Genie sensed that I wasn't the previous owner of Sefirah Castle when "He" questioned me? But I did consider this point, so my question wasn't logically unsound. Unless, back then, the former owner of Sefirah Castle and the Genie had come to some sort of tacit understanding or had some secret…

The bulk of the Genie's powers likely can't extend out of the seal, but "He" can use the Beyonder characteristic that forms the seal… The unique characteristic of "granting wishes" is likely from the Miracle Invoker characteristic. Then, the Genie uses "His" level to magnify it…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein raised his head to look at the crimson star representing The Hermit. He discovered that Cattleya didn't notice anything unusual with the Magic Wishing Lamp.

Phew… Klein formed a stream of light that contained his warnings and threw it into the crimson star.

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CHAPTER 1242
THE BAFFLING ACTIONS OF THE HUMAN

…The primitive island that the Emperor found by chance… The creatures on the island worship an unknown power that comes from the cosmos… Without reaching the level of an angel, just knowledge of it will result in corruption from the cosmos… Try not to make a wish to the Genie, nor bring it to that primitive island… Cattleya finally received feedback from Mr. Fool as she heaved a sigh of relief, even more worried about the Queen's quest.

She turned her head to look at the unresponsive Magic Wishing Lamp and quickly put it away. Then, she spread out a letter, picked up a fountain pen, and paraphrased the information she had just received, hoping that Queen Mystic Bernadette would take it seriously.

…

In a dilapidated apartment in Backlund.

A man with a full beard was sitting on a chair with his hands cuffed behind him.

Xio, who had become a middle-ranking MI9 member through her own capabilities, stood in front of the man, with a triangular blade in hand and her two subordinates flanking her.

"We already have enough witnesses and evidence to prove that you're one of the main organizers of the protest. If you wish to reduce your

punishment, answer my questions honestly."

Before Xio could say a word, the bearded man felt an extremely powerful suppressive force. When she finished speaking, even his mind began to tremble. It was as though bolts of electricity were generated and a pain and numbness that couldn't be perceived could explode at any moment.

The bearded man suppressed the fear and weakness in his heart and said, "No one instigated me. I just did what I wanted to do.

"Don't you all know? The entirety of Backlund has become a gunpowder keg. Even a tiny spark can set off the entire city. And there are countless sparks like me who are willing to take the risk!

"Those darn nobles and merchants hoarded so much food while there are already people in East Borough who are starving to death!

"You can do whatever you want to do to me. I've never believed in their promises. The reason why we agreed to end the protest was because everyone had received a lot of food."

Xio was about to ask further when she suddenly turned her head to listen to the commotion in the distance.

Sounds of rumbling could be heard from somewhere. It was deep, hoarse, and layered.

Has the Feysac, Intis, or Feynapotter army broken through our defenses and begun to attack Backlund's defenses? Xio's expression instantly turned solemn.

…

Back in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, after Klein returned to the real world, he immediately attempted to reach out his hand to see if he could pull out the Magic Wishing Lamp from the fog of history.

Soon, he confirmed that he couldn't summon Sealed Artifact 0-05.

Indeed, it involves a Uniqueness, or should I say, sefirah? In short, the Genie is indeed a high-ranking existence that was sealed. At the very least, "He" is a King of Angels… There's no way to make use of "Him"…Klein let out a breath and turned his attention back to the hunt of Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar.

He had made a lot of preparations during this period of time, and he ran through and confirmed the plan above the gray fog.

However, he was in no hurry to take action. He spent quite a bit of time checking the loopholes and mending the imperfections.

Two to three days later, it was dark and silent in the wilderness. Wearing a silk top hat and a long black trench coat, Klein held a lantern that emitted a faint yellow glow. With a solemn expression, he reached out his right hand and grabbed at the air.

At that moment, a bolt of lightning streaked across the world, illuminating it.

Following that, he dragged out a figure. It was him holding the illusory Staff of the Stars and a lantern.

Right on the heels of that, his true body entered the fog of history as he dashed to a time before the First Epoch. He hid inside the old stacked cities.

His Historical Void projection suddenly came alive as an area that he had been exploring recently had surfaced in his mind. He used the power of the Staff of the Stars to directly move to it.

This was a huge distance away from where his actual body was. Even if there was a problem with the projection, no one would be able to lock onto the exact location of where his true body was when he returned to reality.

Surveying the area, he took in the dried riverbed and a boulder that stood deep in the darkness like a monster. He no longer maintained his Staff of the Stars historical projection, letting it quickly fade away and disappear with a shake of his right hand.

After doing all of this, he walked to the boulder, put down the lantern, and began chanting an honorific name in Jotun:

"The Dark Lord that exists alongside History,

"The Embodiment of Countless Miracles,

"The God of Wishes…”

This was the Dark Demonic Wolf's honorific name that he had obtained from the Evernight Goddess. Although the Mythical Creature might not be using it anymore, or had perhaps changed it a long time ago, it was undoubtedly referring to "Him" when it came to mysticism.

…

Deep within a mountain range, in an ancient castle.

Giants, elves, humans, and vampires each held the role as gardeners, chefs, servants, and guards. They all had different expressions and would whisper to each other when they met, making them appear lively and intelligent.

However, once they returned to their rooms, they would immediately turn dull. Their eyes would no longer move as their bodies floated up and hung from the ceiling.

In the depths of the castle, in a hall where only lightning could light it up from outside the window, a huge figure lay quietly in the darkness.

Its body was like a tiny mountain that was covered in dark short fur. Its pitch-black pupils covered at least three-quarters of its eyes, and at its

forehead was a tuft of grayish-white fur. Its head resembled a magnified, twisted feral wolf.

This was none other than the God of Wishes, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar.

Suddenly, this demonic wolf, which was more exaggerated than an ordinary giant, raised "His" head. Every strand of "His" dark and short hair began to sway as all the servants in the castle followed "His" actions.

Kotar's eyes moved slightly as "He" turned "His" head slightly, as though "He" was listening to something.

In the next second, "He" opened "His" mouth and let out a soundless roar and summoned another "Him."

As soon as this Dark Demonic Wolf appeared, Kotar's body leaped into the grayish-white fog as "He" dashed to a certain historical spot of light in the Second Epoch.

This was a piece of secret history that "He" knew.

In the real world, the Dark Demonic Wolf's Historical Void projection made a wish in a tongue-twisting language. Then, with a flash of "His" figure, "He" directly moved to a mountain near the northern city of Nois.

After making the necessary preparations, the God of Wishes allowed a strand of dark, short hair to fall off, turning into an illusory Worm of Spirit that expanded into the corresponding prayer point of light.

With its help, Kotar saw who was praying to "Him."

It was a young man wearing a strange hat and strange clothes. He stood beside a glass lantern and softly chanted the honorific name of the God of Wishes.

Hmm… The Dark Demonic Wolf's huge, pitch-black pupils turned and saw that the young man was covered in a layer of grayish-white fog. There were some things that could not be seen clearly in the fog.

As a Sequence 2 angel of the Seer pathway, this Mythical Creature could clearly sense that the fog was similar to the fog of history. It could sense a strong attraction force from something in the fog.

…*Sefirah Castle?* Having heard some matters from the ancient god, Flegrea, the King of Demonic Wolves, "He" instantly had a guess.

Under this premise, "He" had many thoughts regarding the young man.

Using Sefirah Castle to attract me and make me attack him on my own accord, and then confirming my location?

This is a bait?

Indeed, he's just a Historical Void projection. It's unknown which time fragment his true body is hiding in. It's unknown where the ambusher is hiding…

Previously, Sefirah Castle clearly had an anomaly. I controlled myself and didn't attempt to search for the corresponding region or the clues that might be left behind. Why do "They" think I will fall for it?

It's just an attempt, switching to another when it doesn't work? Or is there something wrong with this prayer?

Hehe, I've lived for thousands of years. After experiencing so many things, what kind of situation have I not seen?

The best solution now is to ignore him and not spy on him. I'll just remember him.

The Dark Demonic Wolf quickly made a decision and planned to observe for a while longer before destroying that prayer point of light.

At this moment, "He" saw the young man open his mouth again:

"The Sun that is Eternal;

"You are an Inextinguishable Light;

"You are the Embodiment of Order."

"…” The Dark Demonic Wolf was somewhat puzzled as to what the young man was trying to do.

In this forsaken land, praying to the other true deities was useless!

In the next second, Klein once again chanted another deity's name:

"The Lord that created everything;

"The Lord who reigns behind the curtain of shadows;

"The degenerated nature of all living things!"

The Dark Demonic Wolf's pupils dilated slightly. "He" was confused by the actions of the human in the prayer light.

Before "He" could make any guesses, Klein muttered the third honorific name:

"The Clock-hand that tampers with Time;

"The Shadow that roams across Fate;

"The Embodiment of Deceit and Trickery."

Amon… He is praying to Amon… The Dark Demonic Wolf was already completely at a loss as to what the other party was up to. "He" instinctively felt that something was amiss and immediately wanted to wipe away the corresponding prayer point of light.

Suddenly, "He" saw the young man lift "His" head and smile.

He then took out a crystal monocle and put it on his right eye.

In just one prayer, Klein's Historical Void projection had turned into Blasphemer Amon's avatar!

Almost at the same time, the Dark Demonic Wolf felt the other party's gaze pass through the prayer light and land on "Him." Then, Amon looked past "Him" and into the fog of history where "His" true body was.

Without any hesitation, "He" immediately destroyed the prayer light.

As for "His" true body, "He" dispelled the gaze and removed the maintenance of the historical projection.

In the fog of history, in the stacked city of old, Klein suddenly stood up. A scene surfaced in his mind.

A few seconds before this scene took shape, he had severed the connection between his body and the Historical Void projection, doing so in order to avoid having Amon descent right beside him.

The baffling actions that he had previously done were mainly to confuse the Dark Demonic Wolf. He wanted "Him" to continue observing after realizing that the supplicant wasn't the true body. This made "Him" increase the time "He" spied on Sefirah Castle.

In the end, he prayed to Amon, using the possible descent and influence of the God of Deceit to hide the tracks of Sefirah Castle's reverse corruption of the Dark Demonic Wolf!

If Amon hadn't responded and merely watched by the sidelines, Klein would use the monocle he had prepared to deceive the Dark Demonic Wolf.

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CHAPTER 1243
HECTIC BUT NOT CONFUSED

Deep within a mountain range, in the ancient castle.

As soon as Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar returned from the fog of history, "He" instinctively removed all connections with the outside world. "He" was prepared to abandon this place and move elsewhere.

Although "He" still hadn't figured out what had happened, with an accident already happening, "His" experience told "Him" that "He" couldn't take any chances at all. "He" should retreat and give up as required of him!

At the same time, a thought came to Klein's mind in the city of old. His figure instantly appeared in the ancient palace above the gray fog. At the seat belonging to The Fool, he merged with the constantly distorted and scattered crimson figure and took form.

In this mysterious space, the crimson stars that represented Justice, The Hanged Man, The Star, and the other members of the Tarot Club were constantly expanding and shrinking. They emitted layers of ripples that formed a mighty "wave."

This was one of the preparations that Klein had made in advance. In the name of Gehrman Sparrow, he had used different reasons to get the members of the Tarot Club to pray to Mr. Fool one after another, asking this existence to pass a certain answer to Mr. World.

As such, the crimson stars resonated, affecting Sefirah Castle in reverse; thus, allowing it to summon The Fool to resolve the problem.

This was one of the key factors that could help him escape from Amon's clutches. It could help him remove the need to take four steps counterclockwise and recite the incantations. He could directly enter Sefirah Castle without wasting any time.

And in a battle at the level of angels, the difference a second makes would perhaps determine the difference in the outcome. To fight someone more powerful than him, Klein had to consider every detail!

Sitting in the high-back chair belonging to The Fool, he beckoned for the Staff of the Stars and Sea God Scepter while observing the other changes in Sefirah Castle.

In the grayish-white fog, there was an additional crimson glow that was rapidly shrinking, almost disappearing in no time. Around The Fool's seat, ripples of light bloomed as though they were forming a pure passageway.

He could barely make out a gigantic demonic wolf's figure from the crimson glow. This was a result of Kotar's spying on Sefirah Castle. Through the passage of time, "He" had gained a certain understanding of the situation and had unknowingly been invaded. As such, "He" established a preliminary connection with Sefirah Castle. Of course, as an angel and a God of Wishes of the Second Epoch, "He" had the right level and ability to sever such a connection and get rid of the corresponding corruption. If Klein didn't make use of these one or two seconds, he would lose his lock on the Dark Demonic Wolf.

And at the side of The Fool's seat, the rippling lights reflected the figure wearing a half top hat and a long black trench coat, "Gehrman Sparrow." On his right eye was a crystal monocle.

Amon!

It was unknown what loophole this Blasphemer's avatar could use to slow down the rate at which Klein's Historical Void projection dissipated. Then, "He" used the subtle connection between "Gerhrman Sparrow," Klein's

actual body, and Sefirah Castle in an attempt to invade the world above the gray fog from the special scene summoned by Sefirah Castle!

As the halo spread out, "Gehrman Sparrow's" long and powerful palm pierced through the barrier and suddenly entered the ancient palace, as though it had opened an invisible door.

Although Klein had already prepared for this and knew that it wouldn't be easy to get rid of Amon, he couldn't help but feel his scalp tingle when he saw this scene. He was afraid that in the next second, he would grab a crystal monocle and put it on his right eye.

This was something that had to be resolved in one or two seconds. Otherwise, the ownership of Sefirah Castle would be a question left in the air.

Without any hesitation, distorted and transparent Worms of Spirit appeared on the surface of his skin. They quickly gathered together, forming another Klein.

After catching the Sea God Scepter, Klein stirred the power of Sefirah Castle. With the augmentation of the layers of invisible "waves," the blue gems lit up, causing violent bolts of lightning to form silver balls that rolled into the rippling light.

Amidst the crackling sounds, the palm that pierced through Sefirah Castle instantly shattered and evaporated.

The spherical lightning that was filled with destructive aura expanded outwards, descending into reality, enveloping the monocled "Gehrman Sparrow."

This Historical Void projection was only barely maintained with the use of loopholes, so it collapsed after suffering such a strike. "He" could only adjust the crystal monocle and shake "His" head in regret as "He" watched "His" figure rapidly fade away after being shattered by the electric bolts.

As a small portion of the Worms of Spirit responded to Amon's prayer, Klein grabbed the Staff of the Stars with his actual body.

He held the staff embedded with many gems and aimed the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact at the rapidly shrinking crimson light.

At the same time, a scene appeared in his mind.

The rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls on the Staff of the Stars lit up one after another.

Gong!

The sound of a distant bell seemed to have transcended an infinite amount of time as it echoed within the grayish-white fog, reverberating within the crimson light.

The pitch-black darkness in front of Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar suddenly faded, revealing a huge stone wall clock.

The wall clock was ancient and mottled, and its surface was grayish-white and bluish-black, split into twelve segments. Each segment had different symbols that represented the different times of the day.

At the core of the wall clock, three needles seemed to be formed from Worms of Time of three different lengths, "short," "medium," and "long," were filled with a feeling that time had left its mark on.

This was a Beyonder power from Angel of Time, Amon. Using the Staff of the Stars, Klein had made it appear again!

Normally speaking, a Beyonder power at this level wasn't something that could be understood by just witnessing once or twice. It wasn't so easy to "Record" it, but Klein wasn't fighting alone.

During this period of time, he had made use of Miss Magician's summoning to return to Backlund frequently. He went to The Star Leonard to chat directly with Pallez Zoroast, and he gained a deeper understanding of the corresponding mysticism knowledge and supernatural details.

Although Pallez had already dropped to the Sequence 2 level and was unable to use the powers of the Time domain, "His" experience and knowledge remained.

Gong!

On the ancient and mysterious stone wall clock, the second hand suddenly jerked, causing everything around Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar to slow down. Even the deep darkness seemed to freeze.

This Miracle Invoker who was just about to completely cut off contact with the outside world and distance "Himself" from where "He" was by granting his own wish suddenly froze on the spot. There was a brief moment of "Him" being fixed in place.

There was no doubt that there was a huge gap in power between the original Beyonder powers and those replicated by the Staff of the Stars. However, for Klein, the effect was already enough.

The moment he saw the Dark Demonic Wolf being affected by the "Ancient Wall Clock," he immediately dropped the Staff of the Stars and made the Worm of Spirit he had just separated from his body to fly back into his body.

With a thought, he returned to the city of oil before the First Epoch. Then, he appeared in the dark desolate plains with the lantern that emitted a faint yellow glow.

His right hand extended forward and successfully pulled out a projection of the Staff of the Stars.

This method could effectively increase the success rate of summoning the Staff of the Stars, but it would clearly reduce the might of this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. After all, he was summoning a historical projection of a historical projection. Of course, as it was a race against time, making such a choice was very easy.

Klein didn't enter the fog of history again. He reached out to grab "his" shoulder, and he used dream divination to outline the feedback he received from using Sefirah Castle to reverse-corrupt the Dark Demonic Wolf.

In the dark, unlit hall in the ancient castle, the mountain-like demonic wolf stood up.

Quickly filling in the details, Klein slightly adjusted the details according to the scene of his frozen target.

On the black staff, the corresponding gems lit up.

In his mind, the scene that resembled an oil painting suddenly swelled up, interweaving with reality, making it impossible to separate from each other.

He descended into that ancient castle's dark hall, landing in front of Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar, who had just raised "His" body with "His" eight legs.

He had finally officially met the God of Wishes that had been living since the Second Epoch!

Without any hesitation, Klein took the opportunity of the Dark Demonic Wolf having just escaped the influence of the "Ancient Wall Clock." As he dispelled the Historical Void projection, he took out an iron cigar case from his pocket and opened it.

Inside the cigar case, there was a Loen gold coin. Its surface flashed, reflecting Reinette Tinekerr, who was wearing a dark and complicated long dress and holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

One of the preparations Klein made was to use the method that he had used to bring around Admiral of Blood Senor. This allowed him to bring Miss Messenger to the Forsaken Land of the Gods!

Reinette Tinekerr was no doubt a Wraith. Furthermore, "She" was an even more powerful Wraith. "She" could also possess the smooth surface of a gold coin. In addition, "She" was a spirit world creature and was intrinsically a spirit. "She" could enter the world above the gray fog and descend upon the Forsaken Land of the Gods just like Justice Audrey.

Based on this condition, in order to not expose the secret within Sefirah Castle and not expose The Fool's true identity, he first made Miss Messenger possess the gold coin before using the iron cigar case to seal it. Then, he sacrificed the item to the gray fog before bringing it to the Forsaken Land of the Gods through a bestowment ritual.

Of course, the prerequisite for these actions was that Klein had the level and strength of a Sequence 2 angel in Sefirah Castle. Even if something went wrong with Reinette Tinekerr, he could still handle it.

As for Reinette Tinekerr, "She" happily agreed to this matter because Gehrman Sparrow had just helped "Her" retrieve a portion of "Her" body.

Silently, Miss Messenger left the gold coin and occupied the pitch-black pupil of the Dark Demonic Wolf's eyes.

Wraith's possession!

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CHAPTER 1244
WISH

Just as Reinette Tinekerr's figure appeared in Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's pupils, "She" left the window to the heart and began expanding back to "Her" original size.

This meant that "Her" Wraith's possession attempt had failed.

The Dark Demonic Wolf's body rapidly shrunk and thinned as "He" madly absorbed the light around "Him," becoming a translucent black velvet curtain.

This was an item that Klein had seen via dream divination. It was ejected from the grayish-white fog and had landed in the hands of the Dark Demonic Wolf. It was suspected to contain the Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic of the Seer pathway.

At this moment, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotor had borrowed some of the powers of the "curtain" to dodge Reinette Tinekerr's Wraith's possession at the critical moment via some unknown means, effectively avoiding the subsequent series of control.

The "curtain" was stowed away after "He" used it, allowing the Dark Demonic Wolf with "His" dark, short fur to appear in a spot that was originally empty.

Reinette Tinekerr wasn't surprised by the failure. Taking advantage of this opportunity, a golden-haired, red-eyed head in "Her" hand spat out a rectangular, diamond-like charm.

The other three heads used ancient Hermes, Jotun, and Elvish to say a word:

"Yesterday!"

The rectangular diamond-like charm was instantly engulfed in transparent flames as it fused with the void.

Reinette Tinekerr's body swelled as the four blonde, red-eyed heads flew up and landed on "Her" empty neck, stacked upon one another.

In the blink of an eye, Miss Messenger had transformed into a huge doll that could almost break through the Dark Demonic Wolf's castle.

"She" was wearing a black gothic dress with countless mysterious symbols and sinister vines. "Her" eyes were blood-red and "She" exuded an aura that no human should possess.

Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar didn't attempt to stop Reinette Tinekerr from borrowing strength from "Her" past, nor did "He" immediately show "His" complete Mythical Creature form. With eight feet on the ground, "He" raised "His" neck and let out a roar.

This roar seemed to be of a higher level, containing words similar to Jotun. It made the "curtain" float up and instantly expand, blanketing the ancient castle from top to bottom.

The "curtain" quickly turned transparent and fused with the building. It was as though it had never appeared or had any effect on it. However, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that this place was already isolated from the outside world. If he wanted to leave, he had to first break the invisible barrier.

In other words, that "curtain" made the Dark Demonic Wolf's castle become an independent "kingdom."

This was the embryonic form of a divine kingdom!

Klein, who had just failed and planned on continuing to summon angels to help him, had a spark of inspiration. He instantly changed his mind, reaching into the void and dragging out another him.

It was Gehrman Sparrow, one who was holding a historical projection of the Staff of the Stars.

Right on the heels of that, Klein controlled his historical projection to turn him into his marionette and transfer some Worms of Spirit over.

While he was busy with these matters, Reinette Tinekerr had already recovered to "Her" peak condition. "Her" bright red eyes reflected the eight-legged demonic wolf.

With a faint flash, the Dark Demonic Wolf turned into a white goat.

However, outside the dark hall, a giant holding a broom suddenly trembled and transformed into a demonic wolf with a tuft of gray hair on its forehead.

At the moment when the curse was cast on "Him," a Miracle Invoker, "He" had swapped places with "His" marionette!

"He" opened "His" mouth once again and let out a roar.

This roar also contained words that mostly resembled the source of Jotun, describing a beautiful wish:

"I wish for all godhood here to dissipate!"

In the next second, as the God of Wishes, the Dark Demonic Wolf granted "His" wish. Klein immediately felt his godhood being repressed. The Beyonder powers that stemmed from Scholar of Yore and Bizarro Sorcerer could no longer be used!

Fortunately, the historical projection was maintained with spirituality. As long as the summoning was successful, it wouldn't be dispelled by the Dark

Demonic Wolf's wish. Similarly, as Klein had already turned his historical projection into a marionette and transferred a number of Worms of Spirit over, he could still swap locations with his projection.

Apart from him, Reinette Tinekerr and Dark Demonic Wolf were also affected by the wish that had been granted. Their Beyonder powers above Sequence 5 had vanished into thin air, making it difficult to use them.

Of course, be it the demonic wolf marionette that had turned into a goat, or the gigantic doll-like Reinette Tinekerr, there was no change in "Their" form. What existed was reasonable, so it couldn't be eliminated by the "Power of Wishes."

After making this wish, the Dark Demonic Wolf arched "His" back and bent "His" body slightly. It looked like "He" was about to engage in a battle with Klein and Reinette Tinekerr.

At that moment, "His" mountain-like body was about the size of the castle-like doll. "He" looked down coldly at Klein, capable of crushing him with a single swipe of "His" claw.

In addition, the castle had many marionettes rushing over. They consisted of giants, elves, vampires, humans, and deformed monsters.

Only a number of them were at Sequence 5, but now, they had Kotar's Worms of Spirit in their bodies. In other words, in this special environment, all of them were at Sequence 5.

After the dissipation of godhood, in this independent "kingdom," Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's advantage became obvious.

More than a hundred Sequence 5s were besieging two Sequence 5s!

Furthermore, the Dark Demonic Wolf was itself a mutant. Even if "He" couldn't reveal any godhood, "His" massive size and terrifying strength

made "Him" adept at combat. "He" wasn't on the same level as a weak human like Marionettist Klein.

At this moment, the body of Reinette Tinekerr, who was dressed in a black gothic dress that twined with sinister vines, suddenly turned incorporeal. First, "She" reflected on a floor-to-ceiling window, then it jumped into the pitch-black pupils of the Dark Demonic Wolf.

"She" had once again attempted Wraith's possession.

However, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar swapped locations with another marionette in a timely fashion, preventing Reinette Tinekerr from successfully "possessing" "His" body.

Reinette Tinekerr wasn't discouraged as "She" continued using mediums such as glass windows, chandeliers, and eyeballs to "jump" through the different marionettes in pursuit of the real Dark Demonic Wolf.

As for the Dark Demonic Wolf, "He" relied on "His" numerous marionettes, and had the advantage of copious numbers of Worms of Spirit. "He" swapped between different marionettes without any pause to avoid being forcibly possessed by the Ancient Bane.

Amidst the two angels' silent conflict, a large number of the Dark Demonic Wolf's marionettes had surrounded the two Kleins.

Beyonder powers like a vampire's "Abyss Shackles," a giant's "Hurricane of Light," an elf's "Wind Binding," and a human's "Psychic Piercing" and "Holy Light Summoning" inundated their targets. They controlled, weakened, attacked, and purified Klein, acting with great rapport. Klein was only able to dodge a portion of the attacks before being "drowned" by the attacks.

Plasma exploded as the light blasted out. Klein's Staff of the Stars-holding figure quickly outlined itself to the side.

At that critical moment, he had exchanged spots with his marionette in time. He imagined his "Traveling" powers and had used the Staff of the Stars to complete the teleportation.

In this special scenario, this was essentially a release of "Recorded" powers.

After dodging this round of attacks, Klein discovered that a marionette was controlling his Spirit Body Threads before he could catch his breath.

At the same time, a human marionette reached out his right hand under the influence of the Dark Demonic Wolf and aimed at the Miracle Invoker's actual body.

In the next second, the Dark Demonic Wolf and another marionette switched positions. As for the marionette, it was "possessed" by Reinette Tinekerr.

This way, the human marionette's right hand was targeted at Reinette Tinekerr.

The marionette's palm clenched tightly as his wrist spun half a circle, stealing away the target's subsequent thoughts.

Right on the heels of that, he jumped and pounced on an ally.

Reinette Tinekerr was momentarily rooted to the ground.

When the Dark Demonic Wolf saw this, "He" immediately got several marionettes to spread open their arms and summon pure pillars of cleansing flames to surround them.

In the holy light, Wraith Reinette Tinekerr's body first began to melt. Following that, using "Mirror Jump," "She" moved to a glass window situated high above the castle to avoid the subsequent purification.

In just a few seconds, "She" and Klein inevitably fell into a perilous situation.

The restricted environment, being on "His" home ground, and "His" trait as the God of Wishes had magnified Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar advantage to the extreme.

If it were any other Scholar of Yore, there was only one problem he needed to consider—how to rely on Reinette Tinekerr to escape, but Klein had his trump card.

Just as he pulled back his Spirit Body Threads, he didn't hesitate to stir the powers of Sefirah Castle.

This trait of his wasn't suppressed by the Dark Demonic Wolf's "wish."

This was something even the Forsaken Land of the Gods couldn't screen!

In midair, grayish-white fog appeared. The ancient palace above the spirit world appeared faint.

Its appearance brought with it slight tremors. A certain power followed the connection and shook the demonic wolf's castle, causing the translucent black velvet "curtain" to jolt out of place a little, allowing the independent "kingdom" to intersect with reality.

Seizing this opportunity, Klein opened his mouth and shouted out a name in Jotun:

"Leodero!"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Thousands of thick silver lightning bolts descended from the sky, smiting Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's castle. The area transformed into a lightning forest that emitted a strong destructive aura.

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CHAPTER 1245
HELP AVAILABLE EVEN WITHOUT SUMMONING HELP

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The bolts of silver lightning that were as thick as an anaconda struck the translucent black velvet "curtain." It shook violently as it distorted.

Taking advantage of this opening, Reinette Tinekerr's figure, which was reflected on the castle's glass, jumped back into Klein's pocket and returned to the surface of the gold coin in the iron cigar case.

The prepared Klein raised his right arm and calmly aimed the Staff of the Stars at the floor tiles in the hall.

A scene surfaced in his mind. It represented one of the Beyonder powers of a Druid.

The ground beneath his feet instantly softened, turning into a marsh. It made his body sink like it had fallen into a sea.

Underground Slink!

Boom!

The translucent black velvet "curtain" could no longer withstand the cleansing from the lightning storm the moment the marsh solidified. It curled into a ball and fell back into the castle.

No longer restricted, the few thousand thick bolts of lightning rained down the ancient castle.

A tower collapsed and the hall was left in shambles. One marionette after another burst into ephemeral illusions under the pricking of such a lightning strike. They were instantly charred black and reduced to ashes.

When the silver light that illuminated the entire mountain range subsided, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's castle was in ruins. Many spots were burning with red flames.

Klein immediately emerged from the bottom of a deep pit and saw that the demonic wolf, covered in dark and short fur, had performed the same action.

Relying on the three Druids among "His" marionettes, "He" had successfully hidden underground to avoid the lightning bombardment.

And at that moment, the independent "kingdom" created by the "curtain" had completely disintegrated. However, the Dark Demonic Wolf's wish hadn't completely expired. The return of godhood still needed some time.

Without any hesitation, both parties engaged in another intense battle.

Kotar allowed the crinkled "curtain" to fly up and drape "Him," so as to prevent the Wraith's possession. After all, there were only three of "His" marionettes left. Of course, this way, "He" could no longer swap locations with his marionettes.

At the same time, Reinette Tinekerr left the gold coin in Klein's pocket and floated towards the eight-legged demonic wolf.

"She" had given up on the idea of possession as "Her" arms suddenly swelled. A few strands of gray hair grew from the back of "Her" hand, and "Her" nails became long, sharp, and firm.

Werewolf Transformation!

This doll-like baneful entity became a huge werewolf. "She" kept moving at high speeds, waving "Her" sharp claws as "She" engaged in an intense battle with the hill-like Dark Demonic Wolf.

Amidst the clashing sounds, Klein was attacked by Kotar's three remaining marionettes.

One of them raised his head and roared, causing brown short hair to tear through his clothes. In an instant, he transformed into a terrifying giant bear that was twice the height of a person. One crouched down, pressing his palms against the ground, while the other raised his right hand and yanked his hair.

At that moment, a crimson flame surged out of Klein's clothes, instantly devouring him.

His figure appeared in a sea of flames to the side. Then, he jumped out, raised his staff, and charged straight at the huge brown bear.

And at the spot where he was originally standing, dark green mutated vines pierced through the ground and grew wildly, stirring the remnant flames in the middle.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The huge brown bear didn't back down. With heavy strides, it rushed towards Klein like a high-speed steam locomotive. It spread open its arms, trying to give him a "passionate" hug that could crush all his bones and squeeze all his chest muscles together.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

As his black trench coat flailed to his back, Klein didn't retreat—he was about to collide with the huge brown bear.

Suddenly, he kicked his left foot and twisted his waist. He forcefully jumped up and flew past the brown bear diagonally.

Thud!

As the two crossed each other, Klein swung his black staff down and ruthlessly struck the brown bear's shoulder.

Normally, such an attack wouldn't have been able to hurt the thick hide of the brown bear. However, with the Staff of the Stars, the physical attack would lead to random abnormal changes or strange effects.

Of course, under the God of Wishes's suppression, these changes and effects wouldn't exceed that of a Sequence 4 Beyonder power.

Thud!

As the sound of the staff's strike reverberated, the huge brown bear's shoulder tore open diagonally from its shoulder. The bottom half of its torso "teleported" more than ten meters away while the remaining portion remained in place.

The brown bear's internal organs and blood gushed to the ground in a rather shocking scene.

However, the brown bear wasn't dead yet. Its two halves were squirming as it struggled to stabilize his center of mass and continued attacking.

As a marionette, he had long died. Such damage was nothing.

At this moment, Klein had already jumped behind the brown bear, his feet stepping on the ground.

Another wave of scarlet flames surged out, drowning his figure.

A flame that was about to be extinguished rose up as Klein leaped out and arrived close to the marionette which had both hands on the ground.

With his silk top hat, he ran past the marionette without turning his head as he swung the staff to the side.

Thud!

The marionette's body burst into golden flames as his figure instantly vanished.

A flame surged into the sky as the marionette jumped down. However, the golden flames didn't extinguish, quickly burning him to ashes.

Without even looking over, Klein had already rushed in front of the marionette that was yanking his hair.

The marionette immediately threw out the hair in his hand.

These strands of hair began to burn as they emitted black gases, sounding alarms to Klein's spirituality senses.

Poison!

An unknown poison!

With a creak, he forcefully stopped using his ability as a Clown. Using the inertia of his body, he extended his black staff.

All sorts of thoughts rapidly reformed in his mind, quickly forming a scene.

Before this operation, Klein had requested Miss Justice's help to hypnotize him. It made his brain unable to form scenes when he subconsciously thought of one. There would only be a single thought resonating in his mind, and he had to take the initiative to control it to construct the scene. This allowed him to use the Staff of the Stars for a long time without being

affected by the negative effects. As for the flaws of thinking in such a manner, Klein felt that it was still acceptable under predetermined conditions.

Without a sound, the gems embedded in the Staff of the Stars lit up. A pure white and holy pillar of light descended from the sky, enveloping the black gas and the corresponding marionette.

The poison quickly melted under the Sun's burning. It was the same with the marionette.

With a remnant glow still in his eyes, Klein instinctively turned around and aimed his staff at the brown bear that was split into two.

Silver lightning flashed spontaneously before the separated brown bear's body finally collapsed, unable to get up again.

In just a few seconds, Klein had finished off the remaining marionettes of the Dark Demonic Wolf.

After Sefirah Castle's anomaly, be it him or the God of Wishes, time became abnormally precious. No one was willing to stall for time, because it wouldn't be long before high-level existences like the True Creator and Angel of Time Amon in the Forsaken Land of the Gods descended.

Upon seeing this, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar trembled violently and flung out the translucent velvet curtain.

The curtain first vanished into thin air before it suddenly appeared behind Klein. Just as his spirituality was about to send a warning, it covered him and wrapped him within it!

Klein's vision immediately darkened as he felt his thoughts turn sluggish. His Spirit Body Threads were being inoculated onto the "curtain" one thread at a time.

He attempted using "Flaming Jump," softening his bones, and using the Staff of the Stars, but he was unable to succeed in such an abnormal state.

The black velvet curtain became tighter and tighter, revealing the corresponding marks of his eyes, nose, and mouth, as though it was squeezing out a brand new "person."

Reinette Tinekerr immediately "jumped" and appeared on the translucent "curtain," purging it from Klein's body and teleporting elsewhere.

The Dark Demonic Wolf seized the opportunity and raised "His" neck, letting out a roar.

The "curtain" stood up, as if it had become a cloak draped over an invisible person's body.

A terrifying suction force was born, causing the Spirit Body Threads of Reinette Tinekerr and Klein to uncontrollably float over.

If they didn't have the corresponding Beyonder powers, their Spirit Body Threads would've merged into the "cloak" in just three to four seconds, while they would become its marionettes.

Fortunately, Klein was a Marionettist himself. He immediately focused his attention and controlled his and Miss Messenger's Spirit Body Threads. He followed the method that he learned from Zaratul, allowing them to circle around him and return to their original positions, forming loops.

Roar!

The Dark Demonic Wolf spat out a gas ball, sending it flying towards Klein like a cannonball.

As he was focused on controlling his and Miss Messenger's Spirit Body Threads, Klein could barely duck. Just as he was about to be struck, Reinette Tinekerr floated over and stood in front of him.

Boom!

Reinette Tinekerr's blonde hair scattered as the evil vines wrapped around "Her" body broke apart.

The Dark Demonic Wolf's follow-up actions were one smooth continuous series of actions. Taking advantage of the moment when the "curtain" was desperately pulling at its target's Spirit Body Threads, "He" launched repeated attacks on Klein, forcing Reinette Tinekerr to block them. It caused the tough Ancient Bane to tremble under the attack of "His" claws, air blobs, and flaming attacks. More and more wounds appeared, making it look like "She" could not last any longer.

At this critical moment, as Klein controlled the Spirit Body Threads to resist the attraction of the "curtain," he reached into his pocket and took out another iron cigar case.

The seal was removed and the box was opened. Inside, there was also a gold coin lying quietly. There was also a Wraith on the surface of the gold coin.

This was a blurry female wraith, a true undying creature, and not a Wraith from the Mutant pathway.

It was the strongest trump card that Klein had prepared. Previously, because he was inside the isolated "kingdom" that wasn't connected to the outside world. He was afraid that he wouldn't be able to obtain the desired effect. Only when the "curtain" targeted him and Miss Messenger did he feel that the opportunity was here.

As the box was opened, the wraith suddenly jumped onto the surface of a glass fragment. On it were nearly illusory black tubes that extended into infinity, connecting to the unknown.

This was the symbol of Artificial Death.

And Artificial Death was equivalent to the Evernight Goddess!

This trump card of his was the reenactment of the time when the Evernight Goddess had used God of Glory Bladel's corpse to foil Amon's attempt to snatch Sefirah Castle.

For this, he deliberately found a wraith-like monster in the Forsaken Land of the Gods and imprisoned it, placing it together with the Artificial Death project's white feathers he summoned from the fog of history.

Through his repeated experiments and prayers during his specific trips to Backlund, this Wraith had finally established a certain connection with Artificial Death, allowing the Evernight Goddess to use this opportunity to exert a rather low level of influence!

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CHAPTER 1246
FOLLOWING "HIS" TRUE FEELINGS—COWARDICE

The Dark Demonic Wolf that was attacking Reinette Tinekerr seemed to sense something. "He" slowed down and turned to look at the wraith that had just appeared.

"His" pupils which already occupied two-thirds of "His" eyes had suddenly dilated, as if "He" caught scent of a familiar but dangerous aura.

In the blink of an eye, the wraith raised her arms.

The "Power of Wishes" in the surrounding area rapidly diminished at an accelerated rate. Godhood began to return, having reached the level of Sequence 4. Under the soil beneath the Dark Demonic Wolf's feet, pale-white and illusory arms emerged. They were densely packed like a forest, grabbing onto Kotar's eight legs, making this Miracle Invoker feel like "He" had fallen into a cold and dead silence. "He" was temporarily unable to break free.

Using this opportunity, Reinette Tinekerr, who had turned sluggish due to "Her" controlled Spirit Body Threads, turned illusory as "She" vanished.

In the pitch-black pupils of the Dark Demonic Wolf, the blonde Miss Messenger in a dark and complicated long dress that was wrapped with vines suddenly phased into existence and completed the possession process.

The actions of the God of Wishes instantly stiffened, as if "He" had degraded from a living creature to a marionette.

"He" attempted to influence Reinette Tinekerr's Spirit Body Threads, so as to resist the Wraith's possession. However, from time to time, "He" would be interrupted by the pale-white arms created by the female wraith. Success eluded "Him."

Klein maintained the looping of their Spirit Body Threads as he slowly raised the Staff of the Stars, aiming it at the black velvet curtain that had turned into a cloak.

He then constructed a scene in his mind.

The surrounding darkness suddenly flowed, as if it contained an unimaginable secret. Bit by bit, illusory candles lit up in such an environment, illuminating a long table laid out with flesh and blood.

On the two sides of the long table, three extremely blurry figures were holding up the flesh and blood, ravenously devouring them.

In the next second, the three figures turned their heads simultaneously and cast their gazes at the translucent black velvet "curtain."

The crazy suction force emitted by the "curtain" came to an abrupt halt as it hovered in its original spot. It was as if it had momentarily forgotten who it was, whose side it was on, and what it should do.

Feast of Betrayal!

Fairy tale magic's Feast of Betrayal!

The fairy tale magic that Klein had just used was the "Feast of Betrayal" that originated from The Hermit Cattleya. Its effect was to temporarily awaken the items in the target's hands or imbue them with intelligence, allowing them to carry out "betrayals"!

This was a Sequence 4 Beyonder power, so it couldn't be used under the restrictions of the "Power of Wishes."

At the same time, as the Staff of the Stars's emulated spell was lacking compared to the original spell, as well as the fact that it didn't harbor any ill intentions towards the Dark Demonic Wolf, it only appeared lost and didn't fervently attack its master.

And the moment Klein extricated himself from the influence of the "curtain," he immediately snapped his fingers, letting the scarlet flames drown him.

In an instant, he appeared in a flame beside the Dark Demonic Wolf wearing a half top hat and a long black trench coat.

The scarlet flame soared up, transforming into a blazing flame that allowed him to easily leap out.

He arched his back slightly and raised the Staff of Stars as he dashed towards the towering demonic wolf.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Klein ran faster and faster, as though transforming into a strong gust of wind. What welcomed him was the Dark Demonic Wolf that barely managed to lift up "His" front two claws that had broken free of the restraints.

Pa! Pa!

Klein waved his black staff to his left and right, accurately hitting the two front claws of Kotar, making them pause momentarily.

At the same time, he crouched down and slid under the Dark Demonic Wolf's two front claws.

Amidst the howling winds, Klein turned around in midair and thrust upwards with the Staff of the Stars.

With a poof, the gem-embedded black staff pierced through the dark and short furred skin, driving deeply into the Dark Demonic Wolf's body. A ludicrous gash tore open.

Whoosh!

Deep black blood with hints of red gushed out like a flood, spraying a substance with strong corrosive properties that belonged to a Mythical Creature at Klein.

But at that moment, Klein's momentum had brought him flying under the Dark Demonic Wolf. He was preparing to launch his second round of attacks.

Suddenly, he heard an intermittent roar.

This was from Wraith's possession. Due to the difficulty in moving, what Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar meant was:

"Leo… de… ro!"

"…” Klein's gaze froze as the Dark Demonic Wolf's mocking smile appeared in his mind.

He wasn't the only one who could stir the remaining divine powers. He could do so, but so could Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar!

Even though this Miracle Invoker didn't know that Wind Angel, Leodero, had already become the Lord of Storms, he naturally knew what to do thanks to Klein's demonstration from before.

Who wouldn't know how to do a simple imitation?

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Silvery-white bolts of lightning smote down like gushing water from a water pipe. They rained over the ruins of the ancient castle, completely drowning all the figures.

Klein didn't manage to react in time. After hearing the first half of the word, he had already used the powers of Clown to forcefully twist his body around. With a stomp of his right foot, he returned under the Dark Demonic Wolf's body. As for Reinette Tinekerr, "She" had jumped onto the gold coin in his pocket.

Immediately following that, Klein genuflected and inserted the Staff of the Stars into the ground.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The vast storm tore through everything in its way.

By the time the terrifying lightning forest dissipated, the ancient castle that belonged to the Dark Demonic Wolf couldn't even be considered a ruin. There were no traces of it at all, leaving only a charred crater.

Within the deep pit, paper figurines were blown up as they were reduced to ashes.

Without a sound, a piece of soil that shimmered with the glint of rainbow-colored glass softened. Klein's burnt hand reached out.

With the Dark Demonic Wolf suffering the brunt of the damage, he had used "Paper Figurine Substitutes" and "Underground Slink" to barely survive. He could faintly smell the aroma of roasted meat exuding from his body.

After returning to the ground, the tattered-clothed Klein turned his gaze and took in the battlefield's situation.

The remnants of the Dark Demonic Wolf's corpse were scattered everywhere. Its flesh was charred and lifeless.

The "curtain" was curled into a ball, having fallen to the edge of the deep crater, motionless.

The "Power of Wishes" had been completely wiped out, and godhood had returned to this region.

The wraith that had a connection with Artificial Death had been destroyed.

If it were any other Beyonder, they would probably think that the Dark Demonic Wolf had chosen an outcome of mutual destruction, but as a demigod of the Seer pathway, and having enjoyed the benefits of a Miracle Invoker ahead of time, something else flashed across Klein's mind.

What is a miracle? A miracle is to be resurrected from the dead!

When the Dark Demonic Wolf saw that the situation wasn't right, "He" didn't hesitate to summon divine punishment in an attempt to kill everyone. Then, "He" could revive somewhere nearby!

I almost used up my last revival…

With regards to such matters, Klein had a certain contingency plan. He immediately used a charm engraved with The Fool's patterns, and used it as a proxy for praying to Mr. Fool in front of Miss Messenger. Then, he used the "summoning" of Sefirah Castle that had yet to disappear to enter the world above the gray fog with a thought. He then relied on the prayer light's "true vision" to inspect the surroundings to seek out the resurrected Dark Demonic Wolf.

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr left the gold coin in Klein's pocket and appeared beside the "curtain" that was curled into a ball. "Her" voice was slightly ethereal as "She" said, "It has a Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic."

A Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic? That's right. The Dark Demonic Wolf possesses one of the six Miss Miracle Invoker characteristics under the premise that all the Attendants of Mysteries are accounted for. Under normal circumstances, the remaining Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic also has one set of Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.… As Miss Messenger spoke, Klein's spiritual intuition also sensed it. After confirming "Her" judgment, he connected it to Will Auceptin's answer.

There should be a total of nine Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristics, but under the premise that the Attendant of Mysteries are all filled, the three Sequence 1s would definitely each occupy one Sequence 2 characteristic. The remaining six Miracle Invoker characteristics belong to Zaratul, Antigonus, the Magic Wishing Lamp, Theater With Curtains That Never Draw, The Last Banquet, and the Dark Demonic Wolf respectively.

He had originally hoped to obtain the Dark Demonic Wolf's characteristic, but he hadn't expected that the "curtain" not only had a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries characteristic but also a Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker characteristic. It was also the one that had disappeared.

It looks like the reason for its disappearance was also because of the gray fog. Later on, it was spat out… Do I still seek out the resurrected Dark Demonic Wolf? No, I don't know when the True Creator and Amon will descend. Furthermore, I've already exhausted most of my preparations. The Dark Demonic Wolf is still in perfect condition. "He" can make a wish, summon, and create miracles… After all, my goal has already been met… As his thoughts raced, Klein looked up and said to Miss Messenger.

"I'll put this curtain away."

He gave up the thought of chasing after the Dark Demonic Wolf and decided to control the "curtain" while it was still weak.

Reinette Tinekerr nodded slightly and turned "Her" head, casting her gaze at the charred remains of the Dark Demonic Wolf.

The remains immediately emitted a faint glow, either turning into white rabbits or transforming into goats. They were the kind that smelled rich and flavorful.

…

In a hidden area nearby, the dark, short-furred Dark Demonic Wolf quickly took shape.

"He" gave up on "His" original corpse and immediately made a wish and granted it. "He" teleported to a distant spot and then ran off without looking back.

This God of Wishes didn't even consider the loss of the "curtain." "He" didn't choose to revive where "He" died, because "He" hoped to use the "curtain" to stall the fellow who was closely related to Evernight. This gave "Him" plenty of time to escape.

Since he could survive from the Second Epoch until now, "He" had followed his true feelings—cowardice. "He" refused to be greedy when the situation didn't allow for it.

With a flash, the demonic wolf with a gray tuft of hair on "His" forehead disappeared into the darkness.

…

Klein didn't stop Miss Messenger from venting "Her" anger. As he approached the "curtain," he sighed inwardly:

An angel is really hard to kill. It's especially so for the Seer pathway!

As this thought flashed through his mind, and just as he was about to drag his past self out to pick up the "curtain," he suddenly felt a familiar aura descend.

This aura was dark, foul, and full of degeneration. It immediately made him think of the True Creator!

The "curtain" suddenly floated up and turned into a cloak.

Inside the cloak, the darkness turned into a whirlpool as it hummed:

"Mysteries."

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CHAPTER 1247
FINALLY

Mysteries… Klein's heart palpitated when he heard that. He subconsciously wanted to return to Sefirah Castle and leave the scene.

However, no matter how much he tried, his Spirit Body remained inside his body without any changes.

Man… This vexed Klein. He instinctively cast his gaze towards Reinette Tinekerr who was beside him. He saw that Miss Messenger had already floated over, looking like "She" was facing a terrifying enemy. And the surrounding darkness froze like a cold lake. Lightning stopped streaking across the sky.

Mysteries… Klein felt a slight sense of security as he thought back to the title he had just heard.

He was no stranger to that. However, the last person who addressed him in this manner was the ancient sun god—the City of Silver's Creator—from two thousand years ago. Before "He" died, "He" sensed Klein's divination and shouted this out through an insurmountable distance of space and time!

No way… The True Creator is equivalent to the ancient sun god? No, "He" is only a Sequence 0 true god, far from the level of the Creator that I assumed. Furthermore, from Amon's attitude, the ancient sun god must have really perished… The True Creator is the pitch-black infant that emerged from the ancient sun god's stomach and inherited some of the ancient sun god's characteristics and memories. "He" is the degenerated body of that Creator? Klein composed himself and attempted to rapidly think of a solution to his present conundrum.

At this moment, in the cloak formed by the "curtain," the dark whirlpool made another sound:

"Go to the Giant King's Court and meet Sasrir."

This sentence directly reverberated in Klein's mind. Then, in the form of an illusory word, it shrunk into a pitch-black membrane, forming a strange "seed."

The "seed" immediately fell into his body and Spirit Body, melting inside.

Without waiting for a response, the dark whirlpool dissipated. The cloak formed by the "curtain" lost its support and fell back onto the ground.

The True Creator's consciousness that descended had corroded a portion of my Spirit Body and some of my physical body. I'm compelled to go to the Giant King's Court and open the slumbering Dark Angel Sasrir's palace… This is a matter that many deities are paying attention to. After watching for a long time, the True Creator has finally found an opportunity to force me to do it… Klein looked around and summoned his past self, picking up the "curtain."

Then, he said to Miss Messenger without hesitation, "Let's leave immediately!"

The True Creator had already sent a sliver of "His" will over. Would Amon still be far away?

In addition, Klein also tried to seize the opportunity to enter the world above the gray fog, hoping to use the power of Sefirah Castle to remove the corrosive influences that plagued him.

"Alright." Reinette Tinekerr nodded, allowing the numerous Beyonder characteristics left behind in the crater to fly over and be contained within "Her."

According to their prior agreement, other than the spoils of war that involved the high Sequences of the Seer pathway, half of them would go to "Her," with "Her" having the priority to choose. After all, Klein had also received some of the spoils back when dealing with Shaman King Klarman.

As for the remaining half of the spoils, Klein planned on offering it to the Evernight Goddess as a form of gratitude. Regardless of whether the deity needed it or not, he still needed to do the necessary procedures. He had to express his gratitude when needed.

After clearing the battlefield, Reinette Tinekerr entered the iron cigar case in Klein's pocket and "possessed" the gold coin's surface.

Klein didn't immediately seal "Her." Holding the Staff of the Stars, he conjured a scene in his mind.

That was one of the scenes he had memorized during his inspection of the terrain.

As the gems flashed, his figure disappeared from the crater as he teleported far away.

A few seconds later, the air there fluctuated as a tiny creature that was difficult to see with the naked eye crawled out.

The creature rapidly expanded, turning into Amon who wore a pointed hat and classic black robe.

The corners of Amon's mouth curled up as "He" adjusted the monocle on "His" right eye and chuckled.

"Someone is finally opening that door."

…

After two rounds of teleportation, Klein took out the iron cigar case that Miss Messenger was hiding in, and used the Staff of the Stars to create several layers of seals—the kind that would be removed the moment he touched it.

Right on the heels of that, he entered the fog of history and dashed all the way to a time before the First Epoch. He relied on the prayers he had yet to reply to and instantly entered the world above the gray fog through the summoning of Sefirah Castle.

As the roars and the ravings echoed, he felt the corrosion in his Spirit Body gather together, curling into a ball. Despite passing through layers of cleansing effects, it managed to maintain its stability and didn't completely evaporate.

Is this the power and level of a true deity? Yes, and it's a true deity who wields the domain of degeneration… Sitting in the seat belonging to The Fool, Klein frowned slightly as he observed his state.

The corrosion created by the True Creator wasn't strong. If they were to leave the protection of Klein's Spirit Body, they wouldn't be able to last long above the gray fog. This was also the main reason why he had made the judgment and dared to directly enter Sefirah Castle.

However, unless he planned on dying again, there was no way he could bypass his own Spirit Body to remove the corrosion.

With the help of divination and other abilities, Klein quickly figured out the various effects of the corrosion.

It wouldn't mutate, send a message to the True Creator, or interfere with what he did. It would only continue to steer him via mystic means towards the Giant King's Court. It compelled Klein to open the palace where Dark Angel Sasrir was in deep sleep.

It's partly in the mind, and also at the level of fate… When I become a Miracle Invoker and become an angel, deepening my control of Sefirah Castle, I should be able to clear this "corruption"…However, if I want to become a Miracle Invoker and become an angel, I have to go to the Giant King's Court and open the door to that palace, helping the City of Silver find a way to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods… As Klein thought, he revealed a wry smile.

Fortunately, this was something he was prepared to do, and it didn't burden him further.

Following that, Klein summoned the Unshadowed Crucifix from the fog of history, attempting to use the power of Sefirah Castle to drive it into purifying his body. Unfortunately, part of his body was also merged together with the corrosion, preventing him from completely cleansing it.

This also made him truly understand how terrifying Sequence 0 was.

I can't just pray to an evil god like the True Creator unless I'm in a hopeless situation… Klein shook his head and returned to the real world before sacrificing the "curtain" above the gray fog.

It does indeed contain the Beyonder characteristic of an Attendant of Mysteries, as well as a Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic… There's even Scholar of Yore and Bizarro Sorcerer characteristics… It has a rather high level. The power I can use from Sefirah Castle at present isn't able to directly shatter it. However, this place seems to be at the highest level of the Seer pathway, so it can effectively suppress it. Through the accumulation of time, I should be able to slowly separate it…

The first to be separated should be the Attendant of Mysteries characteristic. The rest can be used to concoct a potion directly… Hmm, it doesn't have any living characteristics. The one that was summoned just now has already disappeared… With the translucent black velvet curtain in hand, he looked at it for a while.

Then, he activated Sefirah Castle and conjured a metal pot which was boiling with invisible power.

After staring at it for a few seconds, he threw the "curtain" into the "metal pot" and pressed down with layers of seals onto the pot's lid.

In about three to four days, the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic would separate. The supplementary ingredients could be thrown into what remained, and it would then be a Miracle Invoker potion, one that included the characteristics from Sequence 9 to 2.

Looking around, he raised his right hand and took a piece of paper from the junk pile.

This was one of his other preparations.

He had spent a large amount of time in advance and had failed time and time again to successfully summon 0-08. Using this quill, he wrote down what reasonable reactions Dark Demonic Wolf would have. This was to prevent the other party from reacting in unexpected ways from the very beginning, causing his plans to fail.

With the cooperation of this short script, the Dark Demonic Wolf had been attracted by Klein's strange behavior. Therefore, it was very reasonable that "He" didn't extinguish the prayer light immediately.

Similarly, without knowing how many enemies or what strength the other party had, the Dark Demonic Wolf didn't flee in a hurry. Instead, "He" created a complete independent "kingdom," isolating it from any possible reinforcements. It was a very reasonable reaction.

With a flick of his wrist, Klein burned the piece of paper, then he hurriedly sacrificed the sealed iron cigar case to Sefirah Castle. He then responded to Miss Magician's prayer and relayed The World's message.

Fors didn't dare to delay any further. She immediately got up and used her "Recording" Beyonder powers to grab at the area ahead, dragging out Gehrman Sparrow from history.

With that, Klein "Teleported" to the empty room in a nearby hotel. He set up a ritual and brought the iron cigar case back to reality, releasing Reinette Tinekerr.

After thanking Miss Messenger and watching "Her" take away half of the Beyonder characteristics, he changed the ritual and began to perform a sacrifice to the Evernight Goddess.

At the end of the ritual, he prayed with anticipation:

"I pray for a hint on how to purify the corrosive influences in my body."

In his opinion, at present, only an existence at the level of the Evernight Goddess could deal with the corrosion provided by the True Creator.

If the Goddess agreed to it, Klein planned to descend in a way that would allow his actual spirit to return to Backlund and receive purification.

As for removing the part of his body that had been corroded, he hadn't thought of a solution yet.

As he said that, a ball of darkness enveloped the altar.

When the darkness vanished, all the Beyonder characteristics disappeared.

Apart from that, there were no other hints.

…It looks like I can only rely on myself… Klein wasn't depressed. He raised his right hand and tapped his chest four times, drawing the crimson moon.

"Praise the Lady!"

His gratitude was very sincere. After all, he had received a lot of help.

After dealing with the subsequent matters, his historical projection vanished and he returned to the Forsaken Land of the Gods in person.

He held the lantern he had pulled out from the past, and he looked at the silent and desolate plains under the dim yellow light. He felt much more relaxed and couldn't help but sigh.

Finally…

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CHAPTER 1248
A THOUSAND YEARS OF WAITING

In the primitive forest outside Bayam City of the Rorsted Archipelago.

The leaders of the Resistance gathered in a mountain cave as they looked respectfully at the Sea God's Blessed. He was wearing a black cloak, his brows were yellow, and his blue eyes were dark blue.

"Lord Danitz, this is an opportunity!" a bald man in a wheelchair with a green beard, Kalat, said in excitement.

His partner, Edmonton, whose face was colored with short red patterns, immediately said, "Lord Danitz, according to our intelligence officers, the situation in Bayam is chaotic. Be it the Church of the Lord of Storms or the governor-general's office, everyone is feeling anxious because of the encirclement of Backlund by the Feysac military forces."

Having said that, Edmonton looked at Kalat and got the person-in-charge of the corresponding field to give a more detailed description.

Kalat looked at the solemn-looking Lord Danitz and deliberated over his words.

"Internal cracks amongst them can already be seen. Some people wish to commandeer the forces of the colonies to support Backlund, while others wish to hold on to this place as the tinder for their resurgence.

"This difference in opinion has caused the military and the Beyonders of the Church of the Lord of Storms to be at a loss. There are flaws in every aspect.

"Lord Danitz, this is our chance. We can agree to the conditions of Feysac and the Feynapotter navy. We can cooperate with them to attack Bayam and take back our kingdom!"

It's indeed an opportunity… But is this something I can decide? It's not like I'm stupid! Danitz listened quietly to the leaders of the Resistance and muttered to himself.

Having grown up in Intis, this famous pirate, treasure hunter didn't have any qualms about attacking the Loen colonies. He had zero hesitation or uncertainty about it.

Of course, he didn't have a strong sense of belonging to the Intis Republic either. In fact, when he was occasionally a part-time pirate, he preferred targeting businessmen from Intis. This was because they often carried more valuable luxury items with them.

There was only one reason why Danitz didn't agree on the spot to the request of the Resistance's leaders. It was because he had become a Conspirer, so he knew very well what his position was.

A human mouthpiece!

A tool that was responsible for passing messages between Gehrman Sparrow and the leaders of the Resistance!

*Gehrman is most likely Loenese. If I were to agree to it directly, I might not be able to see tomorrow's sun… However, he acts like he doesn't care about Loen at all… Dogsh*t! I can't be fooled by such superficial appearances!* Danitz cleared his throat and surveyed the area.

"This matter is of grave importance. Prepare a clean and serene altar immediately. I need to pray to God."

In an organization that believed in the Sea God, such a request didn't surprise the likes of Kalat, Edmonton, and the others. It even met their expectations. Hence, they immediately arranged for people to prepare for the sacrifice.

…

The Resistance in the Rorsted Archipelago can't sit still any longer… They were also supported by countries like Feysac, Intis, and Feynapotter to survive this long, or else they would've been annihilated by Loen and the three Churches… I even got them to extract quite a bit of help from the various countries… After hearing Danitz's prayers, he sighed.

Sitting in the ancient palace, he lightly tapped the edge of the mottled table in front of him. After pondering for a few seconds, he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow.

The crazy adventurer immediately took on a praying posture and said in a deep voice, "…Use the current situation to directly negotiate with the upper echelons of the Church of Storms and the governor-general's office. Exert pressure on them… The goal is to force them to give in and accept the idea of self-governance by the people of the Rorsted Archipelago…

"…The Resistance can guarantee that the Loenese will have most of their interests protected, allowing them to mobilize the troops and Beyonders to reinforce Backlund…"

…

Inside the clean and tidy altar, Danitz, who received the feedback, straightened his back.

He turned around and looked at the leaders waiting outside. He said with a solemn expression, "I have received a revelation.

"God has informed us that every citizen of 'His' is precious. Unnecessary sacrifices for the sake of war should be avoided.

"We absolutely wouldn't want to start a war but we are not afraid of having one. In short, let's try to use the present situation to negotiate with Loen with our forces, forcing them to make a concession that will satisfy most of us. If not, we can consider war.

"God says to remember the hatred, but don't let it blind your rationality. The people around you and a beautiful future are the most important things."

After becoming a Conspirer, Danitz realized that his powers of persuasion and his ability to fabricate explanations were increasing by leaps and bounds. Many a time, his thoughts would automatically take shape when he opened his mouth.

Kalat, Edmonton, and the other leaders of the Resistance all had a deep hatred for the Loen colonial masters, but the words of the Sea God and Lord Danitz had successfully wavered their resolve.

They had a clear understanding of how powerful the Sea King was over this period of time. If the war developed to the point where both parties were blinded with bloodlust, the Blue Mountain Island where Bayam was located might be completely submerged by the sea and become a ruin. All the locals would end up being dragged to the grave by their actions.

The powerhouses from Feysac and Feynapotter were indeed capable of stopping the situation from collapsing. However, how much power could they divert to this peripheral battlefield in the Rorsted Archipelago?

As for them, Kalat and the other leaders of the Resistance didn't trust them much. They believed that these fellows were no different from the Loenese.

They were all bandits from the Northern Continent and could rip off their masks at any time to become the new colonial masters.

After a moment of silence, Kalat, who was sitting in a wheelchair, looked at the man in a black cloak on the altar and said, "Lord Danitz, we are willing to work hard for peace."

He paused for a moment before saying, "According to the intel, the one who has the final say in the Rorsted Archipelago is Sea King Jahn Kottman. It's best if we negotiate with him directly."

Danitz nodded slightly and said, "That's exactly what I was thinking.

"We need to send someone to represent us and enter Bayam to face Jahn Kottman…”

Just as he was about to ask who was willing to go, he suddenly noticed that the gazes of Kalat, Edmonton, and the others were all on his face. It was as though they were saying that the Blessed of Sea God, the Intis pirate who had a relatively extraordinary status, was the most suitable candidate.

…*Dogsh*t!* Danitz cursed silently as he looked at the crowd and quickly thought of something.

"Yes, this is an honor, and it also contains extreme danger. I know that some of you are filled with the spirit of sacrifice and want to make the necessary contributions. Uh, how about this, let's draw lots to decide. This is the fairest way."

"I have no objections." Kalat and company didn't hesitate to give an answer.

A few minutes later, Danitz looked at the card in his hand as his facial muscles twitched.

…

City of Silver, at the top of the spire, in the Chief's room.

Colin Iliad cast his gaze at Derrick Berg, who appeared less physically developed when placed in contrast to his surroundings.

"Are you ready?"

With the leg bone-like object in his hand, Derrick held the ghostly-blue Thunder God's Roar, which was wrapped in lightning bolts, and nodded heavily.

"Ready and good to go."

He didn't act like a Beyonder from the Sun domain, but more like a berserk warrior.

With white hair and an old scar on his face, Colin Iliad immediately shifted his gaze and looked at Lovia.

"Are you ready?"

Lovia, who had a head of silvery-gray hair and a pair of light gray eyes, no longer wore the usual black robe with purple stripes. Instead, she wore a set of black armor.

She nodded her head indiscernibly and said, "Ready."

Demon Hunter Colin, who had become a Silver Knight, cast his gaze on the others in the room and asked if they were ready.

After receiving a positive response, Colin Iliad slowly walked to a wall, removed the two swords hanging on it, and carried them behind him.

"Let's set off." The City of Silver Chief gave the order in a concise manner.

The team that he led would once again head to the Afternoon Town camp. They would explore the Giant King's Court further, and find a path to the real sea.

Amidst the clinking sounds of metal, Lovia, Derrick, and company silently followed behind the Chief. They walked out of the room and down the stairs in an orderly manner.

Along the way, they saw Waite Chirmont and the other elders of the six-member council. They saw the City of Silver residents maintaining order in the spire.

These people were either leaning on a railing or waiting at the staircase. Their expressions were abnormally solemn, as though they were sending off the team that was carrying hope.

No one spoke. The entire place was silent, but when Colin Iliad and the others passed by, the City of Silver residents raised their right arm and clenched their fists.

Amidst the sound of this action, Colin and the other members of the expedition team left the spire and hit the road.

They immediately lit lanterns covered in animal hide.

Under the dim yellow light, residents of the City of Silver walked out of their houses and stopped by the roadside.

They looked at Derrick and company with admiration and anticipation. One by one, they raised their right arm and clenched their fists in front of their foreheads.

Derrick subconsciously straightened his back, his heart burning.

Just like that, the expedition team followed the path to the city gate under the watchful gazes of the crowd and walked out of the City of Silver.

As though they had a tacit understanding, Colin, Derrick, and Lovia, who had just left the protection of the city walls, turned their heads at the same time to look at their home, which had stood in the darkness for 2,584 years.

They saw that the residents of the City of Silver hadn't left. They were all standing near the city gates, looking at them.

With a swoosh, everyone raised their right arm and placed their fists in front of their foreheads.

This was the highest form of respect and also the deepest heartfelt blessing they could give.

Colin Iliad stared silently for a few seconds, then he closed his eyes and raised his right arm, waving it downwards.

"Set off!"

Derrick and company immediately turned around and carried the animal hide lanterns which emitted a faint yellow light. They stepped onto the dark path in silence and determination.

Destination: Giant King's Court.

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CHAPTER 1249
SHOWCASING HIS MIGHT

Boom! Boom!

In an underground shelter in Backlund, Audrey, who was dressed in hunting attire, listened to the distant explosions.

When she turned around, she happened to see Melissa looking at her in confusion.

The young girl, who had just reached adulthood, asked in a dreamy tone, "Miss Audrey, will the war end if we're completely defeated? Will we no longer have to worry about bombardments, raids, and having insufficient food?"

Audrey looked at her deeply and said, "But if that happens, you will have to change your faith."

Melissa hesitated, not knowing how to respond. At this moment, a commoner curled up against the wall blurted out, "I believe in the God of Steam and Machinery! Even if Feysac and Intis win, I don't need to change my faith!"

When that happens, life would return to its original warm and peaceful state!

These words stirred the commoners who were hiding in the shelter. They whispered to each other and discussed possible developments. There were no lack of Evernight believers.

To most people, faith wasn't that important compared to life. After all, a true deity would eventually still protect them.

The police officers who maintained the order of the shelter didn't stop the commotion from spreading. They watched on coldly, some even having a hint of anticipation.

However, the defeated will definitely suffer something far crueler than you can imagine. It's not something that can be summarized with just a change of faith… Be it a lesson from history or her conclusion deduced from the human psyche, all of them made Audrey more pessimistic than everyone present.

She looked around and could not help but sigh inwardly.

"The Goddess's anchor is already greatly shaken… If not for the grain support from before, it might have completely collapsed…"

As for what this situation meant, Audrey knew very well in her heart. She closed her eyes, tilted her head slightly, and muttered to herself silently, *"The battle of gods is about to begin…"*

The final outcome was about to appear.

After nodding at Melissa, Audrey turned and left the area, arriving at the entrance of the shelter.

The golden retriever, Susie, was seated there, looking like a qualified guard.

"You… don't seem like you plan to return?" Susie's nose twitched as she asked with a suppressed voice.

Audrey had hidden herself in this shelter from the beginning of the siege that began today; therefore, she hadn't had the time to return to her own residence in Empress Borough. As the battle had decreased in intensity

slightly, Earl Hall had already sent two people to urge her to return, so that she could head for a sanctuary for nobles.

Audrey shook her head and said with a faint smile, "I have to do what I need to do."

Without waiting for Susie's reply, she smiled and said, "Stay here on my behalf and secretly placate them. Don't let any commotions happen here. If they want to pat you, let them do so."

Susie hesitated for two seconds before saying, "Alright."

Audrey didn't say anything else. She left the shelter, completely ignored by the troop of soldiers guarding the shelter.

The sky outside was dark, and there were many buildings that had collapsed. They burned with flames that were about to be extinguished. The streets were empty, with no carriages or pedestrians.

This was completely different from what Audrey remembered of Backlund.

Backlund was originally blue, yellow, and beige. It was lively, bustling, and full of vitality. But now, it was gray, black, and scarlet. It was in shambles, disorder, and somewhat silent.

Looking left and right, Audrey identified her bearings while in her hunting attire, and walked towards the city borders.

What she wanted to do was simple:

Join the war and do her best to help Loen not collapse before the end of the battle of gods.

If the winner of the battle of gods was the opposing side, she would use various methods, such as "Cue," "Hypnosis," "Mental Plague," and other

means, to prevent the soldiers, officers, and Beyonders from venting their emotions, as well as reduce the damage brought by the war.

Amidst the flickering flames, Audrey quickly passed through them and ran into the distance.

…

Rorsted Archipelago, City of Generosity, Bayam. In a room at the top of the Cathedral of Waves.

Dressed in a black cloak, Danitz met the legendary cardinal of the Church of Storms, the high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Sea King Jahn Kottman.

Glancing at the muscles that filled up his priest robes, Danitz swallowed the words he was about to say, and he deliberated for a moment before saying, "I come with good intentions."

For some reason, he felt that his skin was numb, as though invisible lightning was dancing on them.

"Good intentions?" The tall, muscular, well-defined Jahn Kottman grunted.

*Heh, I had already considered the fact that fellows from the Sailor pathway are more irritable, making them incapable of telling the difference between a joke and sarcasm. Once their anger erupts, they don't even consider the overall situation. Otherwise, I wouldn't even need to speak like this… Dogsh*t!* Danitz mumbled to himself, maintaining his smile as he explained the Resistance's intentions.

Jahn Kottman stared at the pirate whose affiliation with the Golden Dream remained unknown and suddenly sneered.

"If we withdraw most of our strength, can you defend Bayam and the archipelago?

"If you can't defend it, how are you going to guarantee that the interests of the Loen migrants will be maintained when the Feysac and Feynapotter combined navy forces breach the defense lines?"

As a demigod, he was extremely certain that Sea God Kalvetua had already perished. However, he didn't know who it was that was using the name of "Sea God," or if that entity had the ability to protect the Rorsted Archipelago.

That's a good question… Only with questions can there be room for a successful negotiation.… In fact, Danitz had never thought of how the Resistance would defend against the Feysac and Feynapotter after Loen's powerhouses were transferred back to Backlund. He fully believed that Gehrman Sparrow and Mr. Fool behind him had the ability to protect this place.

As his thoughts raced, Danitz looked at the extremely oppressive Sea King and said, "I will pray to my Lord and ask 'Him' to protect the Rorsted Archipelago."

"Oh?" Sea King Jahn Kottman narrowed his eyes and took a step forward.

The aura from the Tyrant pathway made Danitz involuntarily take two steps back. He lowered his head and prayed on the spot.

"Blessed of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua, please send down your powers to protect the Rorsted Archipelago…"

After the prayer, Danitz carefully cast his gaze out the window, but he didn't discover anything unusual.

Jahn Kottman sized him up for a few seconds before saying, "Your god doesn't seem to be responding…"

"Ahem." Danitz cleared his throat and felt his heart beating like a drum.

At that moment, the sky outside suddenly darkened. It was as if a large number of dark clouds were flying over, blotting out the sun.

Sea King Jahn Kottman instinctively turned his head and looked out the window. He saw a shadow cast over the border between the sea and the sky.

With his control of the archipelago's waters, scenes of the overall situation rapidly surfaced in the Cardinals cardinal's mind.

The Rorsted Archipelago, along with the surrounding seas, was shrouded by thick fog. It became indistinct and surreal.

A seabird flew past and attempted to land on the dock, but it failed to pass through it, unable to set foot.

The commoners in the archipelago continued living normally, aside from noticing the brewing storm.

This… Jahn Kottman's dark blue pupils dilated significantly. He subconsciously turned his head to look at the Sea God's Blessed, Blazing Danitz.

Danitz's mouth gaped slightly as he forgot to close it. His shock was not lesser than the shock Sea King experienced.

A few seconds later, the fog dissipated and the shadows faded away. Everything in the Rorsted Archipelago returned to normal.

"…” Danitz blinked. When Sea King Jahn Kottman looked over again, Danitz chuckled and said, "My Lord has responded to my prayers."

As he spoke, the pirate with a bounty of more than ten thousand pounds slapped himself inwardly.

*Dogsh*t! You actually dare to suspect Mr. Fool! Isn't this the might of Mr. Fool?*

Jahn Kottman remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "I will consider your proposal carefully. I will immediately convene a meeting with the key figures in Bayam to discuss this matter. I will give you an answer in an hour."

Danitz lifted his chin slightly and laughed.

"I will wait patiently."

With that said, he followed his instincts as a Hunter, and he indifferently bowed before leaving the room.

Amidst the creaking sound, silver bolts of lightning lit up in the blue eyes of Jahn Kottman.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein threw the "curtain" back into the "metal pot" and sealed it again.

He had used the power of a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries and stirred the power of Sefirah Castle to respond, creating a shocking effect for Jahn Kottman.

In another half a day, the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic will be separated, and the rest can be used to concoct the Miracle Invoker potion. Yes, when it's only at the Sequence 2 level, I can attempt to use the power Sefirah Castle to shatter it and let the Beyonder characteristics such as the Scholar of Yore and Bizarro Sorcerer to seep out in a shorter amount of time. That will lower the risk brought by the potion… Klein mumbled before rapidly returning to the real world.

He wasn't situated in the dark moors anymore, but the frozen dusk of the Giant King's Court.

He had entered the Giant King's Court before the City of Silver's expedition team arrived at the Afternoon Town encampment.

Under the orange light, Klein felt the degeneration and exhaustion of his body. He cast his gaze at the magnificent and beautiful buildings situated high above.

The countless palaces and towers still had the remnant glory of the Second Epoch, as though they were a manifestation of myths.

No, it was a myth.

Before the City of Silver's exploration team officially took action, Klein planned on attempting to open the palace where Dark Angel Sasrir was sleeping.

This way, if there were any accidents, the City of Silver's expedition team would still have time to make targeted preparations. As for Klein himself, it would definitely be much safer for him compared to the others since he was using a historical projection.

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CHAPTER 1250
BEHIND THE DOOR

As he had the information from the City of Silver's previous explorations, Klein knew which places were dangerous and how to avoid them. It didn't take long for him to follow the small path, pass through the Waning Forest, Barren Tunnel, and use the ancient elevator to arrive at the residence of the guards.

After waiting for a while—until the "curtain" above the gray fog split into two, separating the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic—Klein reached out to pull his past self out.

He didn't know if the other divine kingdoms would isolate the fog of history, but at least without the Giant King's Court having its owner present, no one would be able to stop his attempts.

Unfortunately, this matter involves too many levels. I can't obtain any results from divination; otherwise, I will feel more at ease… Klein shook his head and muttered to himself.

He was in no hurry to jump into the fog of history. He first took out two items and handed them to his projection.

One of them was a deep-black wooden box. It contained the ashes of Giant Guardian Groselle.

Klein had never forgotten his promise.

He had originally wanted to wait for Little Sun's second exploration of the Giant King's Court before handing him Groselle's ashes and getting him to

help do the burial. However, due to various matters, he ended up coming to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and entering the Giant King's Court.

As for Snowman's ashes, Klein planned on scattering it into the golden sea just as he was about to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods—it was a sea churning with the divine blood of the ancient sun god.

After handing over the urn and the black iron key from Vice Admiral Iceberg, Klein followed his usual practice and leaped into the fog. He dashed to the fragment of light that represented a time before the First Epoch, and he allowed his consciousness to naturally shift to the projection he had summoned.

This projection didn't hold the Staff of the Stars and only wore Creeping Hunger. This was because the palace that the Giant King lived in was still quite a distance away. There were many troll statues blocking him, so Klein couldn't guarantee that he would reach his destination in five minutes.

Right on the heels of that, he made the glove on his left hand transparent as he disappeared from where he was.

In the next second, Klein appeared outside the guards' residence with the huge black iron key. He hadn't "Teleported" too far away.

Yes, in the Giant King's Court, it's clear that most of the powers within have weakened… Only a guard acknowledged by the divine kingdom can perform at relatively normal standards? Uh, Beyonder powers similar to "Teleportation" have also been suppressed. I can only do "Blink" within a relatively small area… From the looks of it, even if I were to summon the Staff of the Stars, I wouldn't be able to appear outside the Giant King's palace by outlining the corresponding scene in my mind… As expected of an ancient god's divine kingdom… Klein seriously observed the influence his surroundings brought him.

After making a preliminary judgment, he turned and walked back to the guards' residence. Opening the wooden box in his right hand, he solemnly

scattered Groselle's ashes in every corner.

According to the scene he saw in Groselle's dream, this guards' residence was where the giant lived for a long period of time. It was the "home" that he had the deepest impression and was most fond of.

It could be imagined that during that period of time in ancient times, Groselle and the other rational Giant Guardians from future generations would rest, rabble, gossip, talk about music, and think of fun games to play. They didn't need to worry about food and ailments. They would live every day of their lives happily…

With the shaking of Klein's hands, the ashes scattered on the wall, the ground, the bedside, the tables, chairs, and stone pillars.

The orange light outside the window shone forever, making everything look peaceful.

When the last speck of ashes was scattered, the dusk suddenly deepened. It dyed the scattered ashes orange, becoming a part of the divine kingdom.

Klein closed his eyes as though he could sense Groselle's joy.

A vagrant who had been forced to leave his hometown for three thousand years had finally returned to the place he had missed day and night.

The light of the dusk softened, making Klein feel that he was less ostracized.

Eh… It's equivalent to being acknowledged to a certain extent. I've become a guard that has been accepted by a number of people. Klein emanated his spirituality to confirm the changes.

He didn't stay any longer. He used Creeping Hunger and the path scouted by the City of Silver's expedition team to constantly "Blink" and take detours. From time to time, he would pull out the Unshadowed Crucifix. He

passed through the hall where the fateful plot was made with relatively little difficulty, and he arrived at the residence of the Giant King. There, he saw a row of huge stone columns on the left that formed railings. Beyond the railings was an orange-red gas and a churning dark blue sea.

Taking a deep breath, he returned to the hall he had just exited. He reached out his hand and dragged out the marionette, Enuni, who hadn't been "Parasitized" by Amon.

Even if it was a historical projection, he didn't want to open the door himself!

Looking at the slightly dazed Enuni, Klein handed the black iron key that he had tucked under his armpit over to him. He controlled Enuni to leave the hall and follow the railings formed from stone pillars to the tallest and most magnificent building in the Giant King's Court.

The dusk's glow seemed to be corporeal as it covered the palace's surface, bringing with it a strong sense of decadence, as though the curtains had drawn on everything in the world.

Lining both sides of the palace were separately steeples and spires. The grayish-blue front door was covered with mysterious symbols as it stood at a height exceeding ten meters.

To the left of the door, there was a pitch-black hole that was the size of an adult's fist at the height of three to four meters.

Enuni stared at it for a few seconds before raising the black iron key that resembled a seven-string guitar and inserting it into the deep crevice in front of him.

It fit perfectly without leaving a single gap.

As the gigantic black iron key entered the deep hole, Klein held his breath in the nearby grand hall, constantly preparing to remove his existence.

With a click, the black iron key in Enuni's hand reached the end.

It suddenly turned soft, as if it had fused with the hole as it emitted grayish-blue light.

The various symbols, labels, and patterns on the door lit up as they protruded.

All the lights quickly interfered in a constructive manner, pressing down heavily into the inner chamber as it slowly opened the grayish-blue palace door.

The gap between the door widened when Enuni's eyes suddenly reflected a turbulent pitch-black, viscous, and illusory sea.

Not good… Warning bells sounded in Klein's mind.

Without any hesitation, his consciousness returned to his body as he severed the connection with his Historical Void projection.

In the next second, his vision suddenly darkened. The left side of his head felt a sharp pain, as though someone had inserted a red-hot chisel into it and kept rotating it.

At the same time, he heard indistinguishable ravings that seemed to come from an era older than ancient times.

Klein's expression instantly twisted, appearing extremely ferocious.

He could still barely maintain his rationality, but he had no energy left to remain in the historical fragment.

Without a sound, Klein landed in the guard residence of the Giant King's Court. With a thought, he entered the world above the gray fog.

Before undertaking such a dangerous task, he had no doubt found a reason and excuse to arrange for the members of the Tarot Club to pray collectively to awaken Sefirah Castle's ability to "summon" its master. This allowed him to skip taking four steps counterclockwise and reciting the incantation at critical moments to return above the gray fog.

However, just as Klein's Spirit Body saw the grayish-white fog, he heard a familiar roar, he felt himself be rejected by Sefirah Castle, as though it had accepted an order from someone else to stop him from entering.

This… In his shock, he saw a black shadow leap past him, heading straight for Sefirah Castle!

It wasn't Amon, but a shadow that exuded an aura identical to his!

Subconsciously, Klein influenced Sefirah Castle and made it reject the intruder.

Then, he succeeded. The shadow was also blocked by the grayish-white fog as well.

Right on the heels of that, he and the shadow fell back into the real world at the same time.

After his Spirit Body returned to his body, Klein bent down in pain, like a curled shrimp.

The half top hat on his head fell to the ground.

He took several seconds to eventually recover. He slowly straightened his body and cast his gaze on a glass window ground from orange gems.

The window reflected his current appearance:

With the bridge of his nose as a border, his right face was the same as usual, but countless objects were crawling out of his left face.

Klein narrowed his eyes.

He hurriedly took a deep breath to calm himself down and regain the Clown powers of control.

His mind outlined a clear image of his appearance.

He was dressed in a black trench coat, had black hair and brown eyes. The right side of Gehrman Sparrow's cut face was the same as usual, while the left side had become translucent and was formed from twisting maggots.

As he looked down, his neck was in a similar state. It was the same with his body that lay beneath his clothes.

The edge of losing control… Man, I need to resist the inclination towards intense madness… W-why? Suddenly, he sensed something. He instinctively lowered his head and looked at his feet.

It was empty. He was missing the shadow that was supposed to exist.

The orange light of the evening shone through the window, but it didn't create a shadow by his side.

"Haha, I understand." Klein bent down and laughed uncontrollably.

He suspected that the "seawater" that surged out from the Giant King's palace had not only "drowned" his marionette and historical projection, but it had also used the latter to slice off his own shadow, causing his spirit to lose its completeness. He was unable to completely suppress his inclination towards losing control.

As for the shadow, which was slightly equivalent to him, it could also affect Sefirah Castle. This resulted in a situation in which both parties were unable to head above the gray fog.

As long as I get rid of that shadow, the problem can be solved… The corner of his right forehead twitched as he straightened his back.

At that moment, the orange light that shone from outside was dyed gold, becoming rather resplendent. It made the entire Giant King's Court seem to retrograde from dusk to noon.

With a thought, he cast his gaze out the window as an image appeared in his mind.

In front of the tallest and most magnificent building in the Giant King's Court, Marionette Enuni stood there, facing the door.

It was dark past the door, impossible to see anything clearly.

Suddenly, Enuni turned around and looked down.

His face was covered in a shadow, and his hair turned deep black that draped over his shoulders and curled up slightly.

On his back, there were pairs of dark illusory wings.

In the grand hall nearby, a pure shadow's lower body was pressed against a stone brick as its upper body came over in a ramrod manner.

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CHAPTER 1251
CHANGE

It's not Dark Angel Sasrir… The projection of Enuni has been eroded by the power that surged out from the Giant King's residence, becoming a monster that I can't understand at the moment. Furthermore, it looks like it can exist for a long period of time… Perhaps there's a bit of Sasrir's will involved in this… With his left hand covering his face, Klein allowed the Worms of Spirit to burrow through the gaps in his fingers freely.

What he couldn't understand the most was something else. He had clearly opened the palace where the Dark Angel lay slumber, but the deities and Kings of Angels showed no reaction.

According to Klein's imagination, when the surging "sea" gushed out, be it the True Creator, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Blasphemer Amon, or Amon's brother who ultimately hid behind the scenes, "They" should've immediately descended or appeared to confirm Dark Angel Sasrir's present state or snatch whatever corresponding items. To his surprise, the entire Giant King's Court remained completely silent. No external powers exerted any influence.

Could it be that "They" are still waiting for me to enter the Giant King's residence and to come into contact with that deputy of Heaven? Hmm, the True Creator said to meet Sasrir… My Spirit Body and physical body haven't recovered from the corrosion, which means that the True Creator's goal has yet to be achieved… Haha… As Klein's thoughts raced, he realized that he was unable to control his emotions, be it anger, sadness, worry, or depression. He couldn't help but pull the corners of his mouth up and let out a scoff.

The only thing he was glad about was that this didn't affect his brain. He could still think and use all sorts of Beyonder powers, but sometimes, his madness would suddenly be aggravated, turning him rash and aggressive.

I wonder if the demigod of the mind has any way to treat this situation. In any case, the Sealed Artifacts or Beyonder characteristics that I can summon can't do it… This is a result of an incomplete spirit. If I don't resolve my severed shadow, I probably won't be able to completely recover. However, perhaps there are methods that can allow me to temporarily return to normal. For example, create a virtual persona to make up for the incompleteness? Unfortunately, I can't enter Sefirah Castle… Klein's thoughts were in a mess as the scenes that surfaced in his mind gradually vanished.

He then picked up the half top hat that had dropped to the ground and wore it. Then, through the huge glass window formed from ground orange gems, he observed the changes in the Giant King's Court.

Unlike before, an illusory sun appeared high in the sky, allowing the magnificent building complex situated in the frozen sunset to enjoy the sun at noon.

The troll statues that stood guard in the various palaces seemed to be draped with a cloak weaved out of shadows.

Enuni, who had a pair of black, illusory wings on his back, and the shadow that originally belonged to Klein jumped over the railing and glided towards him.

Klein's gaze froze as he subconsciously took a few steps forward, intending to fight the enemy.

But very quickly, he snapped back to his senses and checked his current state. He quickly retreated to the ancient "elevator," pulled the switch, and landed back in the Barren Tunnel.

Then, with "Blink," he appeared near the Waning Forest and ran all the way to the edge of the Giant King's Court.

His intuition told him that in his current state, he had no means of defeating the mutated "Enuni" and his separated shadow.

Of course, he had the confidence if it was just the latter.

When he arrived at the edge of the radiant sunlight, he turned and saw that Enuni and his shadow hadn't chased after him. It was as though there was a limit to their range of activity.

There's no way to leave the Giant King's residence, or should I say, be too far away from Dark Angel Sasrir? Just as this thought flashed through his mind, Klein saw the illusionary "sun" atop leap from the center to the west. The dusk's colors once again enveloped the divine kingdom.

Klein carefully observed all of this and was in no hurry to leave the Giant King's Court.

Not long after, the illusory "sun" plunged into the palace where Dark Angel Sasrir slumbered. Darkness became the ruler of the Giant King's Court.

The darkness was different from the one found on a normal night—there was no moon or starlight, only blurry shadows.

Standing in this darkness, Klein had a nagging feeling that someone was clinging to him from behind. However, he clearly knew that it was an illusion and didn't turn around recklessly.

A few minutes later, the illusory "sun" rose, and the light of dawn dispersed the darkness.

The power that surged out from the Dark Angel's chamber has changed the Giant King's Court despite it being an ancient divine kingdom… It really is

a power that's close to that of a true deity. At the very least, it controls a "Uniqueness," but which pathway's Uniqueness would it be?

The generated changes include "Blazing Sun," "Darkness," "Degeneration," and "Mutation." This is a little contradictory. It doesn't seem like the result of a single Uniqueness… Besides, the Uniqueness of the Sun pathway is definitely with the Eternal Blazing Sun… The "Shadow" and "Degeneration" is brought about by "Darkness" which is undoubtedly with the True Creator… When I opened the door, I saw an illusory, pitch-black, viscous ocean… It's related to the Chaos Sea? Klein shook his head as he continued observing. This continued on as he waited for the City of Silver's expedition team to rendezvous with him.

…

Backlund, at the border of the city.

As soon as Audrey entered, she discovered that the fog had become unusually thick. Visibility had been reduced to five meters.

The howling winds swept through the fog, bringing a sense of clarity from time to time. However, it was soon filled with surging whiteness.

Audrey's eyes suddenly turned golden, allowing her to see even further.

As she carefully treaded, the fog in front of her suddenly became much thinner.

At the same time, her Beyonder powers suffered a retrogression.

The weakening of mysticism… The concepts and information previously mentioned by Mr. World flashed across her mind.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Multiple salvos from Backlund fired ahead, causing the shells to leave trails of red, blue, silver, or black in their wake as they bombarded the enemy's base.

However, in the next second, these shells encountered invisible barriers and exploded in midair, making the transparent "wall" tremble.

At this moment, a rather blurry figure appeared in the distant, thick fog. "He" was in human form, but he was more than ten meters tall. His torso and waist each had two arms extending out as he emitted a rich darkness.

For some reason, as the figure that seemed to arise from a legend appeared, the Feysac and Intis allied force's base stirred.

Every soldier and officer there seemed to have returned to their childhood. They were walking alone on the dark road with no one around them. Everything was silent. They felt uneasy deep down.

The fear of the unknown stemmed from the fear of their imaginations. Instantly, they broke down and turned to flee.

At this moment, radiant sunlight shone on them, allowing them to see light and bringing them courage.

However, there were still a small number of soldiers who were unable to control themselves. They kept shouting "mommy" or a particular woman's name in their bids to escape from the battlefield.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The soldiers fell to the ground amidst repeated gunshots. One by one, they bloomed with blood-colored flowers.

They landed on the ground, turning motionless after slightly twitching. No one cared what their names were, nor did anyone know of their past.

Right on the heels of that, under the commanding officer's orders, the invisible barrier that enveloped the Intis and Feysac allied forces was dispelled. Crimson-red flaming spears were thrown out towards the Loen base as though they could blot out the sky.

Just as the flaming spears approached their target, they scattered in a sudden bout of chaos. They stabbed into the ground, creating one pitch-black hole after another.

It was the first time Audrey was seeing such a large-scale usage of Beyonder powers. Momentarily stunned, she couldn't help but recall the people she knew and the roles they played in this battle.

Glaint and the other young nobles had joined the army and took on the roles of officers at different ranks. They were scattered all over the battlefield and could be killed at any moment.

The Magician had left Backlund with Judgment's family and was hiding in a small city in East Chester County;

As a middle-ranking member of MI9, Judgment was made to covertly defend against infiltration by the Beyonders from Feysac, Intis, and other countries;

The official Beyonders led by The Star had locked down the various cathedrals of the Church of Steam, maintaining the stability of the city;

Saint Anthony and the other demigods of the Church of Evernight, the Church of Storms, the royal family, and the military began to set up the last line of defense in Backlund;

The Sanguine had remained neutral the entire time…

A few seconds later, Audrey gathered her thoughts and prepared to use Psychological Invisibility to sneak into the enemy's camp to spread Mental Plague.

Suddenly, her spiritual perception stirred as she cast her gaze to a spot further away.

In the thick fog, a rather thick and blurry tentacle wrapped around countless silver bolts of lightning and quickly extended to a certain location of the allied force's base.

A feather burning with golden flames fell.

In the depths of the thick fog, a huge grayish-blue palm reached out, holding a silver broadsword.

…

The Fog Sea, away from the safe sea route.

Countless bolts of lightning struck the surface of the sea; waves surged and crashed heavily.

Bernadette's Dawn was constantly being thrown into the sky, making it seem extremely minute under the might of the elements. It looked like it would sink at any moment.

Queen Mystic stood at the bow of the ship, calmly taking in all of this. From time to time, she would use the Emperor's New Clothes and other fairy tale magic to maintain the balance of the boat.

Her gaze pierced through the terrifying storm in search of the suspected primitive island.

…

After some reorganizing, Colin Iliad led Derrick, Lovia, and the other members of the expedition team out of Afternoon Town camp. They followed the path up the mountain and entered the Giant King's Court.

What surprised them was that the frozen dusk had changed. Bright sunlight illuminated every corner.

“…Where's the helper you invited?" Colin Iliad controlled his alarm and turned to ask Derrick Berg.

Just as Derrick was about to speak, he suddenly saw a figure walk out from a half-collapsed tower

The figure wore a black trench coat and a silk top hat. The right side of his face was cut, cold and stiff. The left side of his face had transparent, wriggling maggots that kept crawling.

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CHAPTER 1252
MR. CLOWN

When they saw the figure walking out from behind the collapsed tower, the members of the City of Silver's expedition team immediately put up a defensive stance, ready to attack or provide any defense.

In their eyes, the man wearing strange clothes and a strange hat was equivalent to a monster, a particularly terrifying one at that!

Even normal Beyonders would view themselves as monsters after being subject to such a physical mutation!

Upon seeing the reactions of the half-giants, Klein grinned widely and said with a beaming smile, "Hello everyone, I'm Gehrman Sparrow.

"All of you should be glad that I can still control myself. Otherwise, you would've lost your minds because you looked at me directly."

As he spoke, the transparent maggots on the left side of his face and neck were still squirming slowly. Beneath the clothes on the left side of his body, there were protruding marks that gently squirmed.

A monster! The members of the City of Silver who were not demigods were increasingly certain of their own judgment.

"You are… you are The Wor—no, Mr. Sparrow?" Derrick Berg finally managed to recognize Mr. World who he had met once.

Klein raised his left palm and covered his left cheek. He smiled and said, "Life is always about encountering the unexpected."

Without waiting for Little Sun to respond, he paused and said, "I have already opened the door to the Giant King's residence. This brought about some accidents, causing the divine kingdom to change."

The door to the Giant King's residence has already been opened? The grizzled and scarred Colin Iliad narrowed his eyes. He subconsciously looked up at the magnificent buildings shrouded in golden sunlight.

However, due to the distance, he couldn't see the situation at the apex.

However, to have the frozen sunset become replaced by the blazing sun at noon had explained many things.

Klein's gaze swept across the City of Silver's Chief and Elder Lovia, who was dressed in black armor, of the six-member council. He then looked at The Sun and continued with a smile, "This has also brought me some negative effects, just as you have already noticed."

At this point, he clapped his hands and said in a commanding tone, like an adult instructing children, "Alright, Beyonders below the level of demigod are to fall back. The Giant King's Court after the anomaly is not a place you can enter."

The members of the expedition team, apart from Colin, Derrick, and Lovia, felt an inexplicable sense of fear as they cast their gazes at the Chief.

Colin Iliad remained silent for a few seconds before turning to them and saying, "Leave the Giant King's Court and wait at the periphery. If you see the signal, immediately act according to plan."

The handpicked expedition team members were not only strong themselves and close in strength to a demigod, but they also had different powerful Sealed Artifacts that complemented each other. Even if they were facing a saint, they weren't without hope when it came to defeating one. However, in the City of Silver's original plan, they weren't the main force. Therefore, Colin Iliad had led them here in the hope that, when he and the other

demigods shaved off the hidden enemies, these team members would be able to shine. They could then use the different Sealed Artifacts to deal with different incidents, preventing the entire team from suffering from any weaknesses.

Now, with powerful help from the outside joining them, and the fact that the Giant King's Court had indeed experienced some sort of anomaly, no one knew what they would encounter if they went deeper. With the utmost caution, Colin Iliad believed that Gehrman Sparrow's suggestion wasn't a problem. Furthermore, he had his own selfish thoughts—he didn't want members other than the demigods to suffer any unnecessary risks or meaningless casualties. Therefore, he agreed to the opinion of the monster-like powerhouse.

When the time came for an opportunity to show itself, he, Lovia, and Derrick would be able to give a signal and let the team members rush over a cleared path to provide reinforcements.

As for the entire team's Beyonder powers not being able to deal with different situations due it collectively becoming relatively monotonous, Colin Iliad wasn't too worried since the former Shepherd, Lovia, was around.

The members of the expedition, who weren't demigods, exchanged looks and hesitated for a moment. In the end, they still chose to listen to Colin Iliad.

"Yes, Your Excellency!"

At the same time that they answered, they gave Derrick Berg a deep look, as though they were trying to remind their Chief to be careful of this Sequence 4 demigod.

He actually knew a living, monster-like powerhouse!

This was very suspicious to the residents of the City of Silver, who had barely seen any outsiders!

Sensing his companions' obvious distrust, Derrick's heart ached as his eyes nearly welled up in tears.

But eventually, he didn't make any excuses. He maintained his silence and straightened his back.

After the other members of the expedition team retreated from the Giant King's Court, Klein smiled and pointed at the two demigods.

"Let me guess. You must be the Chief of the City of Silver, the former Demon Hunter, the present Silver Knight, Colin Iliad. You are The Hanged Man's believer, Black Knight Lovia, who had helped 'Him' shepherd?"

Lovia's gray eyes, which were hidden behind her visor, narrowed.

"You really look like a clown."

The Hanged Man? Upon hearing Mr. World's words, Derrick almost doubted his ears.

He even imagined that Elder Lovia had something to do with Mr. Hanged Man, but he quickly remembered the exact image of the Fallen Creator—a naked man hanging upside down on a cross.

Mr. World used The Hanged Man to refer to the Fallen Creator. Elder Lovia chided him for being impolite? Derrick, who had just exceeded two meters in height, nodded thoughtfully as he praised Mr. World's guts from the bottom of his heart.

He actually dared to give a true deity a nickname, and even said it out loud in front of "His" follower!

Colin Iliad looked at Gehrman Sparrow and then at Lovia. Unable to tell who was right or wrong, he calmly said, "Let's continue moving forward."

He had already pulled out the two swords on his back and allowed them to be blanketed with the dawn's glow.

"No problem." With a smile, Klein turned around and walked to the left of a huge stone staircase with the three demigods of the City of Silver.

After walking for a while, they saw the familiar rugged pathway. On one side of the road was a towering cliff, and on the other side was an afternoon sun-soaked, bottomless cloud.

At this moment, Klein and company felt the vibrations of the ground. They saw large amounts of illusory, pitch-black gases surging out from deep within the golden cloud.

With a whoosh, the rugged pathway collapsed, falling into the dark "water surface."

Beneath the "water surface," there seemed to be invisible maelstroms lurking.

"Haha, it collapsed. There's no way out. Haha." Klein bent down laughing loudly, making Colin's, Derrick's, and Lovia's nerves tense up.

It took Klein a few seconds to regain control of his emotions. He straightened his body and took out a piece of white paper from his pocket with a smile plastered across his face. He folded it into a "plane."

Phew. He blew at the head of the paper plane, swung his arm, and threw it towards the clouds that had been devoured by darkness.

At the same time, the glove on his left hand was covered with slippery fish scales.

Upon seeing this scene, the originally confused Colin Iliad nodded slightly before casting his gaze at the flying paper object.

A violent wind stirred as it carried the paper plane forward in flight for a few seconds.

Then, it suddenly dissipated, and like a stone, it rapidly plummeted into the dark clouds, without causing any ripples.

"From the looks of it, flying is useless." Klein turned halfway around and smiled at Derrick and company.

Lovia didn't respond as she released a translucent soul that enveloped a piece of gravel.

In the blink of an eye, that piece of rock disappeared from its original spot, "Blinking" to a spot above the dark clouds. Following that, it fell down uncontrollably and sank into the clouds.

""Teleport' doesn't work either," Lovia said in a slightly deep voice.

As Klein pressed at his abdomen, he bent down and chuckled before saying, "It looks like we can only enter through the main entrance."

Derrick immediately turned around and was about to head back when Colin Iliad and Lovia looked at each other and nodded indiscernibly.

The four demigods quickly returned to the huge, grayish-white stone staircase and looked up.

Above the flight of silent stairs which had very high steps, the majestic city walls were covered with burn marks. There were even arrows shafts as thick as ordinary trees.

In the middle of the city wall was a door that was tens of meters tall. It was grayish-blue in color and there were golden nails embedded on its surface.

On both sides of the door stood a guard that stood at six meters tall in a domineering manner. They wore exquisite silver full-body armor, one holding a greatsword, the other a huge ax. Behind their visors was an orange glow.

Silver Knight!

These were two Silver Knights guards!

Without wasting any time, Colin Iliad quickly retracted his gaze and said to Gehrman Sparrow, "I'll hold back one of the Silver Knights. Quickly finish off the other one."

He wasn't very sure of Gehrman Sparrow's strength, but from the admiration and respect that he sensed from Derrick Berg, as well as the fact that he had opened up the residence of the Giant King, he determined that this demigod who was blessed by The Fool was no weaker than him.

Under such circumstances, whether it was Gehrman Sparrow or Colin Iliad, it wasn't difficult for them to quickly kill a Silver Knight guard with the help of Lovia and Derrick. After all, they weren't living demigods, but a special statue without any intelligence.

Just as Colin Iliad finished his sentence, he saw Gehrman Sparrow bend his back and laugh out loud.

"Why do you care so much about these two toys?

"If they were still alive and could think—real Silver Knights—I would definitely be as cautious as you are. But now, haha. Watch."

As he spoke, Klein used his left hand, which had many Worms of Spirit crawling about, to press down on his top hat. He straightened his body and briskly walked up the stairs.

Then, he was surrounded by strong winds as he approached the main door of the Giant King's Court.

During this process, he casually raised his right hand and shook it a few times, as if he was stretching his wrist or grabbing the air.

At the end of the last action, Klein's shoulder sank slightly as if it had frozen, but nothing appeared in the void.

Colin Iliad originally wanted to have an understanding of Gehrman Sparrow's strength, so he didn't stop him. He only signaled for Lovia to follow, to back him up if he made any mistakes. However, at that moment, he suddenly slowed down. He frowned slightly as if he had caught the scent of something.

As for Derrick, he looked at him with slight admiration. He believed that Mr. World could quickly finish off the guards.

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CHAPTER 1253
I WISH YOU WELL

Only when Klein was about to reach the end of the flight of stone steps did the two Silver Knights guards outside the Giant King's Court react.

They turned their heads as the orange glow behind their visors flashed twice, as though it was confirming the identity of the visitor. Furthermore, they had a moment of confusion.

Half of Klein's face was normal, and the other half was terrifying. The right side of his mouth curled up exaggeratedly. The transparent maggots on his left slowly twisted, revealing a frightening and indifferent smile.

Thud!

With his right foot crossing the final step, he arrived at the platform where the Giant King's Court was located.

Suddenly, a silvery-white crack appeared on Klein's forehead as countless silver rays emitted from his body.

His entire body instantly shattered into pieces of flesh and blood.

These fragments floated up and quickly thinned and faded, turning into paper shreds.

Klein in his top hat and black trench coat appeared one after another in different spots. However, they were all ripped apart by the silver sword beams. Some of them degenerated into illusions, while others turned into paper figures.

At this moment, a figure suddenly appeared outside the main door of the Giant King's Court where two guards had disappeared.

It was a huge doll dressed in a dark and complicated long dress with evil vines wrapped around it.

Reinette Tinekerr!

When Klein climbed up the stone steps, the person he summoned was none other than Miss Messenger. However, "She" had appeared in Wraith form, so Colin Iliad, Lovia, and Derrick didn't see her.

At this moment, the two Silver Knights who had concealed their evil intentions and were hiding with the help of the light were chasing Klein out of instinct. They had already exposed their whereabouts after the angel-level powerhouse's prolonged observations.

Reinette Tinekerr's bright red eyes immediately reflected a seemingly blank area.

There was a flash of light, and a white rabbit suddenly jumped out of nowhere. It bounced around and circled the area, its eyes abnormally vapid.

Immediately following that, Miss Messenger took a step forward and disappeared.

In another area, the remaining knight in silver armor appeared. His actions turned stiff and slow.

He had been possessed by a Wraith!

Klein, who had used himself as bait, stopped "Blinking." He pressed his hand to his chest and gave a very ceremonial bow.

"I've found the two of you. I wish you well."

He straightened his body, raised his right hand, and snapped his fingers.

Boom!

The white-furred rabbit suddenly exploded, its flesh splattering all over the ground.

Then, he walked towards the Silver Knight guard who tried his best to struggle but to no avail.

When the two figures crossed each other, Reinette Tinekerr's historical projection returned to the fog of history, while the Silver Knight followed closely behind Klein and very obediently returned to the edge of the stone steps with him.

He had already become Klein's marionette.

"We can enter." Klein smiled as he said to Colin Iliad and the others at the bottom of the stone stairs.

Derrick's eyes lit up as he inwardly marveled.

Mr. World is really powerful. He managed to finish off two Silver Knight guards single-handedly so quickly!

Colin Iliad turned his head to glance at Lovia. From her gaze, he could sense her heavy emotions.

The City of Silver's Chief had no change in expression. He held the two swords that refracted the light of dawn and steadily walked up the stone steps. He came to Klein's side and whispered, "Mutant?"

Klein pressed down a Worm of Spirit that formed his left eye and smiled without answering.

After Derrick and Lovia walked up the stairs, the four demigods and a marionette turned and arrived at the main door of the Giant King's Court.

During this process, Klein stowed away the Silver Knight Beyonder characteristic that had seeped out from the rabbit.

This was a reward for Reinette Tinekerr.

According to the agreement between him and the angel, the spoils of war that Klein had obtained from summoning a historical projection would be split equally with Miss Messenger.

Reinette Tinekerr took the Beyonder characteristic, while Klein obtained a Silver Knight marionette.

He looked up at the main door and made the Silver Knight guard, who was much taller than him, take a few steps forward and insert the sword into the ground.

Then, the Silver Knight bent down and stretched out his hands to press on the door that was dozens of meters tall.

After a heavy screeching sound, the door with golden nails slowly opened.

At this moment, the "sun" in the sky leaped, and the entire Giant King's Court froze into an orange-red dusk.

The huge door opened faster and faster, and the scene inside was gradually revealed to Klein and company.

A grayish-white figure was covered in orange-red light. Countless stairs extended from behind the door all the way to the tallest and most magnificent residence of the Giant King. On the way, there were no obstacles. There were palaces and towers on both sides.

Giant statues covered in iron-colored armor stood in front of different buildings, guarding the path that led to the residences of the god.

"It's time for you to perform." Klein turned his head to the side and gave an exaggerated smile to Colin Iliad and Lovia.

The former Demon Hunter, Colin, nodded slightly without any objections. Behind Lovia, an illusory figure covered in silver armor with dark red eyes that was several meters tall appeared.

Pa! Pa! Pa!

The giant statues on both sides of the divine kingdom's staircase emitted silvery-white beams as they emitted shattering sounds.

The "silver flowers" that bloomed kept spreading upwards as if they were welcoming the guests.

Before long, three Silver Knights—Colin Iliad, the soul "Grazed" by Lovia, and the marionette controlled by Klein—cleared out the giant statues guarding the divine kingdom's staircase, leaving only the area closest to the Giant King's residence. They didn't attempt it out of caution.

At that moment, two figures flew out of the Giant King's palace and slid towards the three Silver Knights.

One of them had a shadowed face, black, curly hair that reached its shoulders, and a pair of black wings on its back. The other was a pure shadow that distorted to the sides from time to time.

They were Enuni, who had mutated at some point in time, and Klein's shadow, who were both under the influence of the Dark Angel.

…

In the battlefield filled with thick fog, a layer of grayish-white dragon scales suddenly appeared on Audrey's body. This was a result of her seeing something she shouldn't see.

Even with the fog blocking her view, high-level creatures at the angel level could still corrupt and damage living beings that saw "Them"!

As a demigod of the Spectator pathway, Audrey immediately retracted her gaze and calmed her mind to control herself from losing control.

As her thoughts raced, she took a few steps back and used Psychological Invisibility to hide in the thick fog. She was in no hurry to infiltrate the Intis and Feysac allied forces camp.

She was waiting for an opportunity—one that she believed would definitely appear.

Time passed by so slowly that Audrey imagined that it had stopped. After an unknown period of time, she finally saw the fog over the allied forces' base turn dark, like the sun plunging past the horizon. Night had begun to rule this world.

Silently, the Intis, Feysac soldiers and officers closed their eyes and fell asleep. This included many other Beyonders.

Audrey, who was hiding not far away, also fell asleep. However, as a Dreamwalker who had been "Cued" in advance, she managed to stay lucid.

Then, without knowing how long the opportunity would last, she used "Dream Traversal" to enter the Intis, Feysac allied forces base. She walked among the soldiers and secretly left behind the seeds for a Mental Plague.

This "plague" could make the infected panic, fluster, and break down emotionally. It was difficult to be placated with normal methods.

Hum!

The sound of a horn pierced through the gaps between reality and dreams, shattering the hazy world and awakening the soldiers and officers.

Audrey didn't hesitate. At the instant before the dream completely shattered, she "traversed" to the other end of the camp, far away from the group that had planted the seeds of Mental Plague.

In the next second, the dream world completely collapsed, forcing her back into reality. She appeared at the borders of the Intis, Feysac allied forces base.

Thud!

A silvery-white beam lit up, exploding beside Audrey, tearing apart the fog.

Audrey didn't panic because being attacked was within her expectations.

After entering the Intis, Feysac allied forces' camp, she knew that her "Psychological Invisibility" was very likely to be seen through by others using other clues, such as not being able to completely conceal her malice.

Therefore, apart from her "Psychological Invisibility," she also used similar techniques and Hand of Horror's "Disorder" to create another fake version of herself to mislead the possible attackers.

In other words, there was still a layer of illusion hidden under her Psychological Invisibility.

And the facts proved that Audrey's understanding of the enemy was correct. The fake version of her had indeed encountered a sudden attack.

Taking this opportunity, she retreated into the depths of the fog.

Then, a grayish-white dragon that was still in human form appeared. It had mysterious and three-dimensional symbols engraved on its huge scales. They were infiltrating inwards and extending outwards, as though they were

interweaving into something indescribable. Something that didn't belong to reality would cause one's mind to go into a frenzy and distort their thoughts just by looking at it.

At the same time, a figure dressed in a Feysac general's attire appeared at the spot where Audrey was standing. His face, neck, and palm were covered in silver armor, giving off a cold feeling.

…

Enuni and Klein's shadows landed on a platform covered in orange light. The three Silver Knights retreated and returned to Derrick's and Klein's side.

Klein raised his hand to cover his left cheek and laughed at the "shadow" and Enuni.

"It looks like you can't leave that area."

He took a few steps forward and spread out his palms. He tsked and said, "What a pity. That way, you won't be able to hit me."

Bang!

The "shadow" opened its mouth and released an Air Cannon.

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CHAPTER 1254
EXAGGERATED

Bang!

When the "shadow" blasted an Air Cannon forward, Klein acted as though he had sensed it ahead of time. His body jerked backward, and he somersaulted in the air, landing steadily several steps away.

During this process, his right hand continued to press down on the half top hat on his head, making him seem rather relaxed.

Seeing that Enuni and the "shadow" didn't attempt to chase and continue their attacks, the smile on his face became even more obvious.

"It's really impolite to interrupt others while they're speaking.

"I wanted to discuss how to deal with you in front of all of you, but I can only avoid that now."

As he spoke, his left face, which formed from a cluster of transparent maggots, trembled twice, as if he was trying to wink at his former marionette and his former shadow.

Then, with a beaming smile on his face, he walked back to Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia and shrugged.

"The owners of this place aren't welcoming us. We can only head out and discuss how to resolve the problem—them."

Colin Iliad didn't think lowly of this exaggerated powerhouse just because he didn't seem capable of controlling his emotions. This was because he had shown his expertise and meticulousness towards detail when handling the previous matters. This wasn't something a demigod who had lost his mind could do.

"Alright." The City of Silver's Chief responded to Klein's suggestion.

Of course, Derrick had no objections, while Lovia remained silent and didn't say a word.

Hence, the four demigods and the Silver Knight marionette retraced their steps. They walked out of the Giant King's Court's door, and Klein even got the silver-armored guard to pull the huge door and slowly close it. It appeared like a very polite gesture.

Throughout the entire process, Enuni, who had layers of black wings on his back, and the pure "shadow" just stood watching. They didn't attempt to stop him, as though an invisible wall had restrained their movements.

After a while, dusk dissipated and darkness descended. All awaited the light of dawn to illuminate everything.

In this quiet and dead world, a ray of light finally rose, bringing with it a long-awaited dawn.

At this moment, Enuni and the "shadow" heard knocking sounds at the door of the Giant King's Court.

Someone was knocking on the door.

Knock, knock, knock. After this continued a few more times, the door let out a creaking sound as it opened heavily.

Wearing a black trench coat, Klein maintained the smile on the right side of his face as he entered the Giant King's Court first. He walked up the stairs

step by step, and the other demigods, along with his marionette, followed one step behind.

After reaching the end of the half-way, Klein stopped and said to Enuni and the "shadow" who were more than ten meters away, "Please forgive me for not waiting for you to say 'come in.' Perhaps it's because this spot is too far from the main door, so you didn't hear my knocking.

"As you know, as a gentleman, I only know how to use my fingers to strike, not slap with my palms."

The moment he finished speaking, Enuni, who hadn't spoken since the beginning, spoke:

"Next, you'll deal with Shadow by yourself and let the people of the City of Silver hold me back."

"Oh?" Klein let out a loud nasal grunt while wearing an exaggerated smile, as though he was waiting for Enuni to give a further explanation.

At the same time, he raised his left hand and pressed his face.

The transparent and twisted maggots began to squirm about, some boring in, others crawling out and quickly completing an exchange.

With a shadow over his face, Enuni, with his black, slightly-curled hair that reached his shoulders, continued in a deep voice, "You didn't summon a projection from the Historical Void in advance because you know that Shadow can summon the projection of the Staff of the Stars and simulate the powers of the Angel of Time; it will accelerate the flow of time to disperse your angel helpers.

"Similarly, he didn't make any preparations because of the same reason.

"And if you summon a saint that can last longer, he can do the same. Both of you offset each other."

"I hate playing cards with myself!" Klein nodded heavily, expressing his agreement and laughed out loud.

Enuni, whose face was blurry, glanced at him and the three demigods of the City of Silver.

"Therefore, you turned the Silver Knight guarding the door into your marionette, planning on using it as a chip to tip the balance."

"This problem is his, not mine. He actually doesn't have a target to turn into a marionette. Or perhaps, why don't you sacrifice yourself?" The corners of Klein's mouth curled up as he said to his former marionette, Enuni.

Enuni retracted his gaze and turned to examine Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia.

"You and Shadow cancel each other out. The prerequisite for using a marionette to win is that they can hold me back."

Just as he said that, the two shoulders of the marionette that had been corrupted by the power of the sleeping Dark Angel squirmed as a head grew out of each.

The three heads were covered in shadows and had black curly hair that reached his shoulders. However, they gave people the feeling that one was young and the other old.

Before Klein and the demigods could react, Enuni's right body suddenly tore apart, causing the "aged" head to take away a third of his body.

The body that split apart rapidly squirmed and instantly became complete. On the shadow over the head's surface, a pair of eyes protruded with vertical, pale-golden pupils.

Suddenly, the magnificent staircase leading to the ancient god's residence collapsed, turning into a desolate moor. At the end of the moor was a pitch-

black city overgrown with weeds.

City of Silver!

Derrick's heart tightened upon seeing such a realistic scene. He was worried that the unknown enemy would drag him and the other demigods to the City of Silver and destroy it. As for Lovia, her gaze froze as her body trembled when Enuni grew two heads. It was as if she could sense the aura of an absolute high-leveled entity.

Colin Iliad surveyed his surroundings and crossed his two swords that were covered in the light of dawn before pushing them out. He said in a deep voice, "This is fake."

At this moment, Klein covered his mouth with his left hand that was made of transparent maggots. He yawned and asked Enuni's main body with a smile, "Will you be stronger in dreams?

"Or can you cross the boundary and launch an attack?

"Yes, if it were me, I would definitely consider using a dream to lure the enemy into entering my attack range."

The moment he said that, the desolate moor and the distant castle dissipated at the same time. The magnificent staircase, which was illuminated by the light of dawn, appeared once again.

At this moment, the left side of Enuni's body tore away. The "young" head had taken away a third of his flesh.

The shadow covering "his" face was quickly replaced by a resplendent golden light. It was as if there were two miniature "suns" in his eyes.

"The Sun?" Klein first voiced out a question before laughing so hard that he couldn't straighten his back. "Haha, you want to use the 'Unshadowed Domain' to break through the Silver Knight's 'Light Concealment'? Yes, we

have three Silver Knights on our side. That is worthy of your attention, but have you considered the feelings of Shadow? You don't, you only think of yourself! He's only a shadow, so have you considered how weakened he would be in the 'Unshadowed Domain'?"

At this point, Klein laughed even louder. Even the transparent Worms of Spirit crawling on his left face sped up their movements.

"Hahahaha, also, have you thought about the Beyonder powers of Corruption, Degeneration, and Darkness? Have you seriously considered the negative effects that the 'Unshadowed Domain' will bring you?"

After laughing, Klein straightened his back and asked seriously, "How should I address you now?

"En'en? U'u? Ni'ni?"

Enuni, whose main body was still covered in shadows, slowly took a deep breath and said, "If you had chosen the Hunter pathway, you would definitely be stronger than you are now…”

Before he could finish his sentence, the layers of black wings on his back suddenly spread out. They kept expanding, covering the sky and wrapped towards the magnificent staircase.

Faint shadows immediately covered the area. Then, Enuni directly crossed the invisible boundary and descended in front of Colin Iliad, Lovia, and Derrick.

He actually had the means to break through the obstruction!

The young him, who had split off as the Sun Saint, immediately raised his arms.

The light of dawn turned blazing hot, illuminating every corner of the magnificent staircase, leaving no shadows. Nothing could hide within.

Unshadowed Domain!

However, the shadows around him didn't fade. The dark wings that enveloped Enuni's body blocked out pure sunlight.

As for Shadow, it seemed to be covered in a cloak. Although it was much dimmer, it didn't show any signs of weakness.

At the same time, Enuni's split-off aged body pushed out his right palm.

A violent but illusory gust of wind appeared around him, carrying with it an invisible, multi-colored intent that gushed towards Klein and his Silver Knight marionette.

Mind Deprivation!

It could awe the target, make him feel fear, show signs of frenzy, or lose a portion of his rationality.

And now, because Klein's spirit was incomplete, he was on the brink of losing control. He couldn't even control his emotions and reactions very well. If he were to suffer the effects of Mind Deprivation, there was a high chance that he would lose control on the spot and break down into a monster.

Enuni understood what had happened to him and understood his weakness. The moment he launched the attack, he allowed the Spectator Saint to use an area-of-effect attack that Klein would find difficult to defend against and find unbearable.

The strong winds that were tainted with all kinds of emotions and will instantly engulfed Klein. However, half of the crazy adventurer, who had half a normal body and half a terrifying body, didn't show any sign of warped expressions, manifestation of godhood, or physical breakdown. Instead, his exaggerated smiling right eye became extremely calm.

While waiting for the City of Silver's expedition team, he had already summoned Miss Justice and got her to make up a Virtual Persona that stemmed from his lampooning, Clown-like character, allowing his spirit to become complete for a certain amount of time!

This was the reason why he appeared relatively rational when he left the guard's residence, only to appear exaggerated and crazy when he rendezvoused with the City of Silver's expedition team.

Furthermore, this Virtual Persona could also withstand several attacks from the Mind domain.

The coldness in his eyes quickly faded away. The corner of his right lip curled up, becoming symmetrical with a curled Worm of Spirit that was crawling on the left.

This was a sincere smile.

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CHAPTER 1255
MOCKING HIMSELF

As the smile of "sincerity" appeared on Klein's face, the face of the Spectator Saint that Enuni had split suddenly cracked open. The silver cracks were all over the place, intertwining with each other, appearing extremely chaotic.

Klein seized the opportunity and used his Silver Knight marionette's silver sword to condense a "Silver Rapier" to attack him!

A sharp light shot out, dicing that figure into countless small pieces.

However, these small blocks were abnormally illusory, with zero corporealness.

The Spectator Saint had used the technique of Psychological Invisibility to create an illusion, concealing his existence!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Silver beams of light either blazed towards the Spectator Saint that Enuni had split off, or directly leaped out from the target's location, erupting from within.

The Spectator Saint relied on the speed and agility that a powerful body brought. He constantly changed positions and dodged, preventing himself from getting injured.

As he had a precise understanding and control of his psyche and mind, Klein's intuition for danger prevented an image from forming in his mind,

so it was difficult for Klein to predict his actions. Therefore, Klein couldn't let the "Silver Rapier" lay in wait and strike out where he appeared.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The huge knight, who was covered in solid silver armor, held his broadsword and charged at his target, as though he could topple a mountain.

Due to the existence of the Unshadowed Domain, Klein's Silver Knight marionette was unable to hide himself using the light. He could only directly attack.

Upon seeing this, the Spectator Saint's body suddenly swelled, turning into a hideous, grayish-white scaled dragon that was covered in shadows, a manifestation of godhood.

The dragon's body was huge; its gray scales firm. Its claws were powerful, and it managed to block the Silver Knight's slash.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! The giant and the giant dragon smashed through the brick rocks of the ancient divine kingdom, causing the palace to collapse. It was a mess.

Klein maintained his exaggerated smile and seriously controlled his marionette to ignore Shadow.

No, he still did some level of interference.

He controlled the Spirit Body Threads of himself, the marionette, the City of Silver's Chief, Lovia, and Little Sun, preventing them from being controlled by Shadow. From time to time, he would reach out his hand and summon the historical projection that Shadow was attempting to summon. This effectively canceled out both parties' efforts.

Apart from that, Klein didn't even glance at Shadow.

Shadow wandered for a while before opening its mouth helplessly and making a "bang" sound.

An Air Cannon shot out and struck the Silver Knight marionette before exploding.

Amidst the rumbling sound, the marionette only shook slightly before returning to normal. The silver armor he wore didn't show a single crack.

"Haha." Upon seeing this scene, Klein laughed out loud, giving off the feeling that he was about to bend over in a fit of laughter.

How could he not be aware of how weak his attacks and defense were?

When the two core skills of controlling Spirit Body Threads and the summoning of the Historical Void projections were rendered ineffective, Shadow, who had no marionettes, could only watch from the side. Be it Air Cannons, Flame Controlling, Illusion Creation, or the Clown's combat ability, they were all just embellishments or support.

Likewise, Klein didn't attack Shadow, because he knew how frustrating it was to deal with Paper Figurine Substitutes, Flaming Jump, Damage Transfer, and Illusion Creation. He knew that there was no way he could deal with the other party in such a short period of time. He might as well let him be a member of the live audience. After all, he couldn't affect the battle.

Upon hearing the mocking laughter, the pitch-black Shadow froze for a moment before pouncing forward. It approached Klein and targeted him with attacks.

On the other side, when Enuni's true form landed in front of the three demigods of the City of Silver, Colin Iliad quickly glanced at Derrick before looking away. He crossed his swords, forming a cross that blocked the path ahead.

While doing this, this City of Silver Chief's clothes tore apart by his rapidly expanding muscles.

In the blink of an eye, Colin Iliad had turned into a giant that was nearly six meters tall. His body was grayish-blue and his muscles were bluish-black. He was a ripped giant.

There was a dark crack on his forehead that seemed to be capable of attracting the souls around him, and his eyes were gone.

Every inch of the giant's skin and flesh contained immense power, infinite mystery, and a strange spiritual influence. It made everyone who witnessed it inevitably feel a sharp pain in their psyche, turning them into a rampaging mess that wanted to destroy everything, including themselves.

Inside the "Unshadowed Domain," Colin Iliad didn't need to worry that the divine kingdom's suppression would prevent him from controlling this incomplete Mythical Creature form, causing him to completely lose control.

The invisible barrier around him immediately shrank, turning into silver, sticky, liquid metal that covered his entire body and solidified into an armor that couldn't be shaken.

At that moment, the shadow on Enuni's body condensed into something corporeal. It made him turn into a "giant" that was several meters tall. He held a black greatsword and wore black full-body armor.

Black Knight!

Clang!

The black great sword cleaved straight down and was held back in midair by two swords formed from the light of dawn.

The shadow beneath Enuni's feet and the illusory black wings on his back extended outwards in an attempt to envelop Colin Iliad.

Almost at the same time, rays of the light of dawn formed around Colin as they swept forward.

The storm that was filled with pure fragments of light swallowed Enuni's shadow, only to be blocked by his black wings.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Colin Iliad's Silver Knight manifestation Enuni's Black Knight transformation clashed violently, producing a spectacular light show as the tower collapsed.

As for Derrick, he leaped out with Thunder God's Roar in hand after receiving the Chief's signal, heading straight for the Sun Saint.

Amidst the howling winds, he brandished the ghostly blue hammer that was wrapped in lightning. He appeared like a Sailor of the Storm pathway, not a Beyonder of the Sun domain.

The Sun Saint never expected that the Unshadowed opposite him would be so rash that he chose to engage in close combat. Unable to react in time, he could only use his instincts to dodge to the side.

With a loud crack, a silvery-white light burst out from the place he was about to step in. It quickly engulfed him and tore his body apart.

The Silver Knight evil spirit that Lovia "Grazed" also targeted the Sun Saint as it unleashed its attacks.

A golden glow surged out of the Sun Saint's body like a tidal wave, melting the silvery-white light, forming a layer of armor made of light, and a huge mace.

Boom!

The mace blocked Thunder God's Roar, causing the snaking bolts and light to fly everywhere.

At the same time, the Sun Saint's body emitted a warm glow that caused the Silver Knight evil spirit to suddenly turn illusory as if it was evaporating. It caused the black-armored Lovia's body to pale. The degenerate aura quickly dissipated, causing the Silver Knight marionette to weaken greatly.

Purification!

This was the core power of an Unshadowed. It was extremely effective against wraiths, the fallen, and the unclean!

Faced with the "Purification," Lovia could only summon her Silver Knight evil spirit back and not let it out to "Graze." She could only use the corresponding Beyonder powers to make up for her weakness.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Silver beams of light occasionally "Blinked," flying at high speeds, forcing the Sun Saint to block and duck to protect himself.

After taking a glance, Derrick stopped brandishing Thunder God's Roar again, nor did he pester the Sun Saint any further. He took a few steps back and cast his gaze towards the battle between the black greatsword and the double swords of dawn. He then joined the battle between Colin Iliad and Enuni.

His expression turned solemn as he spread his arms wide, as though he was hugging a gift from a deity.

The "Unshadowed Domain" immediately became even brighter, as though sunlight had penetrated through the barrier and shone in.

Right on the heels of that, a ball of pure light surrounded by countless holy flames descended out of thin air. It enveloped Colin Iliad and Enuni without

any regard whether they were friend or foe.

Flaring Sun!

"Flaring Sun" of an Unshadowed!

This was the theurgical spell that Klein had used to kill Megose and the fetus in her womb. It caused tremendous damage to creatures in the domain of Corruption, Degeneration, and Undying. It could even directly destroy them.

In the holy spherical light that was surrounded by holy flames, the illusory black wings on Enuni's back began to emit a faint mist. The pitch-black armor covering his body melted and part of his body cracked open, igniting his leaking degenerated aura.

Colin Iliad was also injured. The silver armor on his body turned into liquid metal.

Derrick didn't pay much attention to this. He once again used "Flaring Sun" and once again enveloped Enuni and Colin Iliad.

He believed that compared to the enemy who was of the Degeneration and Corruption domain, the Chief who was of the Warrior pathway would suffer a lot less damage under the assault of "Flaring Sun." He was able to last much longer.

And after dealing with the main enemy, he could get Mr. World to summon Life's Cane to treat the Chief.

This was the fastest way to deal with Enuni!

This wasn't something that Derrick had come up with himself, nor was it part of the plan that Klein had come up with. It was something that Colin Iliad had suggested himself.

Previously, when they were discussing outside the door, Klein had only introduced Enuni and the Shadow's possible abilities. He didn't come up with any proposals and had left it to the City of Silver's Chief to decide on the battle plan.

This was because he knew that Shadow understood him very well. He could think of anything he could think of. If it was based on his own train of thought, it would be easy to resolve. Therefore, trusting an experienced former Demon Hunter was the best solution under the present circumstances.

Colin Iliad didn't stand on ceremony. He confirmed that the main target they needed to deal with was Enuni, who had been corrupted by the Dark Angel. He formulated a plan around this key point and came up with a plan to clinch victory through internecine means.

He wasn't afraid of being hurt. He was only worried that there wouldn't be an opportunity such as this.

The spherical light that was surrounded by infinite holy flames blasted down, illuminating the surrounding area. It made Klein's "shadow" dim significantly, making Enuni's black wings become fainter and fainter, almost to the point of an illusion.

But at this moment, a pair of black wings suddenly separated from Enuni and transformed into a deep "sea."

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CHAPTER 1256
I HAVE SOMETHING YOU DON'T

The deep "sea" swallowed the bright spherical light, darkening the entire "Unshadowed Domain."

Silver bolts of lightning burst out from its interior, turning the area where Enuni and Colin Iliad were fighting into a forest of lightning.

Amidst the sizzling sounds, countless bolts of lightning slithered upwards and drilled into the gaps in the armor.

This Silver Knight, who had shown his incomplete Mythical Creature form, immediately turned stiff, as though he was paralyzed by lightning. As for Enuni, his black armor, which seemed to be formed from powers of "Degeneration," had completely absorbed the lightning, preventing his body from being affected by the rippling damage.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Enuni, who had pitch-black fragments peeling off from him, held the dark greatsword with both hands and slashed at an angle. And at this moment, Colin Iliad hadn't completely escaped from his paralyzed state.

With a piercing stabbing sound, a deep crack appeared on his left shoulder. The sturdy silver armor seemed to lose its defense as it was cleaved open by the great sword.

This was a Black Knight's "Cull of Spiritual Flesh." Not only could it corrode flesh and blood, it could obliterate souls and cleave through

barriers. It could also cause any living creature with degenerate thoughts to lose their defenses. It was a core Beyonder power belonging to the Black Knight, stemming from the "Degeneration" domain.

Seeing that the "Cull of Spiritual Flesh" had sliced open the silver armor on Colin Iliad's left shoulder, with the crack quickly deepening as it went straight for the heart, Derrick tensed up and immediately condensed a spear made up of pure sunlight. He swung back his hand and threw it towards Enuni.

Unshadowed Spear!

Enuni didn't abandon his attack or dodge. Instead, he raised his remnant illusory black wings and used them to shield himself.

Sizzle!

The "Unshadowed Spear" pierced through two layers of the illusory black wings, bursting out a blinding white light that seemed to give rise to a miniature "sun."

At the same time, Colin's entire body melted, turning into a pool of silver liquid metal.

The liquid flowed rapidly, reforming the body of Colin Iliad in the distance. He still resembled a giant, and he was still wearing silver armor. However, half of the City of Silver's left shoulder and arm had fallen to the ground. The incision was clean with no blood flowing out.

With the use of "Mercury Liquefaction," Colin Iliad sacrificed an arm to avoid Enuni's lethal blow.

His gaze behind his visor didn't waver at all. He grabbed the remaining sword of dawn and ran towards his target once again. It was like an unusually terrifying steam locomotive that exceeded its speed limit.

Derrick quickly condensed his "Unshadowed Spear" again from the side, causing the spears of light to fly towards Enuni.

During this process, he opened his mouth and solemnly said, "God says that the purification is effective."

This was the Beyonder powers of a Notary at the Unshadowed level.

Its compatibility with the Unshadowed Domain created by the Sun Saint made the battlefield brighten even more, causing the degenerate auras on Enuni and Lovia to further weaken.

"God said it's ineffective!" The Sun Saint immediately denied Derrick's "proclamation," causing the Unshadowed Domain's purification effect to return to its former state.

Amidst the crackling sounds, the "Unshadowed Spear" approached Enuni. As for the black illusory wings on the Black Knight back, a few pairs had already faded under the miniature sun's illumination. He only had half left.

Enuni couldn't effectively dodge the pure, bright long spears closing in on him since his hands were full fending off Colin Iliad. He made a pair of illusory black wings spread out fully, disintegrating into "darkness."

As soon as the "Unshadowed Spears" came into contact with the "darkness," they were stained with a layer of thick, sticky, blackness. They either instantly corroded and broke, piercing the magnificent staircase, or left a curved arc in the air as it spun around and tore at Derrick Berg.

All of them degenerated at that very moment.

Upon seeing this, Derrick followed his battle instinct that he had honed from all his years of training and his patrolling and exploring experience. He jumped forward and rolled.

Sizzle!

Black spears landed behind him, corroding a large segment of the staircase.

At this moment, the Sun Saint was also throwing "Unshadowed Spears," creating pure white beams that shot across the air. This forced Lovia to use one of her "Grazed" souls to constantly "Blink" in an attempt to approach the enemy.

To her dismay, she could only use the ability of one soul at a time in such a state. She couldn't "Blink" while condensing "Silver Rapier" to cull the Sun Saint from a distance to create an opportunity for herself.

Meanwhile, the battle between Klein and his "shadow" was exceptionally intense. Amidst the booming sounds of Air Cannons, the flaring of scarlet flames, pieces of paper scattering in all directions, and illusions turned into bubbles described the battle.

The Silver Knight marionette had basically suppressed the Spectator Saint. After all, no matter how strong the mind dragon's body was, it wasn't a match for a demigod of the Giant pathway when in close combat.

Of course, the Spectator Saint wasn't in any danger. After all, he had revealed an incomplete Mythical Creature form. If it wasn't for the fact that his opponent was only a marionette, and Klein had already digested the Sequence 3 potion and seen many high-level creatures, he could use his exposed godhood to interfere with his opponent's thoughts, slowly driving him crazy and losing his rationality.

Without the advantage of the godhood's influence, the Spectator Saint could only use the Hypnotist's "Battle Hypnotism" to force the target to act erratically, such as attacking in the wrong direction. Using this opportunity, he escaped from the melee battle and entered a "Psychological Invisibility" state again in an attempt to perform a sneak attack on Klein.

A Hypnotist's "Battle Hypnotism" could forcefully hypnotize the enemy during battle, making him do all sorts of erratic actions. However, such

actions couldn't directly cause harm to the victim, and it couldn't be maintained for too long, as the target would quickly wake up.

Of course, the "Battle Hypnotism" target of the Spectator Saint was definitely not the Silver Knight marionette. This was because it was essentially a dead person. This made it immune to all psychological effects. The target of his interference was the thoughts Klein transmitted through the Spirit Body Threads, targeting them so that the information the marionette received would be erroneous. As such, it would act differently from what Klein wanted.

This was actually a psyche interference, and not a psyche hypnosis. The effects were undoubtedly not as effective as the original version, but not every saint of the Spectator pathway could grasp such an effect. It was a result of digging deep into one's Beyonder powers and experimenting.

To the Spectator Saint, there was nothing he could do about this. This was because, be it "Mind Deprivation," "Mind Storm," or "Mind Breath," none of them were effective on a marionette.

The grayish-white dragon that had its head covered in shadows had tried to close the distance with Klein several times, or to use its area-of-effect Beyonder powers, but it was stopped by the Silver Knight marionette. It kept being forced to dodge the "Silver Rapier" which could erupt within its body.

As Klein controlled his marionette, he distanced himself from the Spectator Saint and dealt with his "shadow." It wasn't too easy, but it wasn't too much of a burden.

Suddenly, his spiritual perception was triggered as he entered a state of clarity unique to instances when his dream or mind secretly intruded.

With his lucidity, Klein allowed a portion of his consciousness to rise to the sky and look down at his island of consciousness.

Then, he saw Enuni, the one who looked aged with a face covered in shadows, walk out of the boundless sea of collective subconscious, opening the door to his Body of Heart and Mind.

This Spectator Saint didn't attempt to change the island of consciousness in Klein's mind. All he did was produce a dark spherical light which had tentacles growing out of it. He turned it into a "seed" that was hard to discover before letting it sink into the ground.

A Mental Plague seed!

Without any hesitation, Klein immediately switched locations with the Silver Knight marionette, preventing the Mental Plague seed from landing in his island of consciousness.

The Spectator Saint noticed this change. Not only was he not disappointed, he even revealed a smile.

This was because he had long used Virtual Persona to secretly plant the Mental Plague seeds on the still island of the Silver Knight marionette. Although this couldn't affect the marionette, it could unknowingly corrupt the enemy who swapped positions with the marionette and other targets in the surrounding areas.

This was a kind of corruption and infection that targeted the island of consciousness and the psyche. It wasn't a direct attack, so it was difficult to use Virtual Persona to offset it.

When the time came, the problem that Klein had temporarily concealed with Virtual Persona would completely erupt. He would quickly plunge into a passage for losing control, entering an irreversible situation!

Shadow was no stranger to such situations, as Hvin Rambis had used such a method before.

As he secretly laughed at Klein for becoming crazy, reckless, arrogant, and acting like a clown, one who had forgotten lessons of the past, he snapped his fingers, summoning a scarlet flame. He then used it to jump over, embroiling himself with Klein.

Another round of paper shreds flew in all directions as the intense battle destroyed the afterimages.

After a short while, Klein suddenly stopped. He raised his left hand that was wrapped with transparent maggots and covered his left face.

"Hahaha, hahaha." He let out a maniacal laugh, controlling the Spirit Body Threads around him like a madman, no longer distinguishing between friend and foe.

On his right cheek, pale meat tendrils protruded out, as if they were Worms of Spirit that were about to bore out.

When Shadow saw that Klein had gone crazy and was about to lose control, he was worried that he would be infected by the "Mental Plague." He hurriedly made a scarlet flame rise up and swallow himself.

In the distance, his figure emerged from the flames that had yet to extinguish.

At this moment, the Silver Knight marionette would occasionally launch an attack and occasionally do a twitching dance. It was obvious that it wasn't under normal control.

He no longer had the strength to stop the mind dragon manifested by the Spectator Saint. He allowed the other party to spread out his wings and fly into the air above Klein. He was prepared to use "Mind Breath."

The Spectator Saint didn't want to give his enemy who was infected by the "Mental Plague" a chance to breathe. He wanted him to immediately lose control!

Suddenly, this mind dragon's actions became sluggish, as if every joint was injected with glue.

In the next second, a silvery-white beam erupted from his body, splitting his flesh and blood, tearing apart his Spirit Body.

With his back bent, the laughing Klein slowly straightened his body calmly. He released the palm covering his left cheek, and he smiled at Shadow in the distance.

Behind him, wave after wave of silvery-white beams tore apart the mind dragon, turning it into pieces of pitch-black flesh. They fell to the ground, and the knight marionette in silver armor retracted his broadsword and looked coldly at Shadow.

Looking at the slightly lost Shadow, the few Worms of Spirit on his left face curled up and stimulated the curved corners of a smile.

"You haven't seemed to have noticed that I have something that you don't."

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CHAPTER 1257
TOO WEAK

As he spoke, Klein raised his right hand.

A piece of pitch-black and filthy flesh had appeared in his palm at some point in time. It contained an indescribable aspect of madness.

"The answer is: The Hanged Man's corruption," Klein said to Shadow with a smile.

The thing that he had that Shadow didn't was the corruption left behind by the True Creator. This was an influence that even the power of Sefirah Castle couldn't dissipate for the time being!

And one thing he was certain of was that, before he met Dark Angel Sasrir, the True Creator wouldn't easily allow him to lose control or die.

Therefore, he deliberately allowed corrupted parts of his body to be infected by Mental Plague, pretending that he had lost control. Then, he pretended to be controlling Spirit Body Threads in an aimless manner so as to cover up the fact that the target was actually the Spectator Saint. When the opponent launched a further attack, he successfully entered a sluggish state, creating an opportunity for the Silver Knight marionette.

As he expected, the corrupted parts of him wrapped around the seeds of the Mental Plague, preventing the negative effects from erupting.

During this process, Shadow had distanced herself from Klein because of his concern about the effects of Mental Plague. This made him fail to notice the abnormality of the Spectator Saint's Spirit Body Threads.

How could Klein not know how careful and cautious he was?

Of course, Klein couldn't predict the kind of changes the corruption would bring when he met Dark Angel Sasrir. Would the Mental Plague that had been suppressed leak out and cause certain effects? All he could do was resolve the problems at hand.

Upon hearing his words, the pure Shadow suddenly burst into a scarlet flame that instantly engulfed him.

At the edge of the Unshadowed Domain, near the place where the Giant King resided, a wisp of fire rapidly rose up as Shadow appeared.

He didn't hesitate to escape. He ran towards the palace which acted as the resting chamber for the slumbering Dark Angel, completely ignoring Enuni and the Sun Saint!

When Klein, who was using his Virtual Persona, saw this scene, he was stunned. He couldn't help but smile with the Worm of Spirit and shake his head.

I'm actually that timid?

He suspected that Shadow, which splintered off from him, had taken away most of his caution and carefulness, leaving behind more of his impulsiveness and recklessness.

Pa!

A silvery-white beam lit up and smote the scarlet flames that descended outside of the Unshadowed Domain, shattering the pitch-black Shadow that had just appeared.

Klein hadn't wasted time muttering to himself. He had long controlled the Silver Knight marionette, then according to the distribution of the flames and his habits, he predicted the next few areas that Shadow would jump to.

Then, he condensed "Silver Rapier" ahead of time and smote down the moment the flames descended.

"Unshadowed Domain" didn't have a barrier in the physical sense. Anyone could leave or exert influence on the outside world.

However, the torn-up Shadow eventually turned into thin pieces of paper and quickly disappeared.

Another few burning scarlet flames descended, and the black Shadow used them to jump, moving closer to the open door of the Giant King's residence. The silvery-white light that subsequently tore him apart had only managed to take down his Paper Figurine Substitutes—from Sequence 5, Beyonders of the Warrior pathway had the ability to see through illusions. Without the aid of "Psychology Invisibility," "Paper Figurine Substitutes" were obviously more useful than "Illusion Creation." It was only a situation when two Seers were in combat that scenes of shredded pieces and illusions would occur.

In just two or three seconds, scarlet flaming columns rose outside the Giant King's residence, as though they were releasing fireworks to welcome a guest.

In the next moment, Shadow jumped into one of the flames and hid in the area where the Dark Angel lay in slumber.

But at that moment, a figure quickly appeared in front of the scarlet flaming columns.

He wore a black long trench coat and a half top hat. His right face was normal, and his left face was formed from transparent and twisted maggots. It was none other than Klein's true body.

The corners of his mouth curled up once again as he snapped his fingers with his right hand.

Pa!

The scarlet flaming columns were extinguished as the black Shadow was forced to appear, returning to the staircase that was covered with the light of dawn.

Flame Controlling!

The reason why Klein could rush outside the Giant King's palace to intercept Shadow ahead of time was because, after Shadow decisively fled, he was no longer able to affect his summoning of items from the Historical Void. He easily took out Creeping Hunger and switched to the Traveler's soul.

"It isn't a good thing to be too careful," Klein said to Shadow, doing so with a smile on his face. As he bent his knees, he arched his back.

As he bent over, his figure suddenly became the knight in silver armor.

The knight stabbed his broadsword into the ground and created an invisible barrier, sealing off the door to the Dark Angel's resting ground.

At that moment, Klein swapped positions with his Silver Knight marionette. He gave Shadow the impression that he could enter the palace as long as he could destroy the Guardian's barrier.

Of course, his true body interfered with Shadow's summoning of historical projections and controlling of Spirit Body Threads.

When the tables turned, the battle between the three demigods of the City of Silver, Enuni, and the Sun Saint also changed.

When Colin Iliad once again kept Enuni, who had lost his black armor, busy, Derrick repeated their previous strategy.

At times, he would use "Flaring Sun" as an area-of-effect attack to trade injuries to the Chief for a victory. At other times, he would condense a pure, white "Unshadowed Spear" and engage in precision attacks. This wasn't used often, because it was easy for Enuni to avoid it, causing Colin Iliad to be accidentally injured.

After three rounds of "Flaring Sun," Enuni finally reached the end of his rope. He once again spread out the last two pairs of illusory black wings, turning it into a pitch-black sea that devoured all light. He then drowned out Colin Iliad, causing the City of Silver's Chief's body to be covered with a layer of thick black liquid. His actions were clearly affected.

Seizing this opportunity, Enuni escaped from the entanglement and avoided the subsequent "Unshadowed Spear." He transformed into a shadow and quickly moved towards the Giant King's residence in an attempt to join forces with Shadow to break through the barrier.

At that moment, a silvery-white beam burst out from his body, ripping him into blobs of dark red flesh!

This sudden surgical strike came from Lovia.

This six-member council Elder had actually given up on dodging the attacks of the Sun Saint. At the instant Enuni was about to escape the battlefield, she decisively switched the Grazed soul to the Silver Knight evil spirit, dyeing her black armor silver.

Sizzle!

The dazzling white and pure "Unshadowed Spear" hit the lady, causing her to shrink slightly and the blazing sun to completely devour her.

The blobs of flesh in Enuni's body remained sentient. They quickly gathered together in an attempt to rebuild the body.

However, at this moment, the black sticky liquid restricting the movement of Colin Iliad exploded with specks of light. They turned into a storm and tore through the obstruction, allowing the silver armor to resurface.

Right on the heels of that, the gigantified Silver Knight took a step forward and swung the sword of dawn in his hand, allowing the "Hurricane of Light" from before to continue sweeping forward, inundating the blobs of dark red flesh.

A pair of illusory black wings appeared and dissipated, calming the "Hurricane of Light." However, Derrick's "Flaring Sun" continued. Holy flames ignited every blob of flesh and drop of blood, melting everything with pure light.

When the Sun Saint saw this scene, he knew that it was impossible for him to escape the fate of being destroyed. He didn't bother dealing another blow to Lovia and turned around, about to withdraw from his "Unshadowed Domain."

Suddenly, he heard a voice filled with malice and corruption:

"Slow!"

Lovia struggled to free herself from the remnant powers of "Unshadowed Spear" and "Teleported" to a spot not far from the Sun Saint. Then, she switched the Grazed soul to a Devil and used the Language of Foulness.

At that moment, the black armor on her body had completely shattered. There were many cracks on her purple-patterned black robe, revealing her slowly squirming flesh. Her aura was rather weak.

The "Slow" that wasn't at the level of a demigod couldn't affect the Sun Saint for too long. However, this was enough for Colin Iliad. He condensed a "Silver Rapier" and made it "Teleport" to the enemy.

This "Silver Rapier" experienced a random mutation. It directly pierced through the holy armor of the Sun Saint and exploded in his body.

Silver light bloomed as the Sun Saint blasted into countless pieces.

Pa! Pa! Pa! The flesh fell to the ground and vanished in a blink of an eye, as though they had returned to the pages of history.

After the battle ended, the three demigods of the City of Silver immediately approached the Giant King's residence and pincered Shadow.

Shadow leaped and attempted to hide in the fog of history. However, just as he saw the grayish-white fog, he was pressed down by a hand wrapped by transparent maggots.

Neither him nor Klein dashed to the time before the First Epoch, because they knew that the other party would definitely stop them or wait there!

With nowhere to hide, Shadow immediately fell into the encirclement of the three City of Silver demigods. His various powers were also offset by Klein. Even "Flaming Jump" was affected by "Flame Controlling," making it difficult for him to escape his predicament.

More than ten seconds passed. After the paper figurines were torn apart, Shadow finally expended all his substitutes. He was then stabbed in the abdomen by Derrick's "Unshadowed Spear."

A round of blinding white light and a miniature sun exploded. The pitch-black Shadow quickly faded and completely melted.

Klein felt a stabbing pain in his head, and his mind, which was on the verge of losing control, suddenly relaxed.

He instinctively looked to his feet and saw that under the illumination of the light of dawn, a faint black shadow extended out from them.

"Too weak…" Klein bent his back slightly and couldn't help but mock himself. After all, without the powers of a Scholar of Yore, without a marionette, and without the ability to control Spirit Body Threads, a Seer was relatively weak against other demigods of the same Sequence.

His spirit had been restored to its original state, but he had yet to remove the Virtual Persona. Furthermore, he had no intention of immediately summoning Miss Justice's historical projection to do this. As he had been corrupted by the Dark Angel, Enuni had shown the characteristics of the Sun, Spectator, Storm, and Secrets Suppliant pathways. If he wanted to enter the Giant King's residence, he had to be wary of psychological influences. Virtual Persona was a very good defensive measure.

At that moment, the transparent maggots on the left side of Klein's body quickly settled down, returning to his flesh and skin. However, due to the crazy effects of his Virtual Persona, there was still a translucent layer on the surface, allowing people to see the Worms of Spirit hidden underneath.

When Derrick, Lovia, and the others cast their gazes on him, Klein straightened his back and reached out to grab Life's Cane. He pointed at the open door of the Giant King's residence and laughed.

"Make every second count. The Dark Angel is waiting for us inside."

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CHAPTER 1258
TREMENDOUS CHANGES

Although Klein was urging them on the surface, he actually threw Life's Cane to the bottom of the magnificent staircase and threw it at Lovia, allowing her to treat herself and Colin Iliad's injuries.

As a former Rose Bishop, Lovia was the least afraid of the negative effects of Life's Cane. Regardless of the changes in her body, as long as it didn't involve the spirit, she could treat them.

At the same time, Derrick quickly ran towards the collapsed battlefield in the middle of the stairs, picking up the severed arm of the Chief.

As long as a broken limb wasn't lost, Life's Cane could heal the injuries, restoring it anew!

With an exaggerated smile, Klein nodded at Colin Iliad and leaped into the fog of history. He dashed to a time before the First Epoch and hid in a fragment of light.

Then, with a thought, he returned to Sefirah Castle and sat at the seat belonging to The Fool. With the help of the crimson star corresponding to The Fool which was constantly contracting and expanding, he checked the situation inside the Giant King's residence.

However, under his "true vision," there was a deep darkness inside, indistinct and indiscernible.

As expected of the left hand of God. the deputy of Heaven, a King of Angels that is suspected to be related to the Chaos Sea… Klein sighed silently as

he frowned slightly.

He now suspected that, even if Little Sun entered the palace and prayed inside, it would be difficult for him to see the exact situation through the darkness. Unless he became an angel and truly gained ownership over Sefirah Castle.

In addition, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that there were still many unknown effects hidden in the slumbering grounds of the Dark Angel. He definitely couldn't be careless.

He immediately reined in his thoughts and observed the situation around him. He searched for high-level existences like Adam and Amon, but he didn't find anything unusual.

After letting out a breath, Klein hurriedly shattered the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic that he had separated from the "curtain." He made the parts consisting of Sequence 9 to Sequence 3 gather together, making the Sequence 2 portion pure.

Then, he returned to the historical fragment and was once again affected by Virtual Persona, becoming more like a clown.

In the next second, he left the grayish-white fog and reappeared in front of the door that opened into the residence of the Giant King.

The Silver Knight marionette that had inserted the sword into the ground and created an invisible barrier immediately stood up.

At this moment, the severed arm of Colin Iliad had already been reattached. Lovia had also recovered from her injuries. However, at some point in time, a few golden wheat heads grew from the back of her head and swayed.

They walked to the door together with Derrick and returned Life's Cane to Klein.

After receiving it, he shook it and stopped maintaining the projection, making it vanish into thin air.

Right on the heels of that, he made a grab with his right hand, intending to summon the Historical Void projection of Miss Messenger when she was in perfect condition.

At this moment, Colin Iliad suddenly asked, "You plan on summoning that angel?"

"It's not necessarily that one. I have too many choices." Klein spoke the truth in a slightly exaggerated tone.

Colin had already dispelled his giant state and regained his original height of more than two meters. After all, maintaining an incomplete Mythical Creature form was still a huge burden to him.

At that moment, he was wearing a silver armor he conjured. He held two swords that had returned to their normal sizes and said calmly, "That corrupted monster showed the characteristics of degenerating living creatures. The place where the Dark Angel sleeps should have similar effects."

What the Chief means is that the Angel Projection that Mr. World summons might rebel after entering the residence of the Giant King? And a fallen angel—even a projection—is easily able to make us pay a heavy price… Derrick easily understood what the Chief meant.

On the other side, the flesh on Lovia's head was squirming as she enveloped the few wheat heads and fused them with herself.

"Makes sense." Klein smiled and nodded, gently snapping his fingers.

Then, he dragged out an ordinary raven from the fog of history, allowing it to fly past the open door and enter the dark interior.

When the raven's figure was swallowed by the dark environment, Klein's eyebrows moved slightly. He turned his head and smiled at the City of Silver Chief.

"I've lost contact."

Colin Iliad replied without any surprise, "That's a King of Angels for you."

Klein couldn't control the corners of his mouth from curling up. To him, this was a rather troublesome matter. It meant that he couldn't summon a historical projection to enter in his stead.

The fact that his shadow had been sliced off also proved this point.

"Alright." As if stretching his wrists, he waved his hands a few times and took out a black staff with many gems embedded in it.

0-62, Staff of the Stars!

He could only try to see if the Sealed Artifact projection and a marionette would degenerate and betray him.

After all of them were prepared, Colin Iliad, Lovia, and Derrick simultaneously cast their gazes towards the darkness behind the open door.

Using the Staff of the Stars in his hand, Klein pointed ahead and said with an obvious smile, "This is going to be a dangerous journey. Everyone has a chance of dying. For you, and for me."

With that said, he pressed down on his top hat and followed behind the Silver Knight marionette. Passing through the open door, he entered deep darkness.

Colin Iliad, Lovia, and Derrick didn't speak. They walked forward in silence and determination.

…

Backlund, in the battlefield outside the city.

Using Lie to adjust her "Dragon Transformation" appearance, Audrey and the demigod in Feysacian military uniform, who wore a mask and gloves, engaged in a fierce battle.

The other party's impregnable defense, the broadsword that had been condensed from the light of dawn, the rapier's ability to hide and teleport, left a deep impression on her.

If not for the fact that she knew that the upper echelons of Feysac and Intis were mostly Silver Knights, Demon Hunters, Iron-blooded Knights, War Bishops, Unshadowed, Justice Mentors, Alchemists, and Arcane Scholars, and had gathered intelligence in advance at the Tarot Club and did some homework, Audrey, who lacked individual combat experience, would have long been defeated.

Relying on her accumulated experience in this aspect, she managed to withstand the initial attacks and finally composed herself. Relying on "Battle Hypnotism," "Mind Deprivation," "Mind Breath," and "Mind Storm," she slowly turned the situation around and escaped her predicament.

Of course, the most important thing was that the godhood brought about by "Dragon Transformation" had interfered with the Silver Knight's mind and thoughts. Furthermore, it allowed Audrey to possess a body that could withstand damage, as well as providing a power that could withstand attacks. Otherwise, she would've sustained injuries from barely being able to hold on.

And as a Sequence 3 saint of the Warrior pathway, this Feysacian general had a strong will and uniqueness that was unaffected by illusions. He was able to effectively resist the effects of the mind and reduce the negative effects he received. Therefore, he still held the upper hand and used "Light

Concealment" and "Silver Rapier" to suppress Audrey in an attempt to create an opportunity to defeat the enemy.

Audrey was very calm about this. This was because, while fighting, she had already created a Virtual Persona. She had diverted her attention to the surrounding environment and had scattered many "Mental Plague" seeds.

It wouldn't be long before the Feysac general was silently infected!

At this moment, red flaming spears shot over from the allied forces' base, blotting out the sky with their denseness.

The Silver Knight didn't dodge; instead, he took a step forward and swung his sword of dawn, keeping Audrey fixed to the ground.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The burning spears pummeled down one after another, blanketing the two demigods.

Audrey's face could not help but distort. Charred marks covered her grayish-white scales of her "Dragon Transformation" body. As for the Silver Knight's armor, it was still glowing with silver light. It didn't suffer much of an impact.

Compared to a "giant" who specialized in defense, a dragon's ability to withstand blows was obviously much weaker.

Only at this point did Audrey realize that she was participating in a war, not in a solo battle.

When another wave of flaming spears was about to hit them, there seemed to be a commotion within the allied forces' base, and there was a collapse to a certain degree.

At that moment, the thick fog that enveloped the entire battlefield vanished, as though it had never existed.

Audrey and the Feysac general stopped fighting at the same time, finding themselves abnormally weak. They even found it difficult to raise their arms.

She saw that, behind the allied forces' base, at the edge of the boundless plains, an orange-red ray of light rushed over, instantly covering half of the sky, blocking out the sun.

The area around Backlund instantly turned into dusk!

The thick darkness appeared on another side of the sky and very quickly collided with the orange sunset.

All the soldiers and officers on the battlefield fell to the ground and fell into a deep sleep.

…

In Backlund City, outside Saint Hierländ Cathedral.

Leonard, who was wearing a red glove, looked up at the half-dark, half-dusk sky.

His throat let out a silent sigh as he cast his gaze at the entrance of the Saint Hierländ Cathedral.

The brown-haired Ikanser Bernard and the other members of the Machinery Hivemind stood there, staring blankly at the sky.

Just a few months ago, they enjoyed a deep level of cooperation with Leonard's Red Gloves team. Together, they dealt with the evil forces in Backlund, searching for the secret organization that believed in The Fool, the one that used tarot cards as a codename.

…

At the bell tower of the Cathedral of Waves, the City of Generosity, Bayam.

Danitz watched the Resistance enter the city and take over many places. Finally, he heaved a sigh of relief and turned to Alger.

"Look, they're very popular in most places in this city."

Alger's gaze followed the slightly dark-skinned natives as he didn't respond to Danitz.

Danitz felt very relaxed as he chuckled and said, "I never expected that we would meet again in such a situation."

Alger looked up and was just about to say something when he suddenly felt something. He cast his gaze towards the northwestern sky.

The place he was looking at instantly darkened. Layers of dark clouds formed and countless silver bolts of lightning snaked out.

Many deep blue waves surged up and were swept up by the wind. They rushed towards the clouds and connected to the sea.

Wherever the sea and the sky intersected, beams of light lit up. They weren't resplendent or clear, without any colors. They seemed to be formed from countless illusory objects.

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CHAPTER 1259
SLUMBERING GROUNDS

In a battlefield near the capital, Lenburg.

The balls of compressed scarlet fireballs flew past the corpses, weapons, blood, and smoke, under the guidance of a flaming spear. They landed in the areas that were built with simple construction work, creating a series of explosions.

As he watched the smoke rise and the flames spread, Anderson flung the dust in his hands and turned to the deputy beside him with a smile.

"I wonder how much longer this will last… Any last words? I can help you write a will."

As he had wished, he saw the angry looks of the "militia" around him. Their thoughts were uniform.

However, the "militia" didn't attack. The glint in their eyes slowly settled as they cast their gaze in another direction.

"You actually didn't respond to my provocation." Anderson pricked up his brows. "This means that you're planning something."

Without waiting for the deputy and the "militia" to respond, the Hunter smiled and continued, "Y'all are planning on surrendering, right? Are you trying to protect your family and friends?"

Seeing gazes sweep over, Anderson tsked and shook his head.

"You haven't become Beyonders for long. It's only through the war that you obtained the main potion ingredients from the enemy. Only then did you become Hunters, Provokers, and Pyromaniacs. However, when it comes to plotting conspiracies, y'all are still too inexperienced.

"I'm very curious. Why don't you try to convince me to surrender together? I don't think I project the image of being very firm usually. Besides, I'm not a believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom."

Having said that, Anderson looked thoughtfully at his deputy.

"Is it because the enemy's brass is totally furious at me? They gave the order not to accept my surrender?"

The deputy remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "Since you already know, why are you asking?"

With a swoosh, the nearby militia raised their right hands and aimed their palms at Anderson, appearing to have come to a collective understanding.

"If I don't ask, how can I be sure what everyone's thinking?" Anderson said with a smile without panicking.

He rubbed his stomach with his left hand and placed his right hand into his pocket. It was unknown what he was looking for.

At that moment, the sun in the sky suddenly expanded and became extremely huge. The blazing golden sun made Anderson and company unable to open their eyes. They found it difficult to think any further.

Immediately following that, an illusory tower appeared. Every level was made up of thick books. Each book had a brass eye on it. The higher one looked, the darker it became. It was filled with the aura of insanity, destruction, inauspiciousness, and disaster.

The tower extended into the sky, as though it had encompassed the entire world within itself, including the gigantic sun.

…

Backlund, within the Odora family's luxurious villa.

All the Sanguine in the city had gathered here to prepare for the impending outcome of the war.

Emlyn White, who had become an Earl, had his hands in his pockets. He stood by the window, bathed in the mixed light of dusk and night as he watched members of his fellow race discuss the current affairs uneasily.

Suddenly, his spiritual perception was triggered as he cast his gaze out the window.

In the garden, a bunch of withered grass was dyed green once again. They rapidly grew and soon, they reached the height of a person.

In other places in the city, some of the streetside trees that had not been affected by the previous bombardment were wildly absorbing nutrients from unknown sources. One by one, they rose up and soon grew to tens of meters tall. The branches were thick and the leaves were like umbrellas.

These towering trees were connected to one another, covering half of the sky in Backlund.

Many buildings were crushed, or they were entangled by the branches and vines. It was as if they had been abandoned for more than a century.

In just seven or eight seconds, many places in Backlund had become a primeval forest.

…

After passing through the open door and entering the dark interior of the Giant King's residence, Klein immediately observed the Silver Knight marionette in front of him, the Staff of the Stars in his right hand and Creeping Hunger on his left hand.

They didn't show any abnormalities for the time being. The corresponding Spirit Body Threads didn't show any signs of degeneration.

After confirming the situation in this area, Klein cast his gaze around and observed his surroundings.

The place was enveloped by thick corporeal darkness. They couldn't see further than five meters away. The ground was paved with grayish-white bricks that looked like they were pieces of a frozen sunset. They didn't reveal anything extraordinary.

After some thought, the corners of Klein's mouth curled up. He reached into the void, grabbed, and attempted to summon an angel.

In the next second, he laughed out loud because he had lost a clear connection with the fog of history.

This was the reason why the Historical Void projection he had summoned to enter had lost contact after entering this region.

Laughing, Klein suddenly turned around and walked back to the area from which he had entered.

"Mr. Wor—Sparrow, what do you want to do?" Derrick, who was also scrutinizing the various restrictions on him, asked in surprise.

Klein replied with a beaming smile, "Now is not the right time to explore this place. I plan to come in again later."

"Are you planning on summoning a Sequence 4 historical projection and try to see if it will degenerate and betray you after you bring it in?" Colin Iliad

said after some thought.

Klein spread his left palm and said, "No one set the rule that we can't go out once we enter, or not being able to enter after leaving."

Although in such a situation, Mr. World's words sounded a little strange, Derrick still felt that it made sense. This was because the City of Silver had done the same thing when exploring the surrounding areas. Through repeated acts of "entering" and "exiting," they gradually accumulated intelligence and details to finally resolve whatever problems they faced.

Lovia didn't say a word or object. From her point of view, it was undoubtedly a good thing that she could make more preparations.

In an exploration that determined the fate of the City of Silver, they definitely couldn't be rash.

After taking a few steps back, Klein suddenly stopped and laughed out loud.

"It looks like the owner doesn't want us to leave."

The faint light at the door had already been devoured by the deep darkness and disappeared.

Colin Iliad surveyed his surroundings and said, "We can only proceed forward."

Seeing the Chief and Mr. World turn around at the same time, Derrick took a deep breath and raised his left hand, letting it emit a golden glow that illuminated the surrounding darkness.

This revealed thick columns with indiscernible tops. Some of them had their silhouettes outlined, while others were hidden deep in the depths, barely visible.

Derrick retracted his gaze, preparing to head forward with Mr. World and Chief.

At that moment, he failed to see another familiar figure from the corner of his eye.

Derrick's pupils dilated suddenly. Then, he quickly turned his head to look for Elder Lovia, who had been standing beside him moments ago.

This demigod who believed in the True Creator had disappeared! She had disappeared without a trace!

Derrick's abnormality was noticed by both Klein and Colin Iliad. At the same time, they cast their gazes at the spot and saw that the black-robed Lovia had disappeared without a trace, as though she had evaporated into thin air.

With the spiritual intuition of a Seer and the reconnoiter abilities of a Demon Hunter, they failed to realize when Lovia had gone missing, or how she vanished.

The curl on the corners of Klein's lips grew even wider. Without any hesitation, his mind raced and allowed his Spirit Body to enter the world above the gray fog, combining with the dark red illusion of The Fool.

Right on the heels of that, he cast his gaze towards the crimson star that symbolized The Sun. He hoped to find clues through his "true vision."

However, everything was still obscured by the darkness. Nothing was revealed, just like how Klein predicted before entering the Giant King's palace.

Without any time to think further, Klein immediately returned to the real world.

In the span of three or two seconds, there was only Derrick and the Silver Knight marionette by his side.

The City of Silver Chief, who was wearing silver armor, had disappeared!

"What just happened?" Klein asked with a warm smile.

Derrick looked at him in shock, confusion, and panic.

"Didn't you see it?"

The moment he finished speaking, the shadow under Derrick suddenly came alive. It rapidly extended upwards and enveloped him and the sunlight he emitted.

After the shadow completely covered Derrick, it fused with the surrounding darkness, no longer separable.

Klein had originally raised his black staff to prevent an anomaly from happening, but in the end, he didn't do anything. All he did was watch with a smile.

After a few seconds, he noticed that his body had turned black and dull, as though he was being melted by the environment.

Similarly, Klein didn't try to save himself. The corners of his mouth curled up as he watched with a slightly shaking head.

After his figure completely disappeared, his vision changed.

The darkness was gone. The grayish-white stone bricks, the surrounding walls, and the huge pillars appeared clearly. They were covered in a layer of faint shadows.

Outside the window, there was no sun, no moon, and no stars. However, a faint light shone through the window, making the entire palace appear

sinister, dark, and cold.

In the deepest part of the palace stood a very faint shadow, resembling curtains.

Lovia, Colin Iliad, and Derrick stood at a distance not far away from him. They carefully observed their surroundings as though they had come to another world.

"Unfortunately, my marionette can't enter." Klein waved the Staff of the Stars in his hand and smiled at Derrick and company.

His indifferent attitude and the Chief's calm and composed manner made Derrick quickly calm down. He no longer allowed his fear and panic to grip him.

Colin Iliad nodded slightly. Just as he was about to share his speculations, he suddenly felt something and turned to look at the deepest part of the palace.

Klein, Derrick, and Lovia did similar actions.

In the deepest depths of the palace, that faint shadow dissipated, revealing a flight of steps meant for giants and an iron-black throne at the top of it.

Sitting on a throne was a man with black, slightly-curly hair that reached his shoulders. His eyes were covered in shadows, and his actual appearance was extremely blurry, preventing others from seeing him clearly. Layers and layers of black wings fell down from behind him, covering most of his body. The robe was black with silver threads embroidering it. They formed complicated patterns and had gorgeous accessories hanging on it.

At that moment, the man had his left elbow on the armrest, holding up one side of his face with his palm as though he was in a deep sleep.

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CHAPTER 1260
OMNISCIENCE

Without needing anyone to make the introductions, the four demigods present clearly understood a reality:

The giant-like man who was sleeping on the iron-black throne was the left hand of God, the deputy of Heaven, Dark Angel Sasrir!

Amongst them, Lovia could clearly sense the oppression coming from this absolute high-level existence. It was like the response when praying to the True Creator. It was an aura that could cause her thoughts to scramble, her soul to degenerate, and her body to tremble.

Suddenly, she heard a burst of laughter. She turned her head to the side in a daze.

Klein bent his back slightly and laughed.

"'He' is still sleeping. Should we directly wake 'Him,' or wait for 'Him' to wake up?

"If we choose to wake 'Him,' how should we greet 'Him'? Hey, Your Highness Dark Angel? Rose Redemption Leader?"

These two questions sounded ridiculous and arrogant, but they had managed to shake off the influence of the environment and made Colin Iliad fall into deep thought.

Just now, they had instinctively considered the first question. It was rather important, and it concerned their subsequent actions.

Colin Iliad thought for a moment before saying, "Let's not wake 'Him' up for the time being. Try approaching 'Him' and search for clues and information."

"That's my thoughts as well." With his left hand, Klein casually snapped his fingers and walked towards the black throne.

At this moment, he felt fortunate that he had already taken care of Shadow and restored his spirit to its complete state. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to completely restrict his Virtual Persona. When he was imagining how to do the greeting, he almost blurted out "Hi, Sassy."

Seeing that Gehrman Sparrow had taken two steps forward, Lovia finally snapped out of her daze.

"I'll give it a try using a Grazed soul."

This was a relatively safer method which wouldn't harm the expedition team.

Klein nodded. With his black staff in hand, he turned to his side with a beaming smile.

A three to four-meter-tall phantom image appeared in front of Lovia. A pair of goat horns lined with mysterious patterns sat atop its head. Its skin was back and matte, exuding a sinister fullness. It was a Devil.

It was different from the Devils that he had seen before. Its body was covered with signs of decay, with yellow-green pus hanging off it, as though it was mixed with the power of "Degeneration."

As Klein casually sized up the phantom image, the Devil spread its huge bat-like wings, causing the light blue flames on it to burn even more vigorously, dissipating the strong smell of sulfur.

It took a step forward, slowly approaching the iron-black throne and the staircase meant for giants. Using its intuition for danger, it surveyed the area for any abnormalities.

While Colin, Klein, and the other demigods were paying attention to it, they also began scrutinizing the details of the shadowy palace. They discovered that behind the iron-black throne that Sasrir was sleeping on, there was a pair of dim, grayish-blue double doors that depicted sunset.

This might be the "door" that leads to the outside world… This thought flashed across the minds of the three City of Silver demigods—Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia.

At this moment, the Devil, who had traveled midway, suddenly paused. It was enveloped by a cluster of silver lightning and quickly faded away after being blasted to pieces amid crackling sounds.

A pillar of light with swirling holy flames smote out of thin air, completely purifying the soul that belonged to the Devil.

Lovia didn't feel any pain from losing her Grazed target. She only frowned slightly and couldn't think of a better way to probe the way.

Klein looked around and said with an exaggerated smile:

"As expected, I'm the man for the job."

As he spoke, he slowly walked forward. As he took out a box of matches from his pocket, he lit them one by one and casually threw them around.

"I've always been a little timid." After throwing half a box of matches, Klein turned around and explained with a smile.

And even Derrick Berg wasn't convinced by this sentence.

Following that, under the illumination of the scarlet flames, Klein continued walking towards the iron-black throne that might've belonged to an ancient god.

When he arrived at the spot where the Devil's soul was destroyed, his left palm suddenly tightened.

Klein lowered his head and saw that Creeping Hunger had returned to its human-skinned form. An exaggerated crack opened in his palm. Inside were two rows of illusory white teeth.

This Sealed Artifact was attempting to gnaw at Klein's flesh in a bid to consume both his body and spirit.

Creeping Hunger had degenerated!

"Tsk." Klein let out an obvious sigh as he glanced at the Staff of the Stars in his right hand. He confirmed that the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact which didn't have any living characteristics had yet to show any abnormalities.

He then raised his right hand and stuffed the other end of the Staff of the Stars into Creeping Hunger.

Creeping Hunger bit at it a few times before it finally calmed down when sensing the suppression effect of a higher-level entity.

After laughing twice, Klein took another few steps forward, covering a few meters.

Cracks suddenly appeared in the shadows that covered the walls, pillars, and tiles, as one brass eye after another grew out.

A figure appeared in front of the countless eyes.

He was first presented as the black-haired, light-brown-eyed, and cold-looking Gehrman Sparrow. Following that, he warped into the black-haired,

brown-eyed, scholarly-looking Klein Moretti with ordinary looks. Then, he degenerated into a blurry image, and a grayish-white fog emanated from him.

At this moment, these figures that seemed to expose all of Klein's secrets came to a halt.

Boom!

He exploded, transforming into countless illusory fragments that fell to the ground and disappeared.

Klein raised his brows and tsked with a laugh.

"The omniscient power of the Reader pathway?"

Just as he finished speaking, the brass-colored eyes, which grew out from the surrounding shadows and the ground, trembled. They emitted an ethereal voice that seemed to come from ancient times:

"The aura of Sefirah Castle…”

Sefirah Castle… Colin Iliad seemed to recall something and came to a certain realization.

It's only possible to get a response or approach Sasrir with a sefirah? That's why, despite The Hanged Man clearly having Lovia, a demigod believer from the City of Silver, "He" still forced me into the palace to meet the Dark Angel? It wasn't easy for Klein to control his virtual personality's instinct to speak.

Before he could consider what to say, the brass eyes hidden in the shadows emitted another voice:

"Your fate has intersected Amanises, Leodero, Adam, Amon, Herabergen, Aucuses, Medici, Ouroboros, as well as 'Him'…”

With regards to the true names that the brass eyes had mentioned, Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia were no strangers to the names. They knew that the first was the Evernight Goddess, followed by seven of the eight Kings of Angels. Furthermore, there was no lack of Sequence 0 true deities in the present day. This left them somewhat stunned. They couldn't believe that Gehrman Sparrow would've crossed fates with so many high-level existences who exceeded Sequence 1.

Together with the sleeping Dark Angel before him, Mr. World and the eight Kings of Angels had already crossed paths. How impressive… Derrick marveled from the bottom of his heart.

Klein was in no mood to quip about his "divine interpersonal skills." With an obvious smile, he asked, "'Him'?"

Klein believed that "Him" referred to the True Creator. After all, he still had "His" corruptive influences left in his body.

The brass eyes on the shadowy curtain fell silent for a few seconds before saying with an ethereal voice:

"'He' is another me…"

The True Creator was really another side of the ancient sun god. The side that was born from the god's corpse. It's a side filled with hatred and viciousness, one that controls Degeneration? Klein gradually drew an equal sign between the black and gloomy infant sitting in the cavity of the ancient sun god's chest and the True Creator. He had also gained initial confirmation that he was talking to the psyche left by the Dark Angel Sasrir.

He thought about it and couldn't help but smile.

"Why did you form Rose Redemption to assassinate the ancient sun god?"

The information that the question revealed was something that Colin Iliad and Lovia already had an inkling and some speculations of. However, after

hearing Gehrman Sparrow say it with their own ears, they still felt pangs of depression and confusion.

The curtain that covered the walls, stone pillars, and floor tiles trembled, but the sleeping Dark Angel remained motionless.

Those brass eyes stared at him and said, "Sun God is just my original honorific name. You should now address me as 'the Lord who created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God, or God Almighty.'"

…*I can tell that you've been leaning in that direction all this time.* Finally, Klein laughed out loud. Then, he felt a lingering fear. This was because he was mocking Heaven's deputy, the left hand of God, a king among Kings of Angels, as well as "His" true form.

To not anger the other party, he quickly repeated the question:

"So, why did you betray yourself and form Rose Redemption with the Evernight Goddess to assassinate yourself?"

The brass eyes fell into silence once again. The curtain-like shadows that blanketed various areas swayed gently without stopping.

After a few seconds, the ethereal voice slowly said,

"The Primordial One had awoken in my body…"

Upon hearing this answer, Klein's pupils dilated. For some reason, he felt his hair stand on end as his back turned cold.

It was very close to his guess, but it was even more terrifying.

At this moment, the shadows around him thickened. It became more and more sinister and gloomy, as if it was giving birth to some terrifying, unknown, redoubtable danger.

Although Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia didn't understand the meaning of Dark Angel Sasrir's words too well, they were still affected by the sinister and harrowing words. It left them shuddering in fear as they trembled.

"The Primordial One had awoken in my body…”

These words echoed in the air for a long time.

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CHAPTER 1261
NO ONE IS AN EXCEPTION

After a while, Klein asked, "The Primordial One is the one who created this world, transforming 'His' body into everything?"

To be frank, Klein subconsciously wanted to ask if the entity referred to the Primordial Demoness. However, with a thought, he eliminated this answer. Firstly, because the Primordial Demoness didn't have the necessary level to strike fear into the ancient sun god, the City of Silver's Creator. Even the Evernight Goddess couldn't do so. Secondly, after the Dark Angel entered "His" slumber, this evil goddess was born only in the Fourth Epoch which had been influenced by the second Blasphemy Slate. Sasrir likely didn't know of her "Her." And even if "He" knew "Her" using his omniscient capabilities, "He" wouldn't specially mention a Sequence 0 who hadn't been involved in the Third Epoch.

Behind the thick and sinister shadows, the brass eyes flashed in unison.

"The universe."

What do you mean? Upon hearing that ethereal voice, Klein was a little perplexed. He felt that Dark Angel Sasrir hadn't answered his question.

But very quickly, he roughly understood what the other party meant.

The Primordial Chaos created not this world, but the entire universe!

So, "Primordial One" refers to the original Creator—the Oldest One? Klein turned his body to the side and swept a glance at the three demigods of the City of Silver, Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia. He realized that they had

looks of puzzlement and confusion on their faces. They were frowning and contemplating over the meaning behind the conversation.

In the history of the City of Silver, the Creator who was the ancient sun god was equivalent to the original Creator—the Oldest One. "He" was a supreme existence who had awoken after eons of slumber upon creating the world. "He" then stripped the authorities of the ancient gods and retrieved them.

Of course, in a sense, this wasn't wrong. It was just that the original Creator's method of "awakening" was different from what the City of Silver residents had imagined.

The universe… Klein thought for a moment and asked, "The Primordial One awakened in your body because of you gaining control of Chaos Sea?"

Then, what would happen to him in the future considering how he had gained initial control of Sefirah Castle?

Those brass eyes stared at him for a few seconds before saying, "That isn't the only reason. The higher the Sequence, the closer one is to the Primordial One…"

Therefore, every pathway's King of Angels and Sequence 0 might have the original Creator—the Oldest One—awaken in them? When Klein heard that, he tensed up and his heart sank.

He then thought of another matter.

The higher the Sequence, the easier it was to be corrupted by the things underground!

Combined with the fact that Chaos Sea was underground, could it be possible that the higher the Sequence, the easier it would be to be influenced by Chaos Sea, resulting in the original Creator awakening in one's body? The thing that the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt sealed in

the City of Miracles in Groselle's Travels wasn't the underground corruption, but the awakening of the original Creator? Of course, this is the most powerful and terrifying form of corruption… And the source of all this is where most or perhaps all Beyonder characteristics originated from—the original Creator. They are all part of "His" body? Klein thought of various possibilities and came up with all kinds of speculations.

In the end, he remembered the warning Captain Dunn Smith made before he embarked on this Beyonder path:

"We are guardians, but also a bunch of miserable wretches that are constantly fighting against threats and madness."

At that moment, Klein gained a deep understanding of the phrase from another angle.

Phew… He secretly exhaled and sighed inwardly.

"The Beyonder characteristic is both a gift and a curse…”

He gathered his thoughts and smiled.

"Will one be corrupted from just learning about these matters?"

"No." The brass eyes looked at Colin Iliad and the others and said, "It just means that the chances of the Primordial One awakening in your body is higher."

When he heard that, he was shocked. On the other hand, he was glad that the City of Silver's Chief and Little Sun didn't know much about such matters and hadn't made any connections; after all, the phrase "higher the Sequence, the closer one is to the Primordial One" didn't bring about any corruption. On the other hand, he felt a deep sense of pity for himself. This was because he knew too much about mysticism. Now with all of that chained together, he had no idea what kind of negative changes might

happen to him once he left the Giant King's Court, an ancient god's kingdom.

Furthermore, this didn't look like something that could be resolved by sealing his memories. After all, the Beyonder characteristic had already fused with his body and spirit.

Consider the method employed by the Dragon of Imagination? Actually, I don't need to worry too much. Amon and "His" brother definitely know about this, and nothing has happened to "Them" yet… As long as I don't approach Chaos Sea, as a Sequence 3, I don't need to worry about such problems. It would be the same even if I were to advance to Sequence 2… After some thought, Klein gave up the intention to delve deeper into the matter. He curled the corners of his lips and diverted the topic to the mystery of the ancient sun god's perishing:

"Therefore, under your tacit agreement, you worked with the Evernight Goddess and established Rose Redemption, preparing to assassinate yourself. By reviving and escaping the Primordial One, you will truly gain control of Chaos Sea and the corresponding five Beyonder pathways?"

On the dark, eerie, shadowy curtains, there seemed to be some human emotions in those brass eyes.

"That's right.

"Not long after I walked out of Chaos Sea, I realized this problem. I deliberately split a portion of my persona, fusing the authorities of Degeneration with The Hanged Man pathway's Beyonder characteristic, creating another me. Its purpose was to control Chaos Sea and to isolate it from my true body to prevent any contamination and corruption.

"But in the end, the Primordial One still awoke in my body…"

The Dark Angel is essentially the ancient sun god's firewall? The Hanged Man pathway refers to the Secrets Suppliant pathway? Back then, the Dark

Angel must have been really powerful. "He" actually had partial control of Chaos Sea. As expected of a King of Angels… As Klein sighed, he recalled that the ancient sun god had failed to prevent the original Creator—the Oldest One—from awakening in "His" body despite working so hard. He also felt a sense of horror, not daring to imagine what his future held.

"That's why I convened Leodero, Aucuses, Herabergen, Medici, and Ouroboros, inviting the various deities and Kings of Angels with Amanises to establish the Rose Redemption." The voice left behind by Dark Angel Sasrir echoed hoarsely.

It's no wonder it's called redemption… It's no wonder Kings of Angels like Medici and Ouroboros, who are completely loyal to the ancient sun god, would participate as well… Klein couldn't help but smile.

"Why didn't you invite Amon and 'His' brother?"

In theory, 'They' should be on the Dark Angel's side.

"'Their' births were a result of my hard work to resist the Primordial One. I was worried that inviting 'Them' would bring about an accident." The brass-colored eyes then cast their gaze back onto Klein.

These secrets left the three demigods of the City of Silver in a daze. Even the Chief of the six-member council, who had read quite a number of ancient documents, had emotional upheavals despite all his knowledge and rich experience.

So that's the case. I knew that the ancient sun god wouldn't have children for no reason… It wasn't easy for Klein to control his Virtual Persona from voicing the thought out loud.

Before he could ask another question, the spirit left behind by Dark Angel Sasrir seemed to sink into "His" memories as "He" continued, "After I was finished preparing everything, I entered this place and sealed off the palace. I returned to my body through my slumber and strengthened my

consciousness. It formed a balance with the Primordial One, creating an opportunity for Amanises and the others…

"Ultimately, 'They' successfully killed me…

"According to my original plan, I would've been revived in the Giant King's Court. I would accommodate the corresponding Uniquenesses and Beyonder characteristics via the correct method, but Leodero, Aucuses, and Herabergen betrayed me and ate my body. I could only rush to fuse with my extreme emotions before dying, in which I was reborn within the corpse. I then took away the Beyonder characteristics of the Hanged Man pathway and the authority of Degeneration…"

It's similar to what I imagined… The Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom eventually committed a betrayal. It's no wonder that Ma'am Hermit's fairy tale magic was effective… With a sudden realization, Klein felt that most of the fog in the history of the Third Epoch had been cleared.

Of course, this was just his belief, nothing real. This was because he had no way of making contact with the fog of history.

After sighing, he suddenly thought of a question.

Since Dark Angel Sasrir has returned to the ancient sun god and has evolved into the True Creator with "His" original body, then who's the one sleeping on the iron-black throne now?

Why did the True Creator force me to enter the Giant King's residence to meet Sasrir?

As his thoughts raced, he cast his gaze back to the iron-black throne, carefully inspecting Dark Angel Sasrir's condition.

The layers of illusory black wings that covered more than half of Sasrir's body gently rose and fell, revealing a layer of grayish-white.

It was located on the black throne, hidden to the right of the Dark Angel, giving off an extremely ancient feeling.

Klein's eyes focused his eyes as he stared at it intently. He quickly confirmed that the grayish-white came from a strange stone. Its surface was mottled with the ravages of time, and it was engraved with words that he had never learned before but could understand at a glance.

These words seemed to be the source of all languages, including but not limited to Jotun, Hermes, ancient Feysac and the Southern Continent's Dutanese.

Sequence 3 Demon of Arcana… Sequence 2 Master… Sequence 1 Light of Darkness… Sequence 0 Paragon… A small amount of information flashed in Klein's mind as he suddenly had a realization.

Blasphemy Slate!

The first Blasphemy Slate!

The first Blasphemy Slate that was born in Chaos Sea!

And this was very likely a key item that the Dark Angel used to control parts of Chaos Sea!

Just as this thought surfaced in his mind, Klein suddenly felt the surroundings become unusually quiet.

The brass eyes that were hidden on the surface of the shadowy curtains seemed to disappear.

Klein's gaze subconsciously shifted upwards to meet a pair of eyes hidden in the shadows.

The Dark Angel Sasrir, who was sleeping on the black throne, opened his eyes.

With a boom, Elder Lovia's body collapsed, turning into a huge shadow.

Behind the shadow, there was a pair of blank but painful eyes.

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CHAPTER 1262
THE TRUTH BEHIND THE ENEMY

When he realized that the Dark Angel had woken up, Klein only felt his heart tighten and was on full alert. He didn't feel any fear or anxiety. After all, he had already confirmed that the real Dark Angel had returned to the ancient sun god's body. After being betrayed by the existences such as the Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, "He" had focused his negative and extreme emotions on "His" corpse where "He" was reborn, turning into the True Creator. "He" didn't return here, so whatever was left was just a culmination of "His" psyche and will.

Furthermore, he had just communicated with the remnant psyche of Dark Angel Sasrir rather normally; he didn't sense any obvious animosity.

However, with the City of Silver's six-member council Elder, Lovia, losing control without any means to resist the moment she opened her eyes, turning into a flowing shadow and eyes hidden behind the shadowy curtain, Klein couldn't help but widen his pupils as he curled the corners of his lips. A strong sense of fear and despair surged through him. It was as though he was watching himself fall into an abyss without any life-saving straw to clutch at.

Just waking up from "His" slumber and not using any Beyonder powers or revealing "His" Mythical Creature form was enough to make a Sequence 4 demigod of the same pathway lose control on the spot. This was a testimony to how powerful and terrifying "His" level was!

At that moment, all that remained in Klein's mind were the titles he had previously mentioned.

The left hand of God, the deputy of Heaven, the king of the Kings of Angels!

It wasn't as if Klein had never dealt with a King of Angels before. On the contrary, he had frightened Red Angel Medici and made a deal with the Angel of Imagination Adam. He had obtained the key to enter the palace from the Wisdom Angel, Herabergen, and had gleaned potion formulas from White Angel Aucuses. He had managed to crack Angel of Fate Ouroboros's cycles of fate in front of "Him," and had pitted his brains against Angel of Time Amon. He possibly was well-deserving of the title as the person who had crossed the most paths with the Kings of Angels for those below Sequence 0.

However, in these interactions, he had never fought with the Kings of Angels most of the time. He either relied on the power of Sefirah Castle to instantly escape or cut off contact with them. He had never faced the Kings of Angels or deities in the true sense of the word. The only exception was the time when he was caught by Angel of Time Amon, and he had exchanged blows with "Him" several times in the span of a few days.

However, at that time, it was mainly a battle of wits, not a physical battle. The Angel of Time, Amon, had mostly shown the characteristics of a God of Trickery. "He" didn't fully reveal the level and strength of a King of Angels. It was only at the final moment that "He" revealed it, but the Evernight Goddess had used the Giant King's son to stop "Him," preventing "Him" from directly harming or influencing Klein.

Even so, whenever Klein encountered the Angel of Time on the way, "He" would easily finish off the strongest "helpers" that Klein could summon. It was something that Klein couldn't replicate up to now. It exceeded his peak strength. After all, if he wanted to summon the historical projection of Zaratul, he would be in danger.

And at that moment in time, Klein, Colin Iliad, and The Sun were facing the king of the Kings of Angels, the malice-filled deputy of Heaven. "He" was the left hand of god that instantly caused a Sequence 4 demigod to collapse and lose control.

How could such an enemy, with such a level and strength not make them reel in despair?

For a moment, Klein wanted to give up on Derrick and the Chief of the City of Silver, returning to the world above the gray fog with a single thought using the Sefirah Castle's summoning. By relying on the last miracle and Deceit Bullets, he could revive outside the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

As his thoughts raced, he raised the Staff of the Stars in his hand.

At this moment, the shadow that Lovia had broken down in her loss of control stopped flowing. It let out a low voice that was filled with pain but not crazy.

"'He' isn't that strong!"

As she spoke, the curtain-like shadow split apart, revealing what was hidden behind it.

It was a lump of squirming flesh that was nearly two meters tall. At the top, there was a pair of pale gray eyes that seemed to be looking down upon the entire world. They were eyes that had remnants of rationality left in them.

In other parts of this lump of flesh were arms, thighs, and calves that weren't covered in skin, but sticky blood. They either held up the body or crowded towards the chest in layers, tightly hugging a huge, milky-white human skull.

The shadowy curtain fell again, covering the lump of flesh, turning into "her" cape.

Then, a phantom about five to six meters tall appeared in front of Lovia.

This was the Silver Knight that she had Grazed.

She could still control herself and attack Dark Angel Sasrir.

Upon seeing this scene, when Klein and Colin Iliad heard what Lovia had said, they quickly understood what she had meant without needing any further explanation from her.

Dark Angel Sasrir didn't possess the strength "He" appeared to possess. "He" only used the authority of "Degeneration" and "His" influence over relatively lower Sequences as a High-Sequence Beyonder of the same pathway to make Lovia's body degenerate, betray, and break down on the spot. As for her own spirit, she still remained conscious and rational. She could still control her own strength to a certain extent.

Of course, with the loss of control of her body, large amounts of corruption would corrode her spirit. It wouldn't take long for her to completely go mad. This could be subverted if she could quickly resolve the battle in time, and think of a way to turn her into an evil spirit, surviving in another form.

With this knowledge, combined with seeing the first Blasphemy Slate and his own guesses, Klein had a preliminary understanding of the enemy he was facing.

"He" was a product of the psyche, will, and aura left behind by the Dark Angel, as well as Chaos Sea's powers which were brought about by the first Blasphemy Slate. Perhaps there was a bit of the awakening consciousness of the Primordial One—in other words, the original Creator. There was a small amount of it, a consciousness that was crazy and filled with evil thoughts!

This was equivalent to a different type of evil spirit. It was unknown if it was considered a complete angelic evil spirit.

And this could be the reason why high-level existences like the True Creator, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and Amon's brother didn't personally enter the Giant King's palace. Once "They" approached the Primordial One and Chaos Sea, it was more dangerous for "Them" the higher "Their" Sequences were!

Back then, Amon, an entity akin to an Error, had used "His" avatar to lay an ambush in Chernobyl, but "He" hadn't dared to actually enter Chaos Sea. All he did was climb down the cliff and hide near Chaos Sea, pretending that "He" had climbed out from it. Otherwise, it could very well affect "His" true body.

As for Low-Sequence Beyonders, they were unable to resist the surge released from opening the door to the Giant King's residence—corruption that had accumulated for over two thousand years.

Even if those high-level existences had carefully chosen a suitable Sequence 3 or Sequence 4 demigod to indirectly help them defeat the influence brought about by the corruption and enter the resting grounds hidden in the shadows, without the sefirah's aura to resist the negative effects of the leaking powers of Chaos Sea, they wouldn't be able to truly approach the figure left behind by Dark Angel Sasrir and obtain the first Blasphemy Slate.

Therefore, the True Creator had tolerated Klein numerous times, only finding an opportunity to corrupt him and force him to meet Dark Angel Sasrir. This was because he was the only viable candidate.

By the same logic, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Herabergen, the Angel of Imagination, Adam, and the other deities and Kings of Angels who had an interest in this matter had more or less made some arrangements for Klein, blessing him to a certain extent, pushing him to where he was now.

Without any hesitation, Klein outlined an image in his mind through the Staff of the Stars he raised. Colin Iliad took a step forward and bent down.

This City of Silver's Chief's body swelled rapidly, once again revealing an incomplete Mythical Creature form. He became a five-to-six-meter-tall Silver Knight covered in silver armor, holding a pair of gigantified swords of dawn.

Derrick was slightly slower than the two experienced demigods. He quickly spread his arms, as though he was hugging the void in front of him.

At that moment, two pitch-black flames ignited in the eyes of the awakened Dark Angel Sasrir.

"He," who shared the height of a giant, immediately pressed down on the armrest by lowering "His" arm, slowly getting to "His" feet. The gorgeous accessories on "His" body hung down one after another as layer after layer of black wings spread open on "His" back.

During this process, the shadow cape on the lump of squirming flesh—Lovia—came alive. It suddenly tightened, fixing her firmly in place.

At the same time, Dark Angel Sasrir had silver threads wrapped around "Him." In front of the black robe with mysterious patterns, silver bolts of lightning appeared out of thin air. They sizzled and intertwined with each other in a thunderous manner. They rapidly extended forward, transforming into a resplendent lightning sea that attempted to drown the entire shadow palace.

Gong!

An illusory chime sounded from a distant history as the melodious sound echoed in the shadow palace.

An ancient mottled wall clock appeared in front of Klein. Its face was separated into twelve different segments by grayish-white and bluish-black colors. Each segment had different, mysterious, and asymmetric symbols.

The three fingers, which seemed to be formed by Worms of Time of different length, began to tick lightly.

When the chime rang again, the lightning sea that was rapidly spreading in the shadow palace clearly froze.

Klein had successfully used the Staff of the Stars to reproduce Angel of Time Amon's Beyonder powers!

And the effects were much better than his previous attempts.

This made him suspect if he had obtained the approval of the God of Deceit and even obtained "blessings" from "Him" to a certain degree.

It wasn't true that merely simulating Amon's Beyonder powers would gain "His" notice, but that this King of Angels was almost equivalent to the Marauder pathway's Uniqueness. "He" was the ruler of the corresponding domain, and "He" was the wielder of the corresponding authority. "He" could make a certain level of adjustments to particular powers in advance, enhancing or deleting them.

From the looks of it, Amon appeared to be looking forward to seeing Klein enter the Giant King's residence to meet Dark Angel Sasrir. Therefore, "He" had adjusted some of his own domain's Beyonder powers in advance, and lowered some of his "authority" in certain aspects, allowing simple replications to achieve a better effect.

While the lightning sea had come to a halt, the Silver Knight soul that Lovia controlled, and Colin Iliad simultaneously stabbed their swords into the ground, creating two invisible barriers. As for Klein, his figure faded and he disappeared.

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CHAPTER 1263
THE FINAL WATCH

After a short pause, a brilliant silvery-white glow continued to stretch out in front of them, completely drowning out the two invisible barriers that shielded Colin Iliad, Derrick Berg, and Lovia.

The barrier blocking the silver snaking lightning began to violently tremble. A crack that resembled tree branches appeared. As for how long the barrier could last in the Lightning Storm, that remained a question.

At this moment, behind Dark Angel Sasrir, there was an area that wasn't covered by the forest of lightning. Klein's figure, in his black trench coat and silk half top hat, appeared.

He was like a precise and cold machine. Without any hesitation, he aimed the Staff of the Stars at the side of the special evil spirit, quickly outlining all sorts of information related to the Beyonder powers in his mind.

He had previously performed tests—he couldn't "Wander" too far with the Staff of the Stars within the Giant King's Court, so he could only use "Blink" in a tiny vicinity. Therefore, he gave up on the idea of directly sending Dark Angel Sasrir out the Giant King's Court and seizing the opportunity to take the first Blasphemy Slate and leaving by "opening" the door.

As the various gems on the Staff of the Stars lit up, Sasrir's eyes which burned with pitch-black flames suddenly closed.

He had been forcibly dragged into a dream by Klein!

This was a Beyonder power belonging to the Evernight pathway's Sequence 7, but the one that Klein replicated had belonged to the version which the Evernight Cloister's matron, the Servant of Concealment Arianna, had used —the Beyonder power of pulling someone into a dream performed at the angel-level!

In the hazy dream world, Dark Angel Sasrir wore a black robe with complicated symbols embroidered with silver threads and adorned with accessories. "He" had appeared in a desolate moor.

"His" eyes remained ice-cold, unlike the dull and lifeless eyes of most Beyonders when they were in dreams.

The Spectator pathway also belonged to the Chaos Sea pathway. And its Sequence 5 and Sequence 3 were Dreamwalker and Dreamweaver respectively!

Moments later, Sasrir's pupils turned golden and vertical.

"His" giant figure faded away as a layer of abnormally thick shadows appeared in front of "Him."

This shadow completely blocked Sasrir, making it possible to vaguely make out a pair of eyes hidden behind the "curtain."

In the blink of an eye, the "curtains" parted, revealing an indescribable color, like a sea that seemed to contain all secrets.

Boom!

When Klein, the conjurer of the dream, saw this scene, his mind erupted with thoughts before he could analyze the details. It was as though his brain was a boiling pot of wheat porridge.

The corners of his mouth curled up instinctively, and most of his Virtual Persona disintegrated. He nearly let out a tragic cry as transparent maggots

under his left cheek began to drill out one by one. The meat tendrils on his right face grew more and more obvious, becoming thinner and thinner, approaching that of Worms of Spirit.

The forcefully-induced dream disintegrated, and Dark Angel Sasrir's consciousness returned to the real world.

However, at that moment when the special evil spirit fell into a deep slumber, the sea of lightning faded away. The three demigods of the City of Silver struck back at the same time.

Colin Iliad straightened his body and struck out with the sword of dawn in his right hand, causing the silvery-white light to "Blink" to Sasrir's body. As Lovia resisted the restraints of the shadow "cloak," she got the Silver Knight evil spirit she Grazed to swing its greatsword upwards from below, bringing with it a terrifying storm formed from blobs of light. Derrick condensed a dazzling white "Unshadowed Spear," thrusting it at the Dark Angel as it left crackling sounds in its wake.

At this moment, Sasrir's figure emitted infinite pure light, as though "He" had suddenly become a sun that descended into reality.

Under the "sun"'s illumination, the "Unshadowed Spear" melted. The "Hurricane of Light" calmed down, and the silver beam dimmed. All the latter could do was damage the target's aura, and not deal any harm to "His" body.

The scene of a true deity's descent shocked Lovia and Derrick. They couldn't help but bow their heads in worship. As for the Silver Knight evil spirit, it quickly melted under the blazing sunlight and completely evaporated.

Suddenly, Sasrir's eyes closed once again.

Behind "His" back, with the Worms of Spirit constantly vanishing on Klein's body, he stubbornly endured the scorching sun's heat and pointed

the Staff of the Stars at the evil spirit—the embodiment of the King of Angels.

The Beyonder power that he had replicated once again had forcefully pulled Dark Angel Sasrir into a dream!

However, unlike before, the moment Klein entered the dreamscape, he immediately released his Sefirah Castle's aura, transforming his body into the strange door of light that was tainted with some bluish-black colors. The door of light was made up of countless layers of illusory spherical light. Every spherical light was deep down a transparent and translucent cluster of twisted maggots.

Just like him, Dark Angel Sasrir revealed the traits of Chaos Sea. First, "He" turned into a thick and sinister shadow, then "He" pulled open the "curtain," allowing the "sea" that contained all colors and something the human language couldn't describe to appear in the dream.

Silently, Sasrir and Klein opened their eyes at the same time and raised their bodies slightly across each other.

One of them was covered in a faint shadow, while the other's expression was twisted and ferocious. Many Worms of Spirit crawled across the surface of his body.

Klein's Virtual Persona completely shattered.

Seizing this opportunity while Sasrir was affected, Lovia, who had the shadow "cloak" draped over her, blinked her pale-gray eyes. She used the two-meter-tall, squirming flesh to extend. Those skinless legs, which were flowing with bright red liquid, stepped onto the ground at the same time. With the help of the roiling winds, they pounced towards the Dark Angel.

A look of madness appeared in her eyes. It didn't appear like it would take long before her Spirit Body suffered complete corruption, pushing her towards losing control.

However, at that moment, Lovia's eyes were filled with more rationality and determination.

She knew what she was doing and knew her current state and her subsequent end.

Amidst the howling winds, her collapsing body, along with the shadow "cloak," landed on Dark Angel Sasrir's body.

The squirming flesh and blood intruded as the thick shadow rapidly expanded, binding the two figures together.

Without waiting for Lovia to speak, Colin Iliad had already understood her intentions. He immediately roared in a low voice, "Attack!"

Boom!

His two swords tore through the void at the same time, allowing the silver light to surge at Lovia and Dark Angel Sasrir who were embroiled with each other.

Upon hearing the Chief's words, Derrick bit his lip and spread open his arms halfway.

The palace that was shrouded in the shadows suddenly lit up as huge balls of light filled with holy flames appeared out of thin air. They enveloped the Dark Angel and Lovia within, quickly melting them and igniting their flesh.

Flaring Sun!

Amid this bright glow, Lovia's pale-gray eyes revealed the pain that she acutely felt. Her voice echoed in an ethereal manner.

"I have never betrayed the City of Silver…”

Before she could finish her sentence, the flesh and the shadow "cloak" she used to envelop Dark Angel Sasrir's body swelled up.

Boom!

Lovia's collapsing body was sent flying before she fell to the ground. Her shadow tore apart, turning into a thin, illusory veil that slowly floated down.

Dark Angel Sasrir turned into a pitch-black and sticky sea filled with an aura of Degeneration. It swallowed the remaining silvery-white light and "Flaring Sun," reducing it to nothing.

"He" immediately returned to "His" previous appearance—a giant dressed in a gorgeous black robe with silver threads. However, the black wings on his back had thinned significantly.

At the same time, "His" pupils turned vertical and turned golden.

A violent but surreal wind surged around "Him" and filled every corner of the shadow palace with all sorts of thoughts.

Mind Deprivation!

Derrick's recently condensed "Unshadowed Spear" disappeared. He stood rooted to the ground in shock. Although Colin Iliad had a strong will, he suffered from the madness, cruelty, and bloodlust of an incomplete Mythical Creature form. All he could do was divert some attention to resist the influence so as to prevent himself from losing control. Just as Klein calmed down and allowed his Worms of Spirit to burrow back into his body, he suffered an intense fear brought about by "Mind Deprivation." His body instantly convulsed, preventing him from using the Staff of the Stars.

Lovia's body had already collapsed, and with her soul almost completely corrupted, she was in a worse off state. She rolled on the ground struggling, leaving behind blood-colored sticky liquid.

At this moment, Dark Angel Sasrir raised "His" left hand. The golden colors in "His" eyes was replaced by two blazing white suns.

Rays of holy flames fell down one after another, striking Lovia's body, destroying her soul and purifying her flesh.

Lovia's aura rapidly dissipated as her pale gray eyes lost their luster.

Her body, which had collapsed into a lump of flesh and blood, curled up. The skinless arms covered in bright red liquid wrapped the milky-white, large human skull tightly in front of her "chest" and pressed it under her.

Under the blazing "sunlight", the holy flames burned. Lovia maintained this posture, not allowing herself to move, nor allowing the human skull to be revealed and receive any damage.

Another column of light shot down. Lovia's body couldn't help but bounce up, but she still huddled there writhing.

Finally, this lump of distorted, disgusting, squirming flesh stopped moving and covered the surface of the human skull. It was dark, dull, and damaged.

During the Dark Angel Sasrir's act of murdering Lovia, Klein quickly recovered from the effects of "Mind Deprivation" by using his unique traits and past experience. He felt an uncontrollable sense of despair towards this battle.

They had used all their strength, but they had only slightly injured the evil spirit. Now that they had lost a demigod, the situation that followed would probably be even worse.

What should I do? As Klein used Creeping Hunger to change his position, his thoughts raced in search of any possible weaknesses.

It's intrinsically an evil spirit… An evil spirit… Just as his figure appeared elsewhere, he suddenly had an idea. He cast his gaze on the grayish-white

stone slate on the iron-black throne!

Some evil spirits had Beyonder characteristics, but most of them didn't. The source of their powers stemmed from other places, such as the spirit world. The existence of evil spirits needed something to rely on. This might be the "territory" that "He" was born in, or perhaps something special. The common point was that evil spirits could use them to connect to the spirit world or even the Underworld to obtain the power to maintain their existence.

And this evil spirit that originated from Dark Angel Sasrir might even be mixed with some of the will of the Primordial. Where did "His" powers come from?

This was the Forsaken Land of the Gods, and the connection with the spirit world was sealed. It was almost completely severed, making the powers difficult to be effectively utilized. Klein could "Teleport" only by relying on the uniqueness of a divine kingdom or the divine kingdom's embryonic form. As for the Giant King's Court, it was clearly unable to provide the powers of the Spectator, The Sun, The Hanged Man, Reader, and Tyrant pathways. The traits the Dark Angel formerly possessed clearly belonged to the True Creator at present, making it not present here.

Therefore, the answer to the source of the evil spirit's power was very simple:

Chaos Sea!

In the shadow palace, the only thing directly connected to Chaos Sea was the Blasphemy Slate!

When Klein cast his gaze at the iron-black throne, he noticed that the City of Silver's Chief, Colin Iliad, had also glanced over.

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CHAPTER 1264
SUCCEEDING

There was no need for any communication. Just from this sudden locking of eyes, Klein knew that Colin Iliad had the same thoughts as him.

He didn't hesitate to flip the black staff embedded with many gems and point it at himself.

In the next second, it was as if Klein's body was a sketch that had met an eraser. It was wiped away inch by inch, and he quickly disappeared.

This was the power of Concealment, one that also came from the leader of the ascetics of the Church of Evernight, Arianna.

As the power of Concealment that was replicated by the Staff of the Stars was definitely much weaker than the original version, and the evil spirit's level was rather high, Klein didn't attempt to use it on Dark Angel Sasrir. Instead, he targeted himself.

At the same time that he was "concealed," Colin Iliad fused into the faint light that illuminated everything in the shadow palace with his two swords of dawn.

Around Dark Angel Sasrir, who was dressed in a silver-threaded black robe, silver beams lit up one after another. Colin struck the evil spirit from different angles, forming a tornado that swept upwards. During this process, the gigantified Colin Iliad didn't appear at all. Furthermore, he hid his malicious intent, making it impossible for the enemy to determine where his next attack would come from.

Derrick Berg recovered from the shock and quickly condensed bright white "Unshadowed Spears" as he wildly thrust them forward.

Amidst the crackling sounds, the Unshadowed Spears were either blocked by the black armor formed by the aura of Degeneration, or by the layered silvery-white sphere of lightning. He failed to truly hurt Dark Angel Sasrir, but it effectively affected his opponent's actions.

While the two City of Silver demigods were holding back that special evil spirit, Klein, who was in a "concealed" state, approached the iron-black throne.

In his "concealed" state, he saw veiled scenes that were covered in a dark fog. He could only roughly tell where he was and what the surrounding objects were. He was unable to exert any influence on the outside world. If not for this, the moment he entered the "concealed" state, he could secretly control Sasrir's Spirit Body Threads. It would be a method impossible to fend against.

After rapidly approaching the iron-black throne, Klein ended his "concealed" state, allowing his figure to instantly appear to the right of the target.

Following that, he aimed the Staff of the Stars at the grayish-white ancient stone slab.

Ignoring the contents on it, Klein quickly outlined a very familiar Beyonder power in his mind.

Boom!

Silver bolts of lightning shot out with a strong destructive aura, striking the first Blasphemy Slate.

This was the Lightning Storm power from the Sea God Scepter!

Boom!

Amidst the silver light that illuminated the surrounding area, an illusory "light" that was almost invisible appeared between the first Blasphemy Slate and Dark Angel Sasrir. It was difficult to describe the exact color, but under the terrifying lightning's pandemonium, they evaporated and broke apart.

Pure beams of light shot out from Sasrir's body, leaving no darkness in the shadow palace. Nothing else could hide.

Unshadowed Domain.

The nearly six-meter-tall Colin IIliad appeared in his silver armor. Together with Klein, layers of blazing halos pushed them away into the distance. The attacks of Derrick's "Unshadowed Spears" and "Flaring Sun" were also blocked by these corporeal halos.

Right on the heels of that, Dark Angel Sasrir's eyes were dyed with a brass sheen. In each of them, an illusory river that shimmered with waves of light appeared, circling the first Blasphemy Slate and "His" figure.

The "river" flowed upstream as the illusory "light" that had evaporated and severed appeared once again and connected to it.

The damage that Klein had painstakingly inflicted was quickly returned to normal.

The cycle of fate, the rebooting of all things!

Sasrir raised "His" left hand and condensed a deep-black scepter. "He" then used "His" brass-like eyes to sweep across the demigods present. "He" said in a deep but magnificent voice, "I'm omniscient, and also omnipotent."

As "His" voice echoed in the air, both Klein and Colin Iliad didn't waver at all. They either "Blinked" or moved at high speeds, not giving the terrifying

evil spirit a chance to lock onto them. They also attempted to launch a new wave of attacks. However, Klein didn't dare to forcefully pull the Dark Angel into a dream again, because if he was attacked by the aura and power of Chaos Sea again, he might lose control immediately. Elsewhere, Derrick covered his body with a layer of pure light, forming holy armor.

At that moment, a pitch-black flame burned in Sasrir's brass eyes.

"His" voice turned evil and sinister, carrying a strong sense of "Degeneration."

"Blasphemer, die!"

Klein's body, heart, and soul suddenly sank. He felt as though he was about to die. His consciousness turned blurry as his energy evaporated; his flesh began to wither inch by inch.

Colin Iliad was slightly better than him. He only felt his body grow heavy as his life slipped away uncontrollably. The madness that came from his incomplete Mythical Creature form grew stronger.

Derrick, who was farthest from Dark Angel Sasrir, emitted bright bouts of sunlight, helping him quickly escape from his trance. He then opened his mouth.

"God says it's ineffective!"

The feeling of death instantly dissipated a little, allowing Klein and Colin Iliad to barely find themselves.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The giant-like Colin Iliad rushed towards Dark Angel Sasrir. Along the way, he kept changing his position, dodging unstoppable dark, sharp beams.

In the blink of an eye, he had already closed in on the target.

Dark Angel Sasrir immediately pointed the pitch-black scepter ahead, causing Colin Iliad's body to produce a shadow within the Unshadowed Domain. The shadow came alive as it followed the legs of the City of Silver Chief, "swallowing" him.

Gong!

A distant bell sounded as though it had pierced through history.

The ancient, mottled stone wall clock appeared in front of Klein once again, bringing with it a brief respite.

As he made use of this respite, Klein used the Staff of the Stars to reproduce the "Unshadowed Spear" and cast it at Colin Iliad's shadow.

The blazing light exploded, dispersing the shadow like the sun.

Colin's face under his visor twisted, but he didn't hesitate at all. He jumped up, appearing right above Dark Angel Sasrir and cleaved down with his two swords of dawn.

Gong!

Sasrir seemed to see through Colin Iliad's intention. "He" raised the black scepter horizontally and blocked the other party's cleaving strike.

Suddenly, Colin Iliad's body melted.

He became sticky, heavy "mercury", surging down like waves, instantly drowning Dark Angel Sasrir. It was as if "He" was wearing a set of full-body silver armor, without any gaps in between. Colin wanted to suffocate the entity inside!

Sasrir's actions were immediately restricted.

Taking this opportunity, Klein's figure suddenly turned transparent as he appeared beside the iron-black throne.

Teleportation!

Then, he raised the Staff of the Stars and conjured a certain Beyonder power.

It was one of the core powers of the Marauder pathway.

Theft!

Just as he had expected, the "Theft" was carried out rather successfully. It was as though the current Sequence 2 angel, Pallez Zoroast, had personally taken action.

The "light" that connected the Dark Angel and the first Blasphemy Slate separated from Sasrir, shifting to Klein!

At that instant, Klein's thoughts nearly exploded. The indescribable color and form appeared in front of him once again. It was abnormally illusory, as though it was a sea containing all secrets.

Just as he was about to lose control due to the aura and powers of the Chaos Sea, the parts of his body that were corrupted by the True Creator suddenly experienced a change. They seemed to be attracted by a strong attractive force as they rapidly gathered together and began to take over the nearly invisible "light," making him stop at the edge of a proverbial cliff.

Indeed… As Klein sighed, he tried his best to restrain his mind that had been inundated. He was temporarily unable to move.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The silver armor covering Dark Angel Sasrir's body began to crack in the darkness.

These beams of light that came from the "Cull of Spiritual Flesh" tore out, turning the mercury into tattered pieces and flying far away.

With a loud snap, the mercury fell to the ground, regathering into the form of Colin Iliad.

There were gaping holes in the Chief's body. Inside it was a black, frozen, decadent, and illusory aura.

At that moment, the illusory, layered black wings on Sasrir's back dimmed significantly. "His" eyes had once again worn a brass sheen, a faint flickering illusory river appearing in them.

Upon seeing this scene, Colin Iliad instinctively recalled what had happened.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, he relied on his intuition to charge out without hesitation, filled with great resolve.

His body ignited a transparent flame, emitting the bright light of dawn.

These beams of light came from his soul, his body, his Beyonder characteristic, and the two swords he struck out merged together, turning into a raging, violent storm that swept out.

At this moment, Colin Iliad's "eyes" were filled with the light of dawn he created, and the towering figure dressed in a gorgeous black robe with illusory black wings.

Bearing the light, he charged towards the light—Sasrir.

The terrifying "Hurricane of Light" instantly enveloped the Dark Angel, tearing at "His" body, interrupting the Beyonder powers that "He" was about to use. It made the evil spirit that had lost the source of its power rapidly fade away amidst the fragments of light.

When the light dissipated, holes appeared on Dark Angel Sasrir's body. The layers of wings on "His" back were spread out, but "He" failed to borrow any strength.

Colin Iliad immediately turned into sticky "mercury," once again covering most of the evil spirit's body, restricting "His" movements.

Then, the City of Silver Chief shouted in a low voice to Derrick Berg, just like he did when he was facing Lovia:

"Attack!"

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CHAPTER 1265
WARRIOR

"Attack!"

Upon hearing the Chief's words, Derrick froze for a moment before instinctively spreading his arms.

During this process, his vision blurred and he let out an extremely repressed voice from the depths of his throat.

A blob of light covered in holy flames descended out of thin air, devouring the figures of Dark Angel Sasrir and Colin Iliad.

Before the blast of light exploded, Derrick pulled back his arm, forming a bright white and pure "Unshadowed Spear" in his palm.

Amidst the crackling sounds, the long spear of light tore through the holy flames and accurately hit the evil spirit's head.

Dazzling light burst out, completely covering the entire area. Even the crazed Klein couldn't avoid it, as he was too close to it. He couldn't help but close his eyes, his face contorted into a grimace. He felt as though his Worms of Spirit were evaporating one after another. The connection between the Blasphemy Slate and the True Creator's power of corruption had been greatly purified before they could fully be established.

The sun seemed to rise in the sky. Dark Angel Sasrir's indistinct figure appeared, twisting and distorting amidst the blinding white light and holy flames, melting away.

Then, the shadow that covered the walls, stone pillars, and tiles began to disintegrate, revealing inches of orange-red light.

The palace hidden in the residence of the Giant King finally failed to sustain its existence in the real world. It no longer blocked out the influence of the outside world.

This also meant that the special evil spirit that had lost contact with Chaos Sea had truly been cleansed.

Just as the shadow palace began to collapse without completely disintegrating, an invisible force finally pierced through the barrier, causing a minute amount of it to descend. This caused the corrupting nature gathered inside Klein's body to increase in intensity!

They protruded out from his chest, turning into a black ball of flesh.

The flesh immediately broke free from Klein's body, severing all invisible connections with him. It quickly squirmed and grew, turning into a gigantic shadow hand. It followed the illusory "light" between itself and the first Blasphemy Slate, and it grabbed the item.

At the same time, in the ruins of the battlefield of the gods' dream world, in front of the projection of the Giant King's residence.

Dressed in a pointed hat and a classic black robe, Amon sat on the tall, grayish-white railing, with "His" back facing the orange-red path that separated the clouds. "He" leisurely looked at the grayish-blue door covered with golden nails; it was a mystery as to how long "He" had been waiting there for.

Suddenly, "He" adjusted the monocle on "His" right eye and easily jumped down the railing, arriving at the door of the Giant King's residence's projection.

"The power of Chaos Sea is beginning to fade. I can use the 'bug' in all of this to directly enter…" As "He" smiled, "He" reached out "His" right hand and pressed it on the door's shadow.

"His" figure immediately softened and lost its corporeal feeling before "He" entered the door like a stream of light.

…

Backlund, somewhere on the battlefield.

With short blond hair and dark green eyes, Crestet Cesimir genuflected on the ground, stabbing a pure white bone sword, that wasn't more than one meter long in length, in front of him to support himself.

His body was covered with charred holes and cracks that went straight through his body. His teeth were protruding and sharp, like that of a beast.

This high-ranking deacon, whose consciousness was beginning to blur, struggled to shift his gaze from the weak enemy who wasn't far away towards the sky.

The orange sunset had partially invaded the dark night.

Crestet Cesimir tried his best to pull out his bone sword and stand up to fight. He wanted to be a Nightwatcher to the very end, but his arm trembled violently as his breathing weakened.

In the astral world, in an endless and silent darkness filled with moon flowers and night vanilla.

Suddenly, orange beams of light shone into the kingdom, causing a portion of the area to return to dusk. One by one, the plants withered.

In the desolate dusk, a gigantic mountain-like figure walked out. "His" limbs were abnormally long, and "He" wore tattered silver armor. "His"

face was covered by a helmet's visor, only revealing a blob of orange light.

"He" held an exaggerated sword in "His" hand, causing the tip to naturally hang down, touching the dark "ground."

As the terrifying giant walked forward, step by step, the sword continued to be dragged across the darkness, causing the ground to split apart as dusk froze.

Deep in the darkness, an equally large figure pulled out a long sickle.

"She" was wearing a black dress that was layered but not complicated. It was adorned with countless resplendent lights, as though they were stars that dotted the night sky.

Near "Her" ribs and waist, two pairs of arms grew out. Their surfaces were covered in short deep-black hair.

In "Her" six arms, two carried the huge black sickle that appeared heavy. Another two hands held a crimson "moon." Out of the hands "She" had left, one was empty, while the other held an ancient accessory forged from gold.

The accessory looked like a slender bird with pale-white flames surrounding it. Within its bronze eyes, there were layers of light, forming numerous illusory doors.

The giant wasn't surprised by such a scene. The speed of "His" stride sped up, gradually approaching that of a charge.

"He" dragged "His" sword against his surroundings which were a mixture of darkness and dusk, producing glimmers of the pure light of dawn.

At this moment, the moon flowers and night vanilla to the side suddenly grew in size, growing wildly. Soon, they resembled trees that had lived in a primitive forest for more than a thousand years. They were densely packed, blocking out the "sky."

Amongst these trees, a figure twined by deep green vines and adorned with various herbs and flowers appeared.

"She" was also as huge as a mountain and had a voluptuous figure. "Her" dress fluttered as "She" carried an illusory baby.

The moment the figure descended, "She" followed the sunset giant and flitted towards the humanoid demonic wolf that was dragging a huge black sickle.

…

In the palace where shadows were falling apart, although some of the corruption had left Klein's body, making him no longer need to worry about any latent danger in this aspect, this was equivalent to culling many of his Worms of Spirit. He couldn't help but let out a low gasp as transparent and twisted maggots crawled out of his writhing face. They had mysterious patterns on them, and his mind was like a lake that had a boulder thrown into it. He was momentarily unable to calm down.

At that moment, a familiar figure appeared in his eyes which became bloodshot due to the pain.

It was the Angel of Time, Amon, who wore a monocle and a pointed hat.

Amon smiled at him, scaring him into having the thought of returning to Sefirah Castle immediately.

Although this would suck for The Sun, Klein felt that he would have the ability to save him due to the angel powers from being in Sefirah Castle. After all, the influences from the outside world could now enter this area.

But in a blink of an eye, the Angel of Time cast "His" gaze towards the grayish-white Blasphemy Slate. "He" cast it towards the shadow hand that was saturating and growing stronger with the collapse of the "land of slumber."

Amon immediately raised "His" right hand and adjusted "His" right eye's monocle.

The crystal monocle turned dark, as though it was mixed with countless colors in an indescribable manner.

An illusory, terrifying, tumultuous "sea" appeared in front of Amon.

This Blasphemer had released some unknown power "He" had stolen from somewhere at some point in time! Or perhaps, it was some power of convergence!

The Blasphemy Slate suddenly vibrated and emitted a buzzing sound as though it was alive.

It broke free from the remaining "light" that wasn't stable enough between the shadow hand, and it threw itself at Amon!

Klein, who had just recovered from the pain from his fear and horror, couldn't believe his eyes as they dilated.

The first Blasphemy Slate actually didn't choose the True Creator of the Hanged Man pathway, and instead sought refuge with the Marauder pathway's Angel of Time!

After a momentary daze, he vaguely understood the whole story.

Amon's true body has wandered the Forsaken Land of the Gods for more than a thousand years before entering Chernobyl, doing so in search of the history from the Second all the way to before the First Epoch. "He" must've hovered at the edge of Chaos Sea, and had done some dangerous research. "He" had "stolen" some traits, and now, "He" is only using the release of this stolen trait to attract the Blasphemy Slate.

Simply put, this King of Angels had prepared for this for a very long time. As for the True Creator, "He" is unable to completely descend. "He" has to

wait for the Dark Angel's "land of slumber" to completely collapse.

But the problem is, why would Amon steal the first Blasphemy slate? It's useless for "Him"…"He" has no way of transferring to the Spectator, Reader, Tyrant, Sun, and Hanged Man pathways! Could it be just because it's fun? When the deities and "His" brother are plotting for this Blasphemy Slate, "He" suddenly intervenes and runs away? But isn't it more important for "Him" to capture me? As Klein remained puzzled with Amon's goals, he slowly retreated, opening his eyes wider, trying his best to pry into the secrets on the surface of the Blasphemy Slate. He wanted to memorize the potion formula he needed.

"Sequence 1: Attendant of Mysteries…" As soon as the corresponding words entered his eyes, Amon reached out with "His" left hand and grabbed the Blasphemy Slate. Then, "He" suddenly turned around and pressed "His" right hand on the grayish-blue door that was still covered with a small amount of shadows.

The figure wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe immediately turned illusory as "He" tore through the door and vanished.

The shadow hand which was partially formed by Klein's corruption rapidly expanded amidst the collapse of the "land of slumber." Finally, it turned into a black shadow and chased after Amon, rushing out of the closed door.

In the next second, all the shadows disappeared. The orange-red light illuminated the palace that the Giant King once lived in.

In front of the iron-black throne, on the platform that was illuminated by the light of dusk, Colin Iliad's figure appeared.

He was wearing a tattered silver armor, revealing several old scars on his face. He sat there quietly, like a warrior who had just finished his last battle.

His two swords had already crumbled, and he had stopped breathing. However, Klein could sense that there were still remnants of his will and

psyche. The former couldn't bear to just dissipate without delivering his last words.

At the bottom of the stairs, Derrick saw this scene. With his eyes red, he ran closer and stumbled, acting nothing like a demigod.

He quickly knelt beside Colin Iliad and shouted, his voice going soft, "Chief…”

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CHAPTER 1266
LIGHT

For a demigod Beyonder, they experienced a qualitative change due to their powerful souls. Even in death, their psyche could persist for some time. Unless this was circumvented due to an enemy deliberately destroying it, a High-Sequence Beyonder, who continued having a strong desire or unresolved matters during their state of death, could have their remnant will last longer. As such, he could slowly assimilate the surrounding areas, allowing it to mix with the spirit world, and even the Underworld, so as to turn it into an evil spirit.

Therefore, although Colin Iliad had stopped breathing, he was still able to hear Derrick's cry while sitting at the top of the ancient god's staircase in tattered silver armor. He turned his head to look at the underaged demigod before smiling.

"Compared to the Elders of the past, it's a form of luck for Lovia and myself to die here."

Upon hearing this, Derrick gaped his mouth, wanting to say something, but felt something pressing down on his heart, blocking his throat.

Not far away, Klein raised the Staff of the Stars and attempted to use Will Auceptin's "Reboot" to save Colin Iliad. However, he failed several times in a row. Even the successful attempt didn't have the ability to reverse everything. The effects were clearly inferior to the original's, and it involved a Uniqueness—Amon's true body had descended.

He's already dead, so he can't even be turned into a marionette. He can only consider turning into an evil spirit, but there's almost no evil spirit that can maintain their humanity. Even Dark Angel Sasrir failed to do so… The only

exception is the Red Angel Medici trio. But that was only after "They" left "Their" "territory" and went to Bansy Harbor… This Chief doesn't seem willing to take this route… To the residents of the City of Silver, becoming an evil spirit is undoubtedly a curse… Klein sighed and cast his gaze elsewhere to observe the Giant King's palace that had its shadows recede.

Colin Iliad examined Derrick's face and sighed.

"When you return, you'll be a member of the six-member council.

"I know. Relative to your age, this is a very heavy responsibility, but everyone in the City of Silver has to be prepared to shoulder everyone's fate."

Derrick nodded and said with a nasal voice, "Yes, Your Excellency!"

Colin Iliad revealed an amiable smile.

"Don't be worried that they'll misunderstand this. I'll tell you a secret. Currently, in the City of Silver, only Waite and I know of it.

"When you get back, tell this to Waite immediately. He will understand that Lovia's and my death has nothing to do with you. Otherwise, you will not obtain this secret from me."

Having said that, Colin Iliad looked up at Gehrman Sparrow and nodded gently.

"From today onwards, everyone in the City of Silver can freely change their faith to Mr. Fool."

Derrick wasn't excited at all. He nodded heavily, indicating that he understood.

Colin Iliad immediately retracted his gaze. A layer of solemnity and bitterness appeared on his clearly exhausted face.

"That secret is related to the second god-level Sealed Artifact of our City of Silver.

"It's called 'Gift of the Land.'"

Derrick wiped his eyes with his arm and listened attentively to the Chief's description.

Colin Iliad sighed and continued, "It's precisely because of this Sealed Artifact that Black-Faced Grass can grow around the City of Silver, preventing us from completely sinking into the dark ages…"

Derrick's pupils dilated as the sadness in his heart eased.

He remembered very clearly that the textbooks mentioned the discovery of Black-Faced Grass as the key turning point in the history of the City of Silver. He believed that if there was no such safe and harmless staple food, then the City of Silver would've long become a playground for monsters.

At that instant, Derrick thought of many things. He finally understood why the mushrooms that Mr. World had given had undergone a huge transformation in the City of Silver, one that was different from the original description.

Colin Iliad's gaze swept across his face, and his voice suddenly turned deep.

"It's precisely because of this that we are burdened with the fate of being cursed. Only people who are killed by their immediate family wouldn't become a terrifying evil spirit.

"Cornucopia has a price."

Derrick's expression froze.

Murdering his parents left a wound that could never heal in his heart. He had always blamed the corresponding curse on this land that had been forsaken

by the gods. But now, the Chief had told him the truth which was unlike what he imagined. The curse gave them the food they relied on for survival!

The grizzled and exhausted-looking Colin Iliad's eyes glazed over as he seemed to recall killing his father, mother, brother, sister, eldest son, youngest son, daughter, and eldest grandson.

His voice became fleeting.

"Lovia once said that a dying person would not transform into an evil spirit after leaving the City of Silver.

"Back then, I didn't tell her that this was the truth. As the Gift of the Land's range is huge, most people who are about to die are unable to leave the corresponding region in time.

"This is a secret that only the Chief can grasp. I tried my best exploring and fighting, hoping that future generations wouldn't have to suffer such pain."

The Chief of the City of Silver, who was clearly advanced in his years, slowly exhaled. Without giving Derrick a chance to make a promise, he seemed to recall something as he said, "Also, you mustn't fully believe the situation of the Rose Redemption that is recorded in that palace."

Eh? Klein stopped scrutinizing his surroundings as he revealed a slightly lost expression.

Colin Iliad added in a deep voice, "Earth Mother cannot be Giant Queen Omebella.

"Omebella has long died. 'Her' corpse is in the City of Silver, and more precisely, it's the Gift of the Land…"

This… When Klein heard this, his pupils dilated as a chill ran down his spine.

The real Giant Queen had long died in the City of Silver and became a Sealed Artifact. Then, who is the one currently masquerading as Earth Mother?

…

In the kingdom that was covered in moon flowers and night vanilla, the sunset giant's sword struck the heavy, pitch-black sickle and froze in midair.

In the darkness that had been destroyed by the intense battle of the gods, time seemed to come to a halt. Be it the giant wearing tattered armor who was bathing in the dusk, or the humanoid demonic wolf with six arms, "They" seemed to become a part of an oil painting. Everything stood on the spot, maintaining "Their" previous posture.

However, a dark brown wooden cane had stabbed through the back of the sunset giant, piercing through its heart as it frantically drained the life of the deity, dragging "Him" down in an act of returning it to the land, returning to a mother's embrace.

This dark brown wooden staff was held in the hands of the giant-like, voluptuous woman. It formed a deep autumn scene with the withered flowers, grass, and mushrooms.

The sunset giant slowly turned "His" head and looked at the woman who was carrying the baby in one hand. "He" said in pain, "Li—li—th?"

At this moment, the dress-wearing "demonic wolf" with the head of a female human let out a chuckle. The bird-shaped golden accessory in "Her" hand flew out and accurately pierced through the gap of the sunset giant's visor. Then, "She" threw the "Crimson Moon" in "Her" two other hands at the voluptuous woman.

In the next second, a portion of the sunset giant's body collapsed. An orange-red sunset pierced through the serene darkness and landed in the real world.

Some landed on the battlefield, causing countless soldiers to die. Some crushed the mountains, creating a lake that made all living creatures age. Some fused with some lucky creatures, turning them into crazy and powerful monsters, while others enveloped the Great Twilight Hall outside St. Millom. The solidified orange light was extinguished…

In the Amantha mountain range, outside the Cathedral of Serenity, Abomination Suah and other Mythical Creatures, who were helping Feysac and Intis angels attack, seemed to sense something. The battle came to a halt.

After the bloodshot eyes growing on the pitch-black tree rolled once, Abomination Suah immediately entered the void and escaped into the spirit world.

In the outskirts of Backlund, in a small cathedral that no one paid attention to.

A golden-bearded pious priest wearing a simple white robe opened his eyes. They revealed a childlike innocence and purity.

"He" calmly took out a golden potion and opened the lid, pouring the liquid inside into "His" mouth.

…

The war ended just like that.

If Audrey hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she never would've believed that the war would end just like that.

After the dark night swallowed the orange dusk and faded away by itself, the Silver Knight in front of her seemed to suffer a heavy mental blow. Even after recovering and composing himself, he didn't continue attacking his enemy. He fled in a rather sorry and perplexed state.

Just like this Silver Knight, the angels and saints of the Feysac and Intis allied forces fled one after another. As for the Beyonders that formed the backbone of the army, they collapsed in an uncontrollable manner.

However, on Loen's side, the demigods, Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders, and ordinary soldiers didn't attempt to pursue them. This was because they were equally confused, perplexed, and puzzled.

Audrey walked back into the city and saw the surviving Backlund residents coming out of their houses, shelters, or hiding spots, one after another. They stared blankly at the scene which resembled a primeval forest.

They didn't cheer, shout, or vent their emotions. Their expressions were numb, and their eyes were vacant. They didn't know how and why the disaster had suddenly ended.

There was no lack of people who had once been saved by the charity foundation. Many of them looked familiar to Audrey, but their condition wasn't much different from when those who queued up to collect food.

Audrey silently observed this scene before returning to Empress Borough and back to her villa.

She saw her father, mother, elder brother, butler, servants looking out of the window in confusion, just like the citizens on the street.

For some reason, a sentence suddenly flashed across Audrey's mind:

Dying, he knew not his executor; surviving, he knew not the circumstances.

…

An orange dusk calmed the lightning storm that blazed with frequent bolts of lightning. It sank into the dark, blue sea with an indiscernible bottom, nearly swallowing the Dawn with it.

Queen Mystic had used her other Grade 0 Sealed Artifact in time, allowing the ship to avoid a terrifying disaster.

She frowned slightly as if she had sensed something. However, her expression eased up immediately, allowing the Dawn to continue moving forward on an unsafe sea route. It was to engage in all kinds of dangerous battles with strong winds, huge waves, lightning, and sea monsters.

In the dark environment, Bernadette's gaze seemed to penetrate through many obstacles, allowing her to see the light that she was chasing after.

No matter how many obstacles she faced, she would not stop her approach.

…

On the staircase in the Giant King's residence which was covered in orange light.

After telling Derrick the secret, Colin Iliad said to Derrick, "Go. Open that door. I want to see what the sunlight outside is like…”

"Yes!" The rims of Derrick's eyes reddened once again. He pursed his lips tightly and stood up.

He put down the hammer in his hand, and under the encouraging gaze of Klein, he steadily circled around the iron-black throne and arrived in front of the grayish-blue door which depicted the sunset.

Derrick stared at it for a second, bent down, stretched out his hands, and pressed them against the sides of the door.

Then, he strained his muscles and pushed hard.

At that moment, he seemed to see his parents; his deceased teammates, like Joshua and Antiona; Lovia in a purple-patterned black robe; and the grizzled Colin Iliad.

They stood beside him and pressed their hands against the door, pushing the grayish-blue door with him.

Beads of water streamed down Derrick's face as a heavy creaking sound echoed in his ears.

A crack appeared, letting golden sunlight flood in.

The gap grew bigger and bigger, and a golden sea gradually appeared in Derrick's eyes, presenting itself in front of Colin Iliad's eyes.

Upon seeing this scene, the corners of Colin Iliad's lips twitched slightly as he bathed in the warm sunlight. The corners of his lips pulled up slightly as he revealed a faint smile and a faint yearning, his body "evaporating" bit by bit.

Light was the meaning to everything.

(End of the Sixth Volume—Lightseeker)

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CHAPTER 1267
WELCOME

(Start of the Seventh Volume—The Hanged Man)

Beyond the open grayish-blue door, a flight of stone stairs led to a sea that glowed with golden light. This, along with boundless light, once again entered the eyes of the residents of the City of Silver such as Liaval and Candice.

As members of the former expedition team, this wasn't the first time they had seen such a scene. Even so, their souls remained deeply shocked as they subconsciously held their breaths.

With the Thunder God's Roar hammer in hand, Derrick stood at the front with his two-meter-tall, wide-shouldered build. He was silent.

Nearly a minute later, Liaval probed, "Elder Berg, when are we leaving?"

He was a Sequence 5 Guardian who stood at nearly 2.5 meters tall. This made his limbs' physical proportions slightly abnormal.

Derrick stared at the sea that was rippling with golden spots for a few seconds before saying, "Wait a while longer."

At this moment, several days had passed since he opened the door. He had led the expedition team back to the City of Silver with the ashes of the Chief and Elder Lovia, as well as their characteristics and Sealed Artifacts. He had also used the secret to obtain the trust of the current Chief of the six-member council, Waite Chirmont.

This time, Derrick led the twenty City of Silver Beyonders to do reconnaissance so as to find a safe passage to confirm the situation of the outside world.

On this matter, he had rejected Mr. World's suggestion of using the Staff of the Stars to directly transfer the entire City of Silver from the Forsaken Land of the Gods. He wanted to use his feet to take in the path of hope. He wanted to remember what the "light" that the City of Silver had finally found after experiencing two thousand years of persistence and sacrifice was like.

Upon hearing Elder Derrick's answer, the members of the expedition team, such as Liaval and Candice, didn't say much. They all took a step back and continued enjoying the scenery.

They still didn't trust Derrick Berg much. After all, he had a close relationship with outsiders. And the Chief and Elder Lovia had both died during the previous expedition. Only this Unshadowed and that outsider had survived. If not for the six-member council choosing to believe him, they would definitely be hostile and wary.

After an unknown period of time, the shimmering sea was suddenly enveloped by darkness.

Deep in the darkness, they could barely make out a thin fog. In the fog, there was a black pointed cathedral with all sorts of buildings. It gave people the feeling that it was both real and illusory.

Derrick and company were no stranger to darkness. He instinctively glowed, while those who needed to light up candles did so. They did it hurriedly without any signs of turmoil.

After the twenty-one-strong team was protected by light, they looked with curiosity at the town and fleeting pedestrians in the fog, unable to understand what was going on.

This wasn't the darkness they were familiar with.

At this moment, the naturally glowing Derrick raised his left hand and said in a low voice, "Let's set off."

Without waiting for his team members to respond, he took the first step through the door and followed the stone steps outside, taking one step after another into the darkness.

Everyone exchanged looks, then gritted their teeth. Without falling behind, they followed the newly-appointed six-member council Elder, Derrick Berg, out of the Giant King's residence.

In the rich darkness, as they walked down the stairs, their eyes suddenly lit up. They saw an orange glow and a row of black cloister-like buildings.

"Is this the outside world?" Candice looked around warily and curiously. She realized that all of them had unknowingly walked to the opposite side of the Giant King's Court and were separated by a sea of orange-red from where they were.

"No." Derrick compared the current environment to Mr. World's and Ma'am Hermit's description. He nodded slightly and said, "We still need to wait here for a while. Feel free to find a spot to rest."

This Unshadowed, who no longer had any hint of adolescence, calmly arranged everything.

Liaval looked at the tightly shut black cloister and asked in puzzlement, "Is there no need to explore this place in search of an exit?"

"There's no need." Derrick shook his head.

The members of the reconnaissance team didn't ask further, nor did they rest. They remained standing in their spots and waited patiently.

As time passed, blinding sunlight suddenly shone into this world, turning everything bright and white. It then dimmed and vanished.

Everyone subconsciously looked around and saw the golden sea once again. They felt a terrifying aura that daunted them from looking straight at.

However, unlike before, they were already on an island. Behind them were huge patches of golden strange plants with smiling faces. They didn't seem to have any signs of degeneration or abnormalities, making every member of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team experience the joy of life.

We're really outside… It really is a different world… Liaval, Candice, and company found it impossible to contain the amazement in their hearts.

They immediately confirmed a fact:

Elder Derrick didn't betray the City of Silver. His cooperation with the outsider really had the goal of leading everyone out of the cursed land.

"Elder Berg…" Candice stammered. "Thank you."

Derrick nodded slightly, his back straight.

Instead of expressing the apologetic feelings in his heart like Candice, Liaval looked around and asked, "Elder Berg, how should we leave this place? Build a boat?"

The term "building a boat" was only limited to the words in their history books, so it sounded rather odd.

"There doesn't seem to be any materials here that we can use to build a boat…" Candice and company immediately inspected the small island, but they couldn't find any trees or plants.

Derrick shook his head again.

"There's no need. Wait a little longer…”

Before he could finish his sentence, he saw a black shadow loom across the horizon.

The shadow grew bigger as it quickly followed the safe sea route between the golden spots of light.

Not long after, the shadow revealed its outline. It was a hybrid ship with smoke spewing out from it. With all its sails up, the ship hung a blue sea serpent flag.

"A boat?"

"That's a boat?"

…

As Liaval, Candice, and company kept their vigilance up, they posed questions.

Derrick had received some general education at the Tarot Club. He was an experienced person who had seen pictures of various ships. Upon hearing this, he nodded slightly and said, "That's right."

As they spoke, the ship approached, making the figure standing at the ship's bow gradually become clearer.

It was a black-cloaked man with yellow eyebrows and dark blue eyes. He jumped onto the masthead and spread his arms slightly to the people of the City of Silver.

Upon seeing this scene, Derrick, who had been maintaining his stern attitude, secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He knew that everything was as he had expected. No accidents had happened.

Danitz originally wanted to jump off the ship and walk in front of the believers of Mr. Fool to announce that they had been saved, but after glancing at the height of the people from the City of Silver, he silently held himself back.

Standing on the masthead, he completely widened his arms and said to Derrick and company with a reserved smile, "Welcome to the world of light promised by God!"

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool. Through the crimson star that symbolized The Sun, he watched the entire process of the City of Silver's expedition team's progress. He was constantly prepared to deal with any accidents.

When the "history," which had been sealed for thousands of years, had combined with the "present," with them boarding the ship that originated from the new government of the Rorsted Archipelago, and leaving the most dangerous, core region of the ruins of the battle of gods was over, he heaved a sigh of relief. He put down the Staff of the Stars and beckoned for two items.

They were the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic that had seeped out of the "curtain," and the Worm of Star from Saint of Secrets Botis.

After some thought, Klein reached out his left hand and grabbed a large blob of a dark red liquid from the Historical Void.

This was Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's blood. There was exactly 300mls of it, and it was the core supplementary ingredient of the Miracle Invoker potion.

Of course, as a supplementary material, it only had one purpose—to reduce the negative effects of the Beyonder characteristic and reduce the corresponding mysticism influence. Therefore, it didn't matter if it was a historical projection. After all, as long as it could play its role during the potion's concoction and consumption, Klein would have either succeeded or failed in his advancement by the time the historical projection expired. If he failed, he would've broken down into a monster. If he succeeded, he would've become a Miracle Invoker and gained initial control of the Beyonder characteristic. There was no need for the supplementary ingredient's effects.

Following that, Klein took out something from the fog of history.

It was a ringed Worm of Time.

As he had a strong psychological trauma towards Amon, Klein had chosen to summon a Worm of Time that Pallez Zoroast had once given to him, lest anything unexpected happened.

After preparing the materials, he conjured a metal pot and threw the 300mls of blood from Dark Demonic Wolf into it. Then, he placed the Worm of Time and sparkling Worm of Star inside, one after another.

The black and red liquid in the cauldron turned dark, its surface becoming translucent and clean. Deep in the cauldron was a dark vortex.

Without any hesitation, Klein picked up the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.

It resembled a heart, transparent like a crystal, but there were tiny bubbles emerging from time to time. Every bubble seemed to contain an illusion.

When the Beyonder characteristic came into contact with the liquid in the metallic pot, it immediately merged into it, causing the darkness to instantly deepen, making it seem as though countless eyes were opened at the same time.

After staring at it for a few seconds, he poured the concocted Miracle Invoker potion into a glass bottle, and he used the bestowment ritual to bring it to the real world.

On an uninhabited island in the Sonia Sea, Klein, who had "Teleported" over, looked at the potion in his hand. He suddenly felt a little hesitant. This was because once he became an angel, his body would inevitably be affected by the Beyonder characteristic. He would become colder and crueler, becoming more and more indifferent towards life. He needed sufficient anchors to maintain his humanity.

This wasn't something that could be avoided by completely digesting the potion using the "acting method" he grasped. Back then, Emperor Roselle went through the early stages smoothly, but when he became a Sequence 2 angel, he nearly mutated, almost losing control.

As for the angels that he knew, they looked normal on the surface, but he had no idea what they were like when they were hiding behind the scenes.

If one could obtain a long life at Sequence 4 and Sequence 3, allowing them to live for more than a thousand years, a saint really didn't have much motivation to become an angel.

Combined with the saying that the higher one's Sequence was, the closer one was to the Primordial One, he suddenly understood why Demoness of White Katarina only rose from Sequence 4 to Sequence 3 in a thousand years.

But I have no way out… After a brief moment of silence, Klein sighed silently.

Nearby threats like Amon and Zaratul, and the approaching days of the apocalypse, as well as the fact that he was previously unable to interfere with the war, these all pushed him towards becoming an angel. He didn't want to simply contribute his strength through donations.

His eyes flickered for a few seconds before they returned to their calm state. He picked up the potion bottle and poured the liquid inside into his mouth.

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CHAPTER 1268
MIRACLE INVOKER

The moment the Miracle Invoker potion entered Klein's stomach, it immediately turned into countless cold "worms" and swam towards every corner of his body.

Suddenly, Klein's mind tore apart, turning into countless small pieces that combined with different Worms of Spirit. There was no longer any discernible difference between the main body and the auxiliary ones, nor was there any piece that remained dominant.

At some point in time, he had entered the grayish-white fog. His half top hat and long black trench coat quickly disintegrated, and numerous translucent and twisted maggots crawled out.

These maggots quickly flew into the depths of the fog of history, each occupying different "light fragments," overlapping with the projections of themselves in the Historical Void.

In just two or three seconds, the spot where Klein stood only had his windbreaker, shirt, top hat, socks, leather shoes, and personal items remaining. They had lost the support of a body and were held, suspended there.

"I…”

"Who am I…”

"Who's me…”

"I'm the main body…”

…

The various Worms of Spirit had different but similar thoughts. None of them were willing to return to their "body" on their own accord. Instead, they felt a strong sense of animosity towards their own kind. It was only because they still had Klein's remnant psyche influence that they hadn't done anything extreme for the time being.

At this moment, yet another invisible ripple appeared within the grayish-white fog.

This ripple didn't appear by coincidence. It had long existed in the fog, but compared to his collective whole, it appeared indiscernible. However, to a Worm of Spirit, it was obvious enough.

It came from a portion of history that appeared in the present era. It symbolized the fragments of light from the end of the Second Epoch and portions of the Third Epoch. They symbolized the two thousand years that the City of Silver had persisted in the darkness.

This forgotten history had a certain clash with the present era. As it formed a corresponding Historical Void, ripples spread out in an indescribable manner.

Such ripples seemed to exert a strong attraction on the Worms of Spirit, making them peek their heads out from the historical scenes.

After a short period of time, one of the Worms of Spirit crawled out of the light spot from which it occupied, having failed to resist it any further, and also succumbing to the effects of Klein's remnant consciousness. It flew towards the center of the ripples.

Right on the heels of that, Worms of Spirit returned from different spots in the fog of history, and they arrived at the fragments of light formed by the

City of Silver's history in the present era.

When they reached a certain distance from each other, a strong force of convergence finally appeared, pulling together countless Worms of Spirit into one.

This wasn't an effect that could be produced by two or three Worms of Spirit. It needed to have a sufficient number for this phenomenon to happen.

And when that portion of the Worms of Spirit was once again whole, Klein's incomplete consciousness completed the piecing together of his identity. Things finally turned simple.

The Worms of Spirit formed a transparent and gigantic vortex, emitting a strong convergence force that sucked over the remaining, hesitant, nearby Worms of Spirit that were unwilling to return.

After more than two-thirds the Worms of Spirit returned, a series of transparent tentacles grew out of the vortex.

They extended towards the Second Epoch, the First Epoch, and even the prehistoric city of an earlier time. They grabbed the last batch of Worms of Spirit, one after another, and stuffed them back into the vortex.

In less than twenty seconds, the vortex began to extend, turning into a terrifying figure formed from transparent, twisted maggots. An invisible tentacle naturally extended from the figure's body.

The tentacles pulled over the windbreaker, top hat, socks, and leather shoes that floated in the fog of history, dressing up the terrifying figure.

The figure formed from countless Worms of Spirit pressed down on the top of his head, causing the translucent feeling on his body to quickly fade, forming a layer of flesh-colored skin. Short black hair and brown eyes grew out.

This was the appearance of Klein Moretti, but his height had reached 1.8 meters.

With great difficulty, he finally regained consciousness. Before Klein, who had made his Soul Body whole again, could analyze his present state, he felt two abnormalities:

One was from the Beyonder characteristic that fused with his body. It was a strong, terrifying, high, and mighty will that made it impossible to resist. It seemed to awaken a little as it transmitted one image after another. These images were filled with the mysterious knowledge of a Miracle Invoker. Some of them were dust that burned into suns, magnificent scenes generated by various celestial bodies. They were filled with a sense of desolateness, coldness, cruelty, madness, superciliousness, and void of any emotional imprints. They quickly assimilated into Klein's spirit, changing his state in an irresistible manner.

Another thing that surfaced before Klein's eyes were the crimson stars and the numerous points of resplendent light. The prayers from the members of the Tarot Club emitted from those stars, including Justice, The Hanged Man, and The Moon. Most of the light points echoed with the prayers from the residents of Moon City. Together, they created an image that enveloped the grayish-white fog that looked at the world with pity. It was the image of an extremely high-level and secret existence.

The two abnormalities reflected on Klein's body, causing his left body to be covered in a grayish-white fog. A slight smile showed on his face that had deep-set eyes. His right body fractured once again, turning into a cluster of translucent squirming maggots and a bloodshot eye that was filled with madness.

At that moment, the right side was constantly corroded to the left, and the grayish-white fog was gradually compressed to the extreme.

Without any hesitation, he raised his left hand with some difficulty, and he summoned the white bone scepter with blue gems embedded at the top from

the fog of history.

Circling the Sea God Scepter were prayer points of light. With the help of this medium, they were transferred onto Klein's body.

Lightning bolts leaped out from the right side of his body as invisible winds and illusory waves swirled around him. This helped the grayish-white fog withstand the contamination from the left, allowing his entire body to come to a delicate balance.

At this point, Klein recovered bits and pieces of his humanity and memories, making an initial recovery back to the state before he consumed the potion.

He had finally advanced to the level of Sequence 2. He now had the level and status of an angel—a true Miracle Invoker.

Originally, Sefirah Castle was about to be stirred by his change, but with a thought from him, all the abnormalities returned to normal.

This proved that he had truly gained control of Sefirah Castle and had become the owner of the sefirah. As for how much power he could unleash in the real world, he was still unable to estimate it.

Phew… Thankfully, I made the history represented by the City of Silver return to reality, and it's powerful enough. If the ritual's effects were a little weaker, I would've lost control and collapsed here today… Klein rubbed his temples and slowly exhaled. He had a better understanding of anchors.

The anchor wasn't a tool to help him maintain his humanity. Its main purpose was to form a corresponding understanding, positioning, and image, one that would resist the mental imprint within the Beyonder characteristic so as to maintain an intricate balance.

Under this balance, Klein could then barely maintain his humanity and not be severely affected by any other influences.

In other words, the deities that the believers knew were different from the actual deities. Without the mental imprint within the Beyonder characteristic to resist this influence, the image of the deities in their hearts would gradually envelop the true appearance of the deities.

This was also a type of corruption.

Only at this moment did Klein realize why the orthodox deities went from having humanoid statues to simply having Sacred Emblems. This prevented the believers from having a unified impression of "Them." This improved the effects they had as anchors to resist the remnant mental effects of the Primordial One, whilst also not subtly changing their bodies.

As for why the orthodox deities took one or two epochs to figure this out, Klein quickly thought of two reasons:

Firstly, he had the past images of the orthodox deities for comparison. He had Emperor Roselle's diary as reference, and the corresponding mysticism knowledge to provide inspiration. Secondly, the Mythical Creature form of a Seer was all about being split and separated. It made him very sensitive to such influences.

This sort of balance isn't too stable, and it often tilts to a certain extent. This will cause problems with my condition's stability. From time to time, I will end up scaring the people around me. Fortunately, this can be predicted ahead of time, so it can effectively be avoided… Also, when I'm in a delicate balance, I should try my best to show my humanity to strengthen my self-awareness… This is commonly chosen by many angels. The Rose School of Thought's indulgence can be considered to be doing the same…

But Amon's believers are all "Himself." How does "He" maintain the balance?

Could it be that the Mythical Creature that's born with the Uniqueness itself has the will of the Primordial One fused with "Him"? Amon is long

accustomed to being half-crazy. No, that's not "His" normal state… It's the image that arose from the referendum of every Amon…

That's a line of thought. I can form a marionette group and make every marionette a believer of The Fool. In addition, with my truest appearance as a deity, this can effectively provide the best anchor… It's no wonder that Zaratul and the Dark Demonic Wolf don't have any believers… Uh, once the residents of the City of Silver switch faiths to The Fool, I can consider separating the embodiment of Sea God from myself, making it no longer one of my anchors. This greatly contradicts the beliefs and understanding of my other believers. They can't truly be united… Klein instantly thought of a lot of matters, and after his thoughts finished racing, he returned above the gray fog.

When he became a Miracle Invoker and became a "Him," as well as becoming the owner of Sefirah Castle, he no longer needed to take four steps counterclockwise, recite the incantations, or get all the members of the Tarot Club to pray. He could now easily return.

However, he seemed incapable of expressing the full powers of Sefirah Castle. He could only enter with his Spirit Body, unable to bring his physical body along.

After sitting in the seat belonging to The Fool, Klein wasn't in a rush to check on the changes in Sefirah Castle. He first confirmed his advancement and digested the mysticism knowledge he had just obtained.

Yes… The Beyonder powers of a Miracle Invoker come from two different aspects. One is the greater utilization of the fog of history, and the other is the newly enhanced core power of "Wishes."

The improved utilization of the fog of history includes several abilities:

One, using the help of past Worms of Spirit to revive myself, but it will be ineffective after four times. I've already used it three times, so I can only revive one more time as a Miracle Invoker. Once I advance to an Attendant

of Mysteries, there should be a corresponding increase in this number. Two, I am able to exert some influence on the future, causing the probability of certain things to increase or shrink to a certain extent. It's equivalent to interfering with the fate of the target. Heh heh, I'm finally wielding good luck. However, this aspect is still different from the Die of Probability. Three, summoning from the Historical Void is no longer limited to just items. It can be extended to certain scenes I'm familiar with.

Yes, the total number of items and scenes I can summon now is nine, but only three of them can be at the angel level…

"Wishes" already make it a standard deity's ability, but it's a little strange. Only by fulfilling someone's wish can I fulfill my own wish. A small wish has to be granted before a bigger wish can be gradually granted…

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CHAPTER 1269
THE POWER OF WISHES

Klein originally believed that the "Wishes" ability could be used freely as long as it didn't exceed a limit. To his surprise, the effects didn't solely come from the Beyonder characteristic.

To put it simply, a Miracle Invoker needed to seek out and satisfy all kinds of wishes before they could make wishes and personally grant them during battles, turning the corresponding situation into a reality. Furthermore, at the very beginning, the wishes that Klein could fulfill were small and trivial. He had to accumulate them one step at a time before he could create a true miracle. He couldn't do as he wished.

Yes, if I want to use Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's wishing method to teleport, I would have to first satisfy many similar wishes. It comes from others, from simple to the more difficult wishes… I do have a solution in this aspect. I can use Creeping Hunger and the Staff of the Stars to fulfill the corresponding wishes. There's no need to start from the simplest…

Speaking of which, the "Wishes" ability resembled using an anchor. It's a type of "collective" ability. Since the faithful's understanding of deities can effectively affect the deities and become a certain "definition" for "Them," helping "Them" resist the Primordial One's mental imprint in the Beyonder characteristics, in the same way, similar wishes of different creatures with spirituality can indeed help me create a miracle…

This might be related to the sea of collective subconscious. It's not scientific enough, but it's fairly mystical… After figuring out the situation of the "Wishes" ability, Klein had a preliminary idea of how to act as a Miracle Invoker.

That was to walk the real world, and as the most powerful "magician," he would allow different people to witness a miracle and satisfy their wishes.

It's no wonder the Dark Demonic Wolf's original title was the God of Wishes… When such a belief spreads, many people would use the method of praying to voice out their wishes, allowing the Miracle Invoker to respond from afar. This makes acting a lot simpler. It can save a lot of time, but the problem is that the potion's name is Miracle Invoker and not the God of Wishes. The role one needs to act as is that of a deity, so there are still some differences between the two…

I can roam the various countries and let different people witness miracles while using The Fool's name to satisfy some of the believers' wishes. I'll then see which would be more effective…

However, this isn't the only way to act as a Miracle Invoker… I still need to take the initiative to create a miracle in real life, leaving behind the corresponding legend? Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table with his finger as he silently muttered to himself.

During his scrutiny of his own body moments ago, he realized that he had digested more than half of the potion. After all, he had created miracles several times. He had even been "revived" three times.

Of course, Klein believed that it was very coincidental because he could create a "miracle" and act in advance, mainly because of Sefirah Castle.

It's as though someone set me up… Klein sighed inwardly as he didn't feel relaxed. Instead, he became more serious and wary.

As for who arranged it, he had a suspect.

The "Mysteries" that the ancient sun god mentioned, the existence suspected to be "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

And what made Klein even more puzzled was that when he advanced to Sequence 2 and became an angel, The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings didn't appear, neither did "He" awaken in his body after he experienced the qualitative changes.

This was completely different from what he had expected.

There weren't any traces of it at all. Apart from the initial mental corruption from the Primordial One—something that will definitely arrive—it should be the spiritual imprint left behind in the Beyonder characteristic… Could it be that The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings has completely perished despite making all the arrangements? "He" doesn't have the ability to influence me and revive from my body? If that's the case, then I have to thank "Him"! Klein teased himself and stood up with caution and puzzlement.

With this thought, he appeared on the grayish-white cloud and arrived in front of the strange door of light.

Glancing at the transparent "cocoons" hanging above his head, Klein slowly extended his right hand and touched the door of light.

When he truly became the owner of this mysterious space, he had clearly realized a fact when he returned. It was that the strange door of light was core to this place. It was Sefirah Castle in the truest sense of the word, and this boundless void belonged to the divine kingdom that Sefirah Castle came with.

As for the ancient palace, the twenty-two high-back chairs, the long bronze table, and the items that the members of the Tarot Club usually conjured, Klein believed that they were a manifestation of the "Wishes" power.

In other words, back when he wanted a palace and a gathering place, Sefirah Castle had satisfied his wish.

And because he didn't have a specific description of his wish, Sefirah Castle had extracted scenes from similar wishes in the past. Klein suspected that the ancient Greek palace and the twenty-two high-back chairs were conjured by the existence that was suspected to be the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

As he moved inch by inch, Klein pressed his right hand against the edge of the door of light.

This time, his palm didn't directly pierce through it as he touched something corporeal.

Suddenly, the door of light began to tremble slightly, along with the hanging "cocoons" which contained human figures.

Above the grayish-white fog, there was only an ancient palace in the endless void. Numerous skyscrapers rose rapidly. Cars appeared one after another as pedestrians suddenly appeared.

In one of the residential districts, in an ordinary rental apartment, there was a window illuminated by an energy-saving bulb that wasn't bright enough.

This was what the old metropolis from before the First Epoch looked like before the disaster. This was the place Klein had once lived.

Looking around, Klein sighed, letting everything disappear before his eyes.

Indeed, I can preliminarily use Sefirah Castle's powers… By relying on this point, I would already be close to the level of a King of Angels when I'm above the gray fog. Furthermore, the authority I show isn't only that of Miracles, but also a portion of a Planeswalker and a Trojan Horse of Destiny…

If I were to return to the real world, apart from being able to further utilize Sefirah Castle's aura, I would be able to directly obtain a portion of its powers… This should allow me to form a nascent divine kingdom and reach

Sequence 1 in here… Unfortunately, in reality, I can't use the high-level Beyonder powers of Marauder and Apprentice… As Klein evaluated the situation, he cast his gaze at the transparent cocoons hanging above the door of light.

He ultimately didn't release the people inside, because they would definitely be used by Amon.

After confirming everything, Klein returned to the ancient palace and sat on the high-back chair of The Fool.

He remembered that some of his memories were sealed, so he summoned the piece of paper from the junk pile.

Upon opening it, Klein's eyes narrowed and his lips quivered as he muttered to himself, "Great Old Ones, Outer Deities, Cosmos, Creator, Above the Sequences… So that's how it is…"

At that moment, he completely understood the rationale behind the battle of gods that had just ended. He understood the possible origins of the apocalypse and understood why the seven deities had given tacit consent to the birth of a Black Emperor, and their indifference towards the Red Angel evil spirit's return to the real world.

From the information provided by Leonard and Miss Justice, Loen ultimately clinched victory. It's very likely that the God of Combat has already perished… In other words, the Goddess has succeeded, but I don't know what other conditions "She" is lacking to become a Great Old One that's Above the Sequences… I'll summon Arrodes later to inquire about the details of the situation and grasp the present situation… With this in mind, Klein recalled the various details of the past and connected many matters together.

Earth Mother, whose identity had been unknown, had succeeded in acting as the Giant Queen Omebella for thousands of years without being exposed. It's impossible without the help of Concealment… Man, the Goddess has

been plotting something like this from the Third Epoch or even the end of the Second Epoch?

W-why does this feel more terrifying than Amon…

Yes, Concealment can only hide traces of various aspects. It can mislead the corresponding prying and divination attempts, making it impossible for a person to don a disguise. For the Earth Mother to be able to pretend to be Omebella, without being suspected by the God of Combat, there may be other factors involved… For example, a particular existence helped "Her" steal the fate of the Giant Queen? At that time, there was only one person who had the authority to participate in this matter—the ancient sun god, the second Creator, Amon and Adam's father…

If that's the case, the Goddess and the ancient sun god should've cooperated from a long time ago. Until the new Creator awakened the Primordial One in "Him"…This can also explain why the first existence that Dark Angel Sasrir sought out was the Goddess. Of course, Concealment is also an important factor…

Ever since I obtained the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, the Goddess has been setting up the trap. On the one hand, "She" wants me to take over the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction in Backlund to pretend that everything is normal. On the other hand, "She" didn't deal with the people or objects that might've discovered something was amiss, resulting in the leak of information. This way, in the eyes of the God of Combat, the situation became the Goddess trying "Her" best to conceal the secret, but due to "Her" lack of control while digesting the Uniqueness, "She" was unable to do so…

After that, be it tacitly acquiescing George III becoming the Black Emperor, or the aid provided to me in destroying "His" ritual, the Goddess doesn't care about the final outcome of the matter. "Her" main goal was to show that "She" didn't have the ability to directly interfere with the real world, further deepening the impression that "She" was attempting to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Death pathway…

There are a lot of similar details…

To the God of Combat, as "He" had a deeper understanding of the Goddess, "He" definitely wasn't fully convinced in regards to this matter. Therefore, "He" chose to take it safe by first shaking the Goddess's anchors, allowing "Her" psyche to be corrupted. To "Him," this definitely made "Her" divert a large portion of "Her" efforts to resist the corruption before "He" chose to attack the Goddess together with Earth Mother…

This… And it's because of this that "He" fell into the Goddess's trap…

In other words, the true goal of the Goddess's various actions wasn't to lay a trap with the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, but to let the other deities place their focus on this matter, and ignore the possibility that there was something wrong with Earth Mother…

How terrifying…

Klein sighed from the bottom of his heart. He felt that Adam and Amon were probably inferior to the Goddess when it came to horror.

He shook his head, conjured a pen and paper, and wrote his warning:

"Always remember you are a he, not a 'He.'"

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CHAPTER 1270
"VISITING"

On the ship, Sea God, the members of the City of Silver, like Liaval, Candice, and other City of Silver scouts, were seated on chairs that didn't suit their size. They watched the "dwarfs" around them warily.

Of course, they knew that these were normal humans. After all, they all knew that their exaggerated heights were brought about by potions, but they still felt that the people on the ship were too short, including Lord Danitz, who called himself an oracle. After all, in the City of Silver, other than children, the residents who had yet to reach Sequence 6 had an average height exceeding 1.8 meters. Among them, there were no lack of Sequence 9 Beyonders who were more than two meters tall.

The slight sway of the boat made the "half-giants" feel somewhat uncomfortable, but their strong physique helped them quickly overcome this influence. And the contrast between the sea and the lone boat beyond the window made them unable to contain their unease, fear, and anxiety. It was like the first time they participated in an expedition. The surroundings seemed to have monsters lurking in the darkness that could attack them at any moment.

At that moment, Danitz entered the room that had been transformed into a dining mess. He smiled at the tall, wary, cautious, strangely-dressed people who sat stiffly and said, "Your food is ready. Next, you can enjoy your food as you please.

"By the way, don't forget what I told you just now. These waters are very dangerous.

"There's no need to get up. You can stay in your seats."

When Danitz saw that the young Elder who introduced himself as Derrick, and the other "half-giants" wished to get up and speak to him in the most polite manner, he hurriedly lowered his hands and stopped their uncivilized behavior.

If I was as tall as them, I would've already begun mocking the people around me… Danitz muttered as he clapped his hands, signaling the crew to send the food in.

A strong fragrance immediately drilled into the noses of Derrick and the other residents of the City of Silver. It was the scent that they were familiar with when roasting meat-type mushrooms, but there was an additional indescribable smell. It was rather strange and slightly stimulating.

The smell was so alluring that Liaval, Candice, and the rest began to have saliva secrete from their mouths as their stomachs churned to attention.

"Desi-style roasted meat," Danitz said as he pointed at a crew member who walked in.

He held a large steel plate that had a piece of roasted golden-brown piece of meat that glistened with oil. Evenly spread across its surface were fennel, basil, and other spices.

"Steak, pan-fried fish, white bread, seafood soup, and light beer…" Danitz introduced each and every dish, smiling when he was done. "Don't worry about anything. Feel free to indulge. We have plenty of food reserves."

With that said, he glanced at the "half-giants" who seemed eager to stand up. Then, he left the room chuckling.

The short-haired Candice retracted her gaze from the food with great difficulty and swallowed her saliva.

"Elder Derrick, what do we do now?"

Although Derrick believed that Mr. Fool's Oracle wouldn't harm them, he habitually gave a very cautious opinion.

"Split into two groups. One group is to wait for their turn to eat. One team is to eat now."

"Alright, Elder Derrick." Candice suddenly stood up. "I apply to join the food-tasting team!"

A group of ten people quickly formed. At the same time, Liaval and Candice walked to the long table near the wall, and they took a portion of what they found the most tempting, the so-called Desi roasted meat.

After taking a bite, the rich juices, the fragrance and pure meat mixed in the texture formed a complex and unique experience in their mouths. They could only chew twice before swallowing the food ravenously into their stomachs so as to take a second bite.

This was many times more delicious than the meat-type mushrooms they had eaten previously.

Unknowingly, the ten residents of the City of Silver were already eating with tears in their eyes, their vision blurred.

On the deck, Danitz looked at the safe sea route in the ruins of the battle of gods. He considered how to settle the problems of Mr. Fool's flock.

Suddenly, a sailor ran over and panted.

"Lord Oracle, they've already finished eating. They want seconds!"

…*Where did these guys come from?* Danitz was taken aback.

"Prepare another set for them."

Seeing that the sailor was about to turn around, Danitz quickly added, "From tomorrow onwards, the crew is to begin fishing!"

…

In the Sonia Sea, on an uninhabited island.

Klein had gotten used to his current state, and he restrained his spirituality. He planned on "Teleporting" back to Backlund and summoning the magic mirror, Arrodes, to ask some questions.

He wasn't in a hurry to extract the residents of Moon City to the outside world. He planned on waiting for Danitz to settle down the City of Silver's vanguard unit. With sufficient experience, he could turn his attention to this matter. After all, the path to leaving the Forsaken Land of the Gods had been opened. He could use the method of responding to prayers, and rely on the power of the Staff of the Stars to move all of Moon City out.

Of course, if the door closed once again, Klein also had a solution. He would first transfer the residents of Moon City to the Giant King's residence and let them open the door themselves. Without the first Blasphemy Slate and the Dark Angel evil spirit, ordinary Beyonders would be able to open the door.

As for whether the True Creator would interfere or stop him, Klein didn't consider it. This was because the Sequence 0 true god was capable of doing so now. He wasn't able to stop "Him" even if he was disagreeable to it.

In addition, Klein believed that the focus of the True Creator wasn't placed on this matter. "His" most pressing concern was to capture Amon and retrieve the first Blasphemy Slate.

Strictly speaking, this is a family drama… Klein lampooned inwardly. He grabbed Creeping Hunger from the air, and he wore the Sealed Artifact that had accompanied him for a long time on his left palm.

His body quickly turned transparent and disappeared.

In the saturated and stacked spirit world, Klein rapidly moved through the indescribable figures as he approached the coordinates that represented Backlund.

Suddenly, he came to a stop and stood in the chaotic void, looking at the seven pure lights that occupied the highest spot in the spirit world.

Previously, due to my low Sequence, I didn't dare wander the spirit world. Nor did I attempt to visit the Seven Lights that had shown their kindness towards me. Now, it seems it's time we meet… They're the embodiments of all kinds of knowledge, and they've lived in the spirit world for countless years. They might know quite a bit of secrets… Just as Klein finished his thoughts, a light suddenly appeared in front of him. An elder in an orange robe appeared.

This old man was plump and had a short white beard. He looked very amiable.

He looked at Klein and nodded with a smile.

"Your Excellency, please allow me to introduce myself. You should remember me. I am Orange Light Hilarion."

The last time I saw you, you were very thin… As Klein lampooned, he asked with a smile, "You seem to have predicted that I would visit you?"

Hilarion didn't hide anything as he smiled frankly.

"The spirit world itself is interwoven with all sorts of information. Some come from the past, some come from the present, and some indicate a certain future. Whether it's divination or prophecy, most of the methods are actually using the spirit world, followed by the prying into the secrets of fate."

What Orange Light meant was that since Klein was in the spirit world and had the intention of visiting, and was prepared to take action to do so, there would definitely be a corresponding exchange of information. This allowed the Seven Lights who controlled the spirit world to a certain extent to sense it and make a prophecy.

Klein wasn't surprised at all. He nodded slightly and said, "Other than you, who else wants to meet me?"

He had originally planned on using honorifics, but considering the Seven Light's attitude and the way Orange Light addressed him, he gave up on this plan, so as to maintain the status of the proxy to Sefirah Castle.

Orange Light Hilarion immediately smiled and said, "All of them. Your Excellency, you don't mind, do you?"

Klein shook his head and replied politely, "Of course. It will be my honor."

As soon as he finished speaking, different colors of light rose up around Hilarion, transforming into different old men.

"Your Excellency, please allow me to do the introductions." When Orange Light saw Klein nod, he pointed at an elder in a red robe and said, "He is Red Light Aiur Moria."

The one who previously answered my question… Klein immediately smiled and showed his gratitude and friendliness.

In turn, Hilarion introduced Yellow Light Venithan, Blue Light Kuthumi, Green Light Serapis, Indigo Light Iesus, and Violet Light Saint Germain.

Yellow Light Venithan… Is this the one who made an apocalyptic prophecy regarding the Abrahams' ancestor? Klein looked at the thin, long-bearded elder in a lemon-yellow robe and said with a smile, "Let's sit down and have a chat."

As he spoke, he raised his right hand.

Dark red flames lit up in the surrounding area. It came from a fireplace burning high-quality charcoal.

These flames immediately lit up a reclining chair, a grayish-yellow carpet, cupboards, sofas, coffee tables, cast sculptures, white porcelain teacups, and other items, forming a classic Backlund-styled activity room.

"Please take a seat." Klein faced the Seven Lights as he smiled and pointed at the sofa and high-back chairs.

After the Seven Lights settled down, Klein sat on the reclining chair, picked up a teacup, and said in a natural tone, "To be honest, I've always wanted to pay a visit to all seven of you, but I couldn't find a chance. Now, I've finally fulfilled this wish."

"This has also been our wish." Orange Light seemed to be the brightest and most outgoing person among the Seven Lights. He immediately responded on behalf of all his companions.

Eh, I have the feeling that I've fulfilled someone's wish… Klein was delighted as he probed, "Might I ask what do you know about the cosmos, or should I say, the Great Old Ones and Outer Deities?"

Indigo Light Iesus, who wore a linen robe and looked relatively young, answered seriously, "Your Excellency, the Great Old Ones eyeing our world are Mother Goddess of Depravity, Mother Tree of Desire, Son of Chaos, Primordial Hunger, Ring of Comeuppance, Supernova Dominator, Inextinguishable Ravings, Monarch of Decay, and High-Dimensional Overseer…"

…Isn't that a little too many? Klein was a little stunned when he heard that.

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CHAPTER 1271
SEVEN LIGHTS

Upon hearing Indigo Light Iesus's reply, Klein's mind tensed up as he recalled the crimson moon, the Brown Planet, the Scarlet Planet, the Blue Planet, and Gold Planet. He felt like they were looking down at him from above with their eyes.

Silently, a connection was established. The impending fatal corruption made all of Klein's Worms of Spirit feel uneasy.

As an angel in control of Sefirah Castle, Klein had many ways to sever this connection. Firstly, he could use the status and strength of a complete Mythical Creature. Secondly, he could suppress his anchors, using the mental imprint the Primordial One left in him to offset it. Thirdly, he could use the aura of Sefirah Castle that he could now utilize one step further.

Without any hesitation, he chose the simplest and most convenient method to not leave behind any hidden dangers.

A grayish-white fog appeared around him as all the celestial body projections in his mind vanished.

After being stunned for a second, Klein organized his words and said, "There are that many Outer Deities?"

Indigo Light Iesus symbolized the domain of prayers. "He" touched the ruby ring on "His" right hand and nodded.

"Ever since the Oldest One awakened and split apart, the most powerful Outer Deities in the entire Universe gathered around this tiny solar system.

Some of 'Them' wish to retrieve 'Their' sefirot and characteristics that had been ripped from 'Them,' and were attracted here. Some of 'Them' have the hope of getting neighboring sefirot and high-level characteristics which 'They' can accommodate."

Oldest One… The Seven Lights address the original Creator as the Oldest One, and not the Primordial One… In terms of the name's meaning, there isn't much difference… Klein deliberated and asked, "Sefirot and characteristics that were ripped and attracted over?"

He could understand the rest of the words Indigo Light had mentioned, and he had even made some speculation towards such matters. There was just one point that caught him by surprise.

Blue Light Kuthumi, who was a symbol of the domain of Cogitation and used love and wisdom as a characteristic of "His" body, explained kindly, "Your Excellency, you shouldn't be unfamiliar with the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics."

Seeing Klein nod, the thick-bearded elder with a "sapphire" tied around his forehead continued, "This isn't just a law for the Sequence pathways. It's also suitable for describing the sefirot and the characteristics related to the Outer Deities, especially the ones that were directly nurtured and created from the Oldest One. For example, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, Son of Chaos, and the Mother Tree of Desire. As for the other Outer Deities, we aren't too sure. In short, the three Great Old Ones who lost a portion of their sefirot and characteristics are most concerned and proactive when it comes to invading the real world. 'They' have been trying to influence the spirit world and corrupt us."

Klein nodded slightly and asked in a confirmation-seeking tone, "In other words, a portion of the current twenty-two pathways and nine sefirot belong to the Outer Deities?"

"Yes." The amethyst-wielding Saint Germain, who symbolized the domain of ritualistic magic, took the opportunity to answer. "When the total number

of 22 pathways and the nine sefirot was reached, everything finally reached a balance. This might be the mysticism connection that originated from the Oldest One."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "What are they exactly?"

Saint Germain. whose face was suffused with a faint purple glow, making "Him" look rather mysterious, said, "For example, the Moon and the Earth pathway both belong to the Mother Goddess of Depravity. 'She' is an existence that stands atop all the Outer Deities. Even after a portion of 'Her' sefirah—that is, the Brood Hive—was ripped from 'Her,' that remains the case. 'She' is the sovereign of all the feminine forces in the entire Universe."

Just as Saint Germain said that, Green Light Serapis suddenly laughed.

"In fact, after carefully analyzing the twenty-two pathways, you'll discover that the Moon and Earth pathways are the two most contradictory ones. Heh heh, the Demoness pathway represents the Oldest One's feminine side. The Red Priest pathway represents the masculine side. This happens to form a deformed aspect of balance, but the Moon and Earth can also make Beyonders of the corresponding pathways turn into feminine creatures at high Sequences. There are no pathways that balance it."

Seeing Klein wince his eyebrows, Green Light, who had the long hair of an artist, added with a smile, "The Earth pathway's Sequence 2 is 'Desolate Matriarch,' and the Moon pathway's Sequence 1 is called 'Beauty Goddess.' Therefore, the Sanguine only have queens and no male princes."

Then was the ancient goddess, Lilith, originally a male and a female? Klein mumbled inwardly and asked thoughtfully, "The Primordial Moon is the Mother Goddess of Depravity?"

"Yes." Red Light Aiur Moria, who was wearing a diamond crown, nodded in a dignified manner. "'She' occupies the moon, and through 'Her' own level and influence on the Brood Hive and the Uniqueness of two pathways,

'She' has gradually infiltrated into reality. The Primordial Moon is 'Her' manifestation in this world."

After saying that, Aiur Moria paused and said, "'Her' full title is 'Mother Goddess of Depravity,' 'Origin of Evil,' The Indestructible,' and the 'Brood Hive of Filth.'"

Klein recalled the exaggerated reaction of the moon when he first learned of the secret of the cosmos. He suddenly felt a chill as he hurriedly asked, "The Devil and Prisoner pathway come from the Mother Tree of Desire?"

Yellow Light Venithan, who was wearing a lemon-yellow robe, sighed.

"Yes, 'Her' full name is the 'Mother Tree of Desire,' 'Father to Devils,' 'Perpetual Blatherer,' and the 'Heartless God.' Therefore, 'She' had seized the opportunity when something happened to the Chained God, easily achieving 'Her' goal of corruption."

Mother… Father… Is that fellow a man or a woman… Yes, to an existence at this level, it's normal for there to be no distinction between genders. Different incarnations have different images… Heh, 'She' even wanted to bear a child for me. From the present state of the Chained God, if I had been caught, I'd probably be the one bearing the child. Then, the child will inherit Sefirah Castle, allowing the Mother Tree of Desire to indirectly corrupt and control this sefirah…

From this angle, perhaps the Prisoner pathway's desire of indulgence is the proper way of acting. However, this "correct" path leads to the Outer Deity, so temperance is still the better one… Klein frowned slightly as he raised a question he had guessed before, hoping to get an answer.

"Since there are so many Outer Deities, why haven't 'They' entered our world yet?"

From what Klein had learned to date, he could guess that, even if it were only the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the Mother Tree of Desire, the

Outer Deities could easily resolve existences like the former seven deities, the True Creator, and the Primordial Demoness.

The plump Orange Light Hilarion smiled and said, "All our suffering comes from the Oldest One. All our luck comes from the Oldest One as well.

"Not only did 'He' leave behind 'His' spirit, will, branding, and corruption, but 'He' also left behind the sefirot, characteristics, and power.

"The remnants of 'His' power formed an invisible barrier outside the planet, preventing the Outer Deities from directly invading it. However, with the passage of time, 'His' consciousness and powers haven't truly been revived, and 'His' will and powers are fading. At the end of the Fourth Epoch, this reached a very serious state. The invisible barrier produced cracks, and the seven deities had no choice but to move 'Their' divine kingdoms into the astral world to mend the cracks.

It's no wonder that the true deities from the Fourth Epoch could walk the land, but "They" rarely descended in the Fifth Epoch… Klein immediately came to a realization and asked, "When the Oldest One's will and powers decline further, the invisible barrier will vanish and usher in the apocalypse?"

Orange Light Hilarion, who had been smiling all this while, glanced at Yellow Light Venithan. His expression immediately turned serious.

"Yes."

When the time comes, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, the Mother Tree of Desire, and the Son of Chaos and all the other Outer Deities would invade this planet. Even if the Goddess becomes a Great Old One, "She" wouldn't be able to withstand so many of "Them"…The other Sequence 0 deities would be able to tie down one or two Outer Deities together, and that would be considered a miracle… It would take nine to fight one, or even more… Klein's scalp tingled as he once again experienced the meaning of despair.

No wonder it was called the apocalypse!

With his upheaval in emotions, he immediately felt the Primordial One's mental imprint strengthen, and more of it had eroded what the anchors had fixed in place.

Klein quickly calmed himself down and allowed the fragile balance to reappear again.

This is the reason why the corruption from underground will naturally dissipate as long as one doesn't approach it or resist? Klein recalled some of the mysticism knowledge he had previously grasped.

"Your Excellency, you're completely right." Orange Light Hilarion gave an affirmative answer.

Klein immediately made other connections.

"Does that mean that the closer one is to the apocalypse, the easier it is for one to advance? This is because the Primordial One's will is fading. 'His' awakening will become difficult, to the point of not waking up again?"

Red Light, Aiur Moria thought for a moment and said, "This is the reason why the seven deities have only waited until recently to set 'Their' sights on Above the Sequences before taking concrete action.

"However, the Oldest One's will can dissipate, but 'His' spirit will remain forever. It won't be erased unless the entire Universe returns to the singularity. Therefore, the corresponding high-level existences still have the possibility of having the Oldest One awaken in 'Them.' The higher the level, the greater the possibility. The corresponding influence and corruption will become more serious."

The extraordinary power and the curse that can never be broken are always two sides of the same coin… Klein sighed. Forcefully suppressing a

problem that wasn't at his level, he asked, "Do you know the potion formula for Attendant of Mysteries?"

The amethyst-wielding Saint Germain replied, "There's a corresponding mystery attached to such knowledge. It's not in the spirit world, but according to our observations, the Attendant of Mysteries ritual should be closely related to the spirit world."

Orange Light Hilarion immediately smiled at Klein.

"Your Excellency, if you require anything, we'll provide our full support."

This fervor makes me a little afraid, just like facing Arrodes… Klein nodded slightly and prepared to change the topic.

After some consideration, he asked solemnly, "Do you know of 'The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings'?"

He translated the title using Elvish.

The Seven Lights immediately fell silent. "They" looked at each other and didn't reply for a while.

After a few seconds, Orange Light Hilarion sighed.

"We still can't be sure if you're 'Him.'

"'He' was a Great Old One who had been active during the end of the previous civilization up to the mid-stages of the First Epoch. 'He' is 'the great ruler above the spirit world' that we speak of.

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings is 'His' title in the Western Continent. The other title is 'King of Space-Time,' 'Beacon of Destiny,' 'Embodiment of Sefirah Castle,' 'Dominator of the Spirit World,' and…"

At this point, Orange Light paused and said, "Lord of the Mysteries."

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CHAPTER 1272
"SPRING"

The King of Space-Time, Beacon of Destiny, Embodiment of Sefirah Castle, Dominator of the Spirit World, Lord of the Mysteries… So the "Mysteries" mentioned by the ancient sun god refers to the Lord of the Mysteries… Klein silently repeated the titles as he felt the trauma in his heart increase.

He immediately thought of a question and hesitated before saying, "Based on what I know, a long time before the last civilization ended, The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings had already appeared."

After the Seven Lights exchanged looks, the thin Yellow Light Venithan, who was translucent like other spirit world creatures, sighed and said, "We weren't aware of that. When the previous civilization came to an end, the Seven Lights from before had been wiped out when the Oldest One awoke. We were the pure lights that were born from the spirit world during the First Epoch.

"However, we have some guesses about 'the great ruler above the spirit world.' Perhaps this can answer your questions."

Klein perked up and wore an attentive look.

Yellow Light Venithan continued, "We suspect that some of the Great Old Ones that were active in the First Epoch were Outer Deities who had been directly attracted to this planet. Some of them came alive as sefirots. In other words, some Great Old Ones were equivalent to the Oldest One—embodiments of the different personalities 'He' split into.

"Whatever separates will definitely converge, and whatever converges will definitely separate. This description isn't limited to Beyonder characteristics, but also refers to the Oldest One 'Himself.' As most of the sefirot and characteristics are from this supreme existence, there are natural inclinations of convergence. And the Oldest One is the amalgamation of all the contradictions in the Universe. Once the sefirot and characteristics are gathered, it will almost certainly separate."

Is this the crux and origins of the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics? The Genie is an unlucky Outer Deity who got attracted to this world, only to encounter the Lord of the Mysteries? Klein nodded slightly and didn't interrupt. He patiently waited for Yellow Light to share "Their" guesses.

Dressed in a lemon-yellow robe, Venithan glanced at Klein and said, "Perhaps the Oldest One had already had an inclination towards separating while asleep. Therefore, 'His' mind was split into different parts. 'He' used different titles to secretly interfere with the real world and prepare for the separation that was bound to happen once 'His' body woke up. For example, God Almighty or the Celestial Worthy…"

A reasonable guess; it can explain many of my doubts… Klein immediately felt enlightened.

He deliberated and said, "In other words, you believe that 'the great ruler above the spirit world' was a part of the Oldest One. To a certain extent, 'He' is equivalent to the Oldest One?"

"That's right." Orange Light Hilarion gave an affirmative response before comforting Klein. "Based on the present situation, the great ruler is also the same as the rest of the Oldest One. 'His' will and powers have faded over time. Your Excellency, regardless of you being 'Him' or not, it doesn't hinder you from putting up a certain level of resistance. Keep what's left of your humanity, and reach a particular balance with 'Him.' Heh heh, separation is inevitable."

What kind of consolation is that? Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

Then he realized a problem:

Since the Oldest One dissociated into different parts, the mental imprint in the body of a High-Sequence Beyonder of the corresponding pathway should also belong to the different Great Old Ones.

If the Primordial One which awoke in the ancient sun god's body is the God Almighty as described by the Seven Lights, then who would it be when the Primordial One's mental imprint begins eating at me?

The answer to this question was very obvious. Without needing to think, Klein could answer it:

The Lord of the Mysteries, the Dominator of the Spirit World, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings!

In other words, it wasn't that the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings hadn't left any traces as he had previously believed. "He" had already awoken in Klein's body!

*F*ck…* Klein's entire body turned cold. He inexplicably experienced what the ancient sun god previously felt.

At that moment, he was very worried that, one day, he would unknowingly become another person, becoming the resurrected Lord of the Mysteries, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

However, an awakening of this level is similar to what other angels have encountered. It's not as strong and irresistible as I had imagined it to be… This is because I'm different from the ancient sun god. I wasn't born with the status of an angel, or even in control of a Uniqueness. I advanced step by step, and I was able to complete the digestion in different stages? If that's the case, I have to thank the grayish-white fog that sent the "curtain" into the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Perhaps, this involved the help of a

particular, or several existences… Yes, that's still not right. I've already become the owner of Sefirah Castle. There's no reason for the corruption and contamination I suffer to be the same as other Sequence 2 angels… Klein secretly shook his head. He didn't raise the corresponding question to the Seven Lights.

To him, this was one of his core secrets. He definitely couldn't let other existences know what his current state was like.

He raised his right hand and placed it to his mouth. He coughed lightly.

"I roughly understand."

After chatting with the Seven Lights, Klein stood up and bowed.

"Thank you for your answers."

"It was our pleasure. May Your Excellency return to the throne of the great ruler above the spirit world as quickly as possible." The Seven Lights stood up at the same time, giving him a warm response.

Are "They" trying to curse me? Klein teased himself as he politely sent away the seven pure lights.

Following that, he activated "Teleport" once again, and returned to a secluded alley in Backlund.

Pressing his top hat on his head, Klein strolled down the street.

The first thing that caught his eye was the crowd of all kinds of people and the hustle and bustle that formed a heatwave.

Some people were wearing linen clothes, sawing down abnormally tall trees in groups of about four people. Some of them formed a team, busy repairing the streets and houses that didn't suffer too much damage. Some held Desi pies and sweet ice tea in their hands, rushing past him, as though they were

rushing to their workplace. Some of them rode cargo carriages, carrying food, meat, and vegetables, all heading in different directions…

Although most of these people wore simple clothes with plenty of visible stitches, and there were still signs of numbness and pain on their faces, the vitality their bodies exuded seemed to interweave into a light of hope before Klein's eyes. They were tenaciously brimming with life.

They were like grass that tried their best to tear through stones after a cold winter.

Klein slowed down his steps and gazed deeply at the bustling scene.

Although he hadn't seen the tragedy in the later stages of the war, he had learned plenty from Miss Justice and Leonard. Furthermore, he had previously been traveling in the even darker and more repressed Forsaken Land of the Gods. It was inevitable that he felt some uncontrollable emotions.

Spring had arrived.

Klein's expression gradually relaxed as the corners of his mouth curled up.

He walked through the streets and alleys that were rebuilt after the war, and he walked all the way to Saint Samuel Cathedral in North Borough.

The square was filled with potholes. The workers were doing the first round of cleaning. A small flock of pigeons had returned and landed in this once-familiar area.

Klein looked around but didn't find any hawkers. All he could do was use historical projections as food and scatter it across the floor.

As the pigeons flew over, he crossed the square and entered the cathedral where the bell tower was being repaired. He sat in the front pew of the prayer hall.

Looking at the Sacred Emblem that was the crimson moon surrounded by stars, Klein took off his hat and clasped his hands. He closed his eyes in this tranquil environment.

He gradually calmed down, feeling as if he was really praying.

At this moment, Leonard, with much longer black hair and darker green eyes, walked down the aisle in a black trench coat and red gloves. He came near him and sat on the pew two spots from him and began praying.

In the absolute silence, Klein opened his eyes, stood up, put on his hat, and walked past Leonard.

When he reached the door, Leonard slowly got up and followed behind.

One after the other, they arrived at a corner of the square not long after.

Leonard looked at the few pigeons on the ground and seemingly mumbled to himself, "I'm already a high-ranking deacon of the Nighthawks. In another two days, I'll return to the Holy Cathedral for some studies, as well as obtain a corresponding Holy Artifact."

In the final stages of the war, he advanced at the frontlines to Sequence 4 Nightwatcher.

"You don't seem to be too happy." Klein, who was standing beside Leonard, didn't turn his head as he looked at the pigeons.

Leonard laughed self-deprecatingly.

"I have no right to be unhappy.

"I was just thinking that the battle of gods ended so quickly, and the result was unexpected. Does it mean that the previous defeat and the difficulties that everyone suffered were nothing but bait?"

"Before today, I shared your views. I was also puzzled and frustrated, but now, I'm a little lost. This might have been… a necessity." Klein didn't hide his feelings.

Leonard fell silent for two seconds before looking down at the pigeon that was prancing around him.

"That's what Old Man said too…”

Without waiting for Klein to say another word, he turned his head and glanced at his former colleague.

"You've become an angel?"

Pallez Zoroast had told him that what Klein had done previously was perhaps to prepare for his advancement to an angel.

"Yes." Klein nodded slightly. "But there isn't any glory or power in this. Only pain, curses, and responsibility."

"Why?" Leonard subconsciously asked.

Klein didn't reply immediately. He looked down at the shadow by his feet and turned to walk out the square.

After a few steps, he turned his back to Leonard and muttered to himself, "You should still remember that sentence.

"We are guardians, but also a bunch of miserable wretches that are constantly fighting against threats and madness."

Leonard was taken aback. After a few seconds, he turned to look at Klein, but all he could see was Klein's back which was just about to disappear around the corner of the street. He was wearing a half top hat and a black trench coat.

With a whoosh, the pigeons on the ground flew up into the light-blue sky.

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CHAPTER 1273
THE POOR ARRODES

Klein didn't visit Benson and Melissa, because the matters he was involved in were at too high a level. Approaching his siblings would only bring them disaster. For existences who didn't know Klein's original identity, such acts would help them understand the relationship between Benson, Melissa, and Klein. To know of Klein's past experiences, this would make "Them" confirm one thing—Klein still maintained his humanity and was still very concerned about his family.

Therefore, staying away from Benson and Melissa was the best form of protection he could give them.

Of course, Klein had already grasped the situation of his siblings through Miss Justice.

During the war, Benson had displayed his experience and ability at the Ministry of Finance. He received many promotions and had become the deputy director of the Fifth Department, and his annual salary reached 300 pounds.

Melissa won the favor of her mentor, Portland Moment, and was given a chance to become a Beyonder. The chancellor of the Backlund University of Technology was a believer of the God of Steam and Machinery, so he had long become a Beyonder. He was currently a Sequence 7 Appraiser. He wished for Melissa to become a Sequence 9 Savant so that she could better absorb the knowledge and improve her memory. This established a good foundation for her in her subsequent development in the mechanical domain.

This was Melissa's secret, but she wasn't able to hide from a Spectator at the demigod level. Besides, Audrey definitely informed Klein that Melissa was more inclined to agree, and would be making a decision in the next few days.

Klein's attitude towards this matter was a tacit acquiesce. On the one hand, the spiritual perception enhancement one gained from the Savant pathway's advancement was rather limited. Melissa wouldn't really hear or see what she shouldn't. On the other hand, with the impending apocalypse, the madness caused by the Low-Sequence potions would further decrease. Furthermore, there was also him, a Miracle Invoker, to help lower the risk of her losing control.

For an avid fan of machinery, a Sequence 9 Savant is enough… Moment shares the same attitude. He doesn't wish for a believer of the Evernight to obtain too many potions from the Church of Steam…

Yes, the apocalypse is approaching, and the invisible barrier is weakening. The intrusion of this world by the Outer Deities will become more and more obvious. The chances of ordinary people encountering Beyonder incidents will definitely gradually increase. From this point of view, it's also a good thing for Melissa to become a Beyonder. If she can successfully advance to Sequence 6 Artisan, or a Machinery Specialist, then she can fulfill her dreams and protect herself and Benson…

I'll get Miss Justice to find an opportunity to disclose the "acting method" to Melissa in a discreet manner. The extent of her future growth will depend on her. At most, I can give her some good luck—uh, formulas and ingredients… I'm really like an older brother who can't rest easily. Heh, I've been like this since the beginning. Does this count as granting a "wish" in a certain sense?

Wait, Melissa definitely wishes for Klein to come back to life. If I were to walk right in front of her, would I receive enough feedback?

…Forget it. This will bring her and Benson a devastating disaster… Klein shook his head and stopped himself from making excuses.

He then pressed down on his top hat and turned towards a hotel by the streets. He took out a gold pound and got a room.

The gold pound was real. It was an item that Klein had brought back to the real world some time ago.

In the previous war, Klein had donated 14,800 pounds in cash, 14,200 pounds worth of gold bars, and nearly 20 high-quality gems through Miss Justice. Apart from all the strange items left on the junk pile, he only had 39 Loen gold coins and ten high-quality gems left.

Glancing at the hotel owner's returning change in soli and pennies, Klein put them away and entered the room before walking to the full-length mirror.

Right on the heels of that, he took out a pen and paper and drew the incantation that summoned Arrodes.

Seconds and minutes passed, but nothing abnormal happened.

The full-body mirror remained silent.

A few seconds later, Klein chuckled and raised his eyebrows. He took out a gold coin from his pocket.

…

Chug! Chug! Chug!

A steam locomotive that was spewing thick smoke tore across the rail, heading west of the continent.

The disheveled Ikanser and a Machinery Hivemind member stood in a particular carriage as they focused on the metal cage in front of them.

The metal spikes above the cage extended outwards in all kinds of menacing ways, coruscating with a dim light.

The Machinery Hivemind member, who had the looks of a typical Loenese citizen, looked out the window at the plains rapidly sweeping past them. He couldn't help but ask, "Deacon, are you planning on returning to Loen after reaching Intis?"

After the war ended, the Church of Steam, who had taken the wrong side, had no choice but to bear the consequences of its actions. It had to transfer all Beyonders above that of demigods, and Sealed Artifacts above Grade 2 out of Loen within a time period set by the two Churches of Evernight and Storm.

In other words, they had lost their original status. In the future, they could only maintain a small number of cathedrals, just like the Church of Earth Mother in Loen.

If it weren't for the fact that there were too many people who believed in the God of Steam and Machinery, and some of them being key figures in the reconstruction efforts after the war, the Church of Steam might not have been able to retain such treatment.

Similarly, a smaller number of cathedrals only required a small number of Machinery Hivemind members. Most of the Beyonders in Loen had to migrate to Intis.

Ikanser fell silent for a few seconds before smiling bitterly.

"I have to heed the archbishops' arrangements, but I will take the initiative to request a return to Loen. That's where my childhood, teenage, and young adult life was. There are too many memories that I can't forget…”

As he spoke, his gaze grew distant, and he seemed to see the Capital of Capitals.

At this moment, the metal cage that was overgrown with spikes suddenly trembled.

Silver bolts of lightning appeared out of nowhere and landed one after another. They were all absorbed by the metal cage, and through a few wires wrapped in rubber, the current flowed to the ground outside the steam locomotive, dragging out a line of sparks.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The metal cage seemed to be hit by an invisible hand, but it was unable to break the barrier.

"The Magic Mirror's reaction is very intense… It's always been very quiet in the past," the Machinery Hivemind member who had been asking was rather puzzled.

Amidst the banging, Ikanser subconsciously touched his hair.

"That's not the case. It will sometimes show its crazy side. If it wasn't for what had happened, we would've still treated it as a Grade 2 Sealed Artifact."

"Is that so? Heh heh, I haven't come into contact with it before, so it might just be me, but it feels to me that the Magic Mirror doesn't want to leave Backlund," the Machinery Hivemind member teased with a smile.

Pa!

Lightning struck and was absorbed by the metal cage.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The slamming sounds dragged on slowly, as though it was making its last, helpless cry.

Ikanser took out an old and exquisite pocket watch and opened it.

"It only lasted two minutes. It's much better than in the morning."

Just as the member of the Machinery Hivemind, who had just been transferred over, was about to ask, he suddenly heard the slamming sounds stop abruptly. It was as though it had been affected by some factor that it couldn't put up resistance to.

"This is the style of the Magic Mirror?" he asked.

Ikanser frowned slightly and said, "No.

"Normally speaking, it wouldn't have the strength to last twenty to thirty seconds.

"Something's wrong…”

"Deacon, don't worry. There is a powerful figure on board the train, one who outranks the archbishops." The Machinery Hivemind member beside him consoled him indifferently.

There were too many dangerous Sealed Artifacts on the steam locomotive. Without a powerful figure watching them, there would definitely be problems.

Ikanser nodded, indicating that he wasn't worried.

Klein was sitting in a conjured carriage in a hamlet's path more than ten kilometers away from the steam locomotive. In front of him was a mirror.

Just as he finished outlining the symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying, a wave of light suffused the mirror as golden Loenese text appeared:

"Exalted Great Master, you're finally here! Your puny, loyal, and poor servant, Arrodes, misses you!"

Eh… Klein couldn't accept the enthusiasm behind this line as he shrank back indiscernibly.

If Arrodes's previous attempts to curry favor still maintained a hint of dignity, it was now complete fawning over him. Klein could even detect a hint of crying.

"The frequency of Amorous news popping up in Trier is far higher than in Backlund. It should be a place that you're fond of," Klein teased Arrodes with a smile.

"That's because you don't wish to go to Trier." The golden words on the surface of the mirror faded their colors, turning a faint silver.

Klein secretly clicked his tongue.

"I have something to ask you."

"Please ask," Arrodes replied humbly.

"Do you know who Earth Mother is?" Klein went straight to the point.

The mirror instantly turned dark as the faint silver words turned palish white:

"I don't know… But during the war of gods, I heard a voice coming from deep within Tenebrous Heaven. 'He' shouted a name… That's the true name of the Sanguine Ancestor."

This magic mirror didn't dare to directly present Lilith's name.

Lilith? It's actually Lilith… Klein was surprised, but he also felt that this answered many of his questions.

Then, he thought of The Moon Emlyn.

This vampire kept going in circles, imagining all kinds of developments, only to have never changed his faith.

If Emlyn had Anderson's personality, he would definitely say to the Sanguine's Grand Duke and Marquises, "Hey, are you also coming to believe in the Mother Goddess…" As Klein imagined the funny scene, he said to Arrodes, "It's your turn to ask."

"Supreme Master, please continue asking. I'll ask it all at once towards the end." The palish-white words regained their faint-silver luster.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "How's the situation like now? For example, the situation in Feysac."

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CHAPTER 1274
THE STABILIZATION OF THE SITUATION

On the surface of the mirror, silver words surfaced one by one amidst the aqueous light:

“…adopt Beyonders from the Church of the God of Combat and the Feysac military who are willing to pledge their loyalty. Only the extremely pious, faithful, and those willing to be martyrs, as well as a few mid- and upper echelon members of the Church are to be eliminated. This is both the benevolence and compassion of the Goddess, as well as the necessary measures to deal with the subsequent situation… With the apocalypse approaching, the number of Beyonder incidents will inevitably increase all across the world. To maintain the stability of the world, we have to do our best to increase our strength as quickly as possible.

"If we were to cull the Beyonders of the Church of the God of Combat and the Feysac military, obtaining their corresponding characteristics, that still doesn't aid us in nurturing a Beyonder of the same level within a few years. A Beyonder with rich experience, be it in their digesting of the potion or accumulated knowledge, requires a sufficient amount of time…”

Upon seeing this, Klein mumbled inwardly. He felt that this wasn't the usual tone of Arrodes. It was more like an official document.

It's showing documents of unknown origins that it peeped at… By using words like "digesting," it means that both the writer and the reader have mastered the acting method. And from the tone of the document, it's from the Church of Evernight… Based on these two points, it's not difficult to tell

that these documents are for the eyes of archbishops and high-ranking deacons. The author should be the Apostolic See from the Cathedral of Serenity… Arrodes's secret-prying abilities are very impressive… Klein nodded indiscernibly as he waited for the contents in the mirror to "flip the page."

The silver words vanished one after another, quickly forming new sentences and paragraphs:

"There's no need to spread the fact that the Goddess has replaced the God of Combat to the ordinary nobles and citizens of Feysac. This allows them to retain their faith in the God of Combat. On the one hand, it's beneficial for us and the priests, bishops, and various major cathedrals who have surrendered to us. It will stabilize the situation in Feysac in the quickest way possible. On the other hand, it also prevents the Goddess from being disturbed by the unresolvable problem of faith before "She" completely gains control of the God of Combat's authority.

"An update will be disseminated after a new revelation is given. Now, we will only draw up the corresponding draft.

"…Try not to incite the strong resistance of Feysac and other countries. We've lost too many Beyonders and soldiers, and we have expended a large amount of resources and items. Be it the Church, the countries, or the people of different classes, we are all very weak. We need some time of peace and stability to recover… We should work with the Church of Storms, the Church of Knowledge, the Church of Earth Mother, countries like Feynapotter or Lenburg. We will force Intis and Feysac to make an unconditional surrender. We will obtain what we hope for at the negotiation table. During this process, we can use the purging of the stubborn old-fashioned faithful to exert pressure on them.

"When dealing with the domestic situation and the filling of the void left behind by the Church of Steam, the Church of Storms should be given enough respect. We can even make concessions on certain matters. This is the will of the Goddess.

"Finally, from this moment forth, the number of times the crimson moon that appears in the sermons, preaching, rituals, and Masses should be reduced. In official canon, the Goddess's title of 'Lady of Crimson' shall no longer be mentioned…"

"Lady of Crimson" shall no longer be mentioned… Klein's brows twitched as he felt a strong sense of confusion towards the last sentence.

Soon, he thought of the Sanguine Ancestor, the ancient god of the Second Epoch, and the present Earth Mother, Lilith, who was once a Sequence 0 of the Moon pathway. She was the true Lady of Crimson. In a moment of enlightenment, he vaguely understood that this might be an exchange under the table. It was a necessary price.

Yes… The Goddess's attitude is very clear. That is to stabilize the situation as quickly as possible… Before "She" truly controls the authority of Death and that of the God of Combat, and becomes a Great Old One, "She" undoubtedly doesn't wish for any more orthodox deities to perish. If that happened, the invisible barrier left behind by the Primordial One will have no one to mend it; this will allow the Outer Deities to find an opportunity to bring the apocalypse forward… Also, based on Loen's present situation, if we continue the war, the anchors will waver even more. It might lead to the awakening of the Primordial One in the Goddess…

The Goddess took a huge risk having the frontline retreat all the way to Backlund. "She" had to divert more strength to suppress the Primordial One. If Earth Mother betrayed "Her," "She" might've perished even faster than the God of Combat. Uh, could "She" have other trump cards?

The losses that the Church of the Evernight Goddess and the Church of Storms suffered seems quite significant. It's no wonder that after the Resistance announced that they would retain the corresponding cathedrals and respect the Storm religion, that bunch of irascible fellows didn't attempt to retaliate, and they silently agreed to the establishment of the new government… Klein mumbled to himself as he had a rough idea of the current situation.

He asked a third question:

"If the Evernight Goddess wants to advance further, does 'She' need to find the River of Eternal Darkness?"

This was one of the nine sefirot. Klein remembered Arrodes mentioning it once, saying that this "river" was related to the ancient Death, the Phoenix ancestor, Gregrace. The clues seemed to be hidden deep in the spirit world's Calderón City.

"Yes, Great Master." The silver words twisted and distorted, forming new text. "The Death at the end of the Fourth Epoch should've been able to use the River of Eternal Darkness. 'He' attempted to use this sefirah to forcefully accommodate the Uniqueness of non-neighboring pathways. Then, 'He' went mad."

So that was how Death went mad back then. I knew it; a Sequence 0 true god, one who has lived for three Epochs and has seen the Blasphemy Slate, wouldn't lack common sense and randomly drink potions. It's not like "He" is Alista Tudor, having reached a point of only having the options of madness or death… It's no wonder Death challenged the fractured seven deities with just a Primordial Demoness. Back then, "He" was equivalent to half a Great Old One… Yes, Mr. Azik had a golden phoenix accessory that came from Death… Klein strung up certain matters.

Suddenly, he inwardly let out an exclamation. He suspected that the price of so many bestowments was the River of Eternal Darkness.

Just like how the True Creator had repeatedly tolerated him so as to force him into the Giant King's residence to obtain the first Blasphemy Slate!

As the owner of Sefirah Castle, he was probably the only relatively high Sequence Beyonder who could resist the corruption of other sefirot.

Of course, the Evernight Goddess could also wait up to a decade or so. After the Primordial One's will faded further, "She" could personally

retrieve it. However, this way, Klein wasn't sure if "She" could complete the ritual before the apocalypse happened.

He composed himself and raised the fourth question:

"Where can I get the potion formula for Attendant of Mysteries?"

Arrodes made the silver words reassemble into brand new content:

"Zaratul; first Blasphemy Slate; second Blasphemy Slate; The Card of Blasphemy, The Fool; The Fool Uniqueness that has become a Mythical Creature."

The first choice and second choice might be plotting against me… Zaratul is even more terrifying and cunning than the Dark Demonic Wolf. If I were to plot against "Him," there's a high chance of me falling into "His" trap. The danger is extremely high… The third choice is Amon's brother. "He" should've used this war to become a Visionary. If I were to provoke "Him," Sefirah Castle might not be able to save me… The fourth and fifth options are related to The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family. It's related to the Goddess's foggy town. Uh, the Goddess should have a way to circle around The Half-Fool and extract the Card of Blasphemy, but perhaps I'll need to use the River of Eternal Darkness to exchange for it… Klein realized that he had reached a dead end.

The path ahead was the River of Eternal Darkness, and behind him was the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul.

Unfortunately, if I can find the Dark Demonic Wolf, I can try to negotiate with "Him." "He" should've seen the first Blasphemy Slate and grasp the potion formula of Attendant of Mysteries… Sigh, "He" will flee far away once he smells me… Klein thought for a moment and said to Arrodes, "Fifth question, what did you mean when you said you saw a pillar and support from me?"

The aqueous light in the mirror swirled slightly as the deepness became more obvious. The corresponding silver text seemed to turn a little whiter.

"Great Master, this is a feeling that I can't describe using words.

"However, I've experienced similar feelings in another existence before. Apart from 'Him,' only you possess it. That existence is the ancient sun god."

The ancient sun god… Klein nodded in thought.

"Alright, it's your turn to ask."

On the surface of the mirror, the words on the silver screen suddenly turned golden:

"Supreme Master, do you think you can take away your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes?

"Supreme Master, do you think you can take away your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes?"

…

This question appeared five times in a row, completely covering the surface of the mirror.

Having become an angel, Klein no longer feared Arrodes. After thinking for a few seconds, he smiled and said, "Let me talk to that angel. This is basic courtesy."

With a boom, illusory beams of different colors spewed out from the mirror and exploded into fireworks in the carriage.

Almost at the same time, two dark rays of light reached out from the edge of the mirror. Two arms that appeared surreal grew out.

The two "arms" originally wanted to reach out to Klein's calf, but they silently shrank back and gently swayed on the spot.

"Praise the Supreme Master!" After the fireworks fell, a golden message appeared in the mirror.

…

In the middle section of the steam locomotive, in a simple room.

A tall and handsome young man with long chestnut hair sat on a hardwood chair. Facing the triangular Sacred Emblem, he clasped his hands and closed his eyes as he sincerely prayed.

On the side of the narrow table was a mannequin made of metal components. Behind the mannequin was a faint meshed glow.

Suddenly, the young man opened his eyes and looked towards the other side.

Someone had appeared there.

And in the young man's blue eyes, the figure only looked like a person. In essence, it was an invisible vortex wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat. Inside the vortex, there were transparent and distorted maggots squirming about in the cluster.

"Gehrman Sparrow." The young man calmly read out a name.

All the items around him floated up, but there was no wind in the room.

Klein pressed his top hat and revealed his human face.

"How may I address you?"

The young man nodded slightly and said, "Bornova Gustav."

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CHAPTER 1275
A NEW JOURNEY

Bornova Gustav… Klein's gaze swept across the young man's face, landing on the floating items and the mannequin made from metallic components.

The mannequins have a postmodern style… Some of the physical laws here seem to have changed a little… Klein nodded in thought.

"I want to take the mirror."

He very honestly stated his request.

Bornova's expression didn't change, as though he was just a puppet.

"You're a Blessed of Evernight?"

"I guess so," Klein said with a smile.

Bornova nodded.

"Then take it away."

He's of the impression that I'm asking for the spoils of war for the Church of Evernight? Klein didn't explain as he politely took off his hat and bowed slightly.

"Thank you very much."

As he spoke, Klein's figure suddenly faded and vanished.

He had only come in the form of a Historical Void projection.

Following that, in the carriage where Ikanser and the Machinery Hivemind member were, nothing happened.

Of course, they were only situated in a historical scene, and the actual situation in the car had been covered up without their knowledge.

On a carriage more than ten kilometers away, a mirror suddenly appeared in Klein's hand.

It was silver in color, and the patterns on its back were ancient and mysterious. On both sides was an eye-like ornament.

"Don't speak." Klein looked into the mirror and gave a simple instruction.

"Yes, Supreme Master." Silver words surfaced from the depths of the mirror.

Klein immediately took out a pen and paper and used the magic mirror as a backing to write.

He thought for a moment and wrote with a faint smile:

"Dear Mr. Azik,

"It seems like I haven't written to you for a long time, as I went to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and had a wonderful journey.

"There are only two types of living creatures there. They are either living sentient creatures, or monsters. Those sentient beings either bear a curse or have obvious physical mutations. They're even more tragic than I imagined.

"I tried helping them. This wasn't only for the ritual, for my anchors, or to satisfy my sympathetic heart. It holds meaning on its own…

"Putting aside the suffering, the situation in the Forsaken Land of the Gods is completely different from the outside world. It's like an oil painting with a black theme… What's surprising is that Artificial Death can influence the undying creatures there. I was very confused back then, but today, I finally had a guess. I suspect that this is related to the River of Eternal Darkness, one of the nine sefirot…

"This reminds me of Calderón City in the spirit world. I'm reminded of the golden phoenix accessory you mentioned before… Rumor has it that the Phoenix Ancestor—Death of the Fourth Epoch—could use the River of Eternal Darkness to a certain extent. I wonder if you know anything about this?

"The war that lasted for more than a year has finally ended. The Evernight Goddess clinched victory in the end, and the God of Combat has perished. I believe that, with your level and status, you should know what this means…

"No matter what, the long-awaited peace has finally arrived. People are gradually returning to their normal lives. This is a scene that I like to see, but some wounds may never heal…

"I don't know if the apocalypse will arrive on time, and I don't know when you'll wake up. I can only hope that everything's heading in the right direction.

"Finally, let me mention something trivial. I've already advanced to Sequence 2 and am now a Miracle Invoker. This is both a curse and hope.

"I wish you well.

Your eternal student,

Klein Moretti."

After he finished writing, Klein examined it carefully before folding the letter. He blew Azik's copper whistle and summoned the bone messenger.

When the gigantic messenger emerged from the ground, its bones trembled as though it had sensed the aura of "the great ruler above the spirit world."

Klein chuckled softly and handed the letter to the messenger whose number was unknown. He watched it clumsily bow before disintegrating into a fountain and burrowing into the ground.

After doing this, Klein cast his gaze at the magic mirror on his thigh.

Sensing his gaze, the aqueous light on the surface of the mirror rippled and produced silver words:

"Great Master, where are we going next?"

Where to next? Klein repeated the question inwardly. He really wanted to "Teleport" to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and enter the ancient palace that bordered reality and foggy town. He wanted to see if he had the chance to take away the most useful Card of Blasphemy from the Antigonus family's Half-Fool.

With his present strength being equivalent to half a Sequence 1, this wasn't an impossible task. Back when Zaratul was a Sequence 2, he had managed to obtain the main ingredient of Attendant of Mysteries from The Half-Fool.

Of course, the premise was that the Evernight Goddess maintained the suppression and seal of the Antigonus family's ancestor.

Hence, he had gone full circle, circling back to a deal with the Evernight Goddess.

The present me is the owner of Sefirah Castle. I can split a portion of the Worms of Spirit to stay above the gray fog, constantly responding to any prayers. This way, apart from having certain latent problems to my mental state, I'll gain quite a bit of benefits in other aspects. Yes, I can help my main body at any time, giving me another resurrection method… Even if my main body is completely destroyed, with the Worms of Spirit above the gray

fog, I can still reassemble my will and body… However, if I were to walk in the real world and get "Concealed," and also end up having my connection with Sefirah Castle severed, the Worms of Spirit left in Sefirah Castle will lose control and turn into monsters, just like Zaratul from back then… Klein quickly analyzed the situation. With his current strength, he felt that it was best if he didn't venture deep into Calderón City for the time being.

Even if he were to search for clues regarding the River of Eternal Darkness, he would have to fulfill many wishes and obtain the true strength of a Miracle Invoker.

With this in mind, Klein patted the mirror and said with a smile, "Next, let's go wander together.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Trier—no, you can go wherever you want," Arrodes replied humbly.

Klein smiled and jumped off the carriage, heading towards the city closest to him.

After the carriage continued for several meters, it disappeared inch by inch and returned to the fog of history.

At the same time, Klein's trench coat turned into a black robe. His top hat changed in shape, giving off a classic vibe.

This made Klein feel like a wandering magician walking through the streets and alleys.

…

In a rather intact house in Backlund.

Dressed in holy white robes, the beautiful Demoness of Unaging, Katarina, put down the mirror in her hand and turned her head to the young man who

was rocking in a reclining chair.

"The war is over. They finally decided to summon me back to headquarters."

"I've been waiting for this day for too long," the young man sitting on a reclining chair scoffed.

He was wearing a long black robe with red patterns. He had a pale-white brown-skinned face with a soft outline. He was the Gatekeeper possessed by the Red Angel evil spirit.

Katarina pressed down on the table with both hands and sat on it. The corners of her lips curled up as she said, "You don't seem testy at all."

"When you get locked underground with two detestable fellows for nearly two thousand years without being able to escape, you'll know that two years of waiting is extremely easy and relaxing. I'm not in a rush at all," the Red Angel evil spirit said with a chuckle. "After this matter ends, I'll let you experience it. Of course, I'll remember to throw you two male companions. As for how long you can last, it's up to you to decide if you can hold yourself back."

As "He" said this, the Red Angel evil spirit's two cheeks didn't reveal any retorting mouths. This was because, to "Them," this was the truth.

"They" and two other detestable fellows had been locked underground for nearly two thousand years without any means of escape.

Upon hearing this answer, Katarina's eyes darted around as she asked with a faint smile, "Aren't you worried that Primordial would learn of this once you head to our headquarters?"

"So what? There's always a need to take risks in doing things. Furthermore, the worst outcome is to fuse with 'Her.' I'm already three in one, so

becoming four in one isn't a problem," Sauron Einhorn Medici said with a nonchalant attitude.

"Let's set off." Katarina hopped off the table with a smile.

Just as she finished speaking, a red-haired man with a trademark imprint on his forehead was reflected in her eyes.

The Gatekeeper, who wore a black, red-patterned robe, stopped breathing. His skin and flesh rapidly rotted, turning into yellow-green pus.

In just a few seconds, there was only a white skeleton and a Beyonder characteristic left on the reclining chair.

Katarina waved her hand, pulling the Beyonder characteristic over by using invisible threads. It fell into her palm.

Immediately after, she lost all corporealness and suddenly entered the mirror she had used before.

A dark and illusory path that appeared surreal presented itself in front of the Saintess of White. It formed a complicated and mysterious "web" with similar objects in her surroundings, interweaving into a strange world that was different from reality.

Katarina quickly traversed the mirror world and approached the target node.

At that moment, she felt a powerful suction force. She couldn't help but deviate from the path and cast a dark and blurry fog. It represented a mirror in the real world.

In an instant, Katarina, along with the Red Angel evil spirit, left the mirror and came to an unfamiliar room covered in carpets.

At the edge of the room, a young man with ordinary facial features who was dressed in common clothes leaned against the staircase railings and smiled

at the Demoness of White.

His left hand was constantly tossing an item, a strange crown covered in rust and blood.

Before Katarina could react, the young man took out a crystal monocle and put it on his left eye.

"Heh…" The Red Angel evil spirit's sneer echoed in Katarina's mind.

The next second, the young man took off the monocle and shifted it to his right eye before saying with a smile, "Sorry, I wore it in the wrong spot."

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CHAPTER 1276
WANDERING MAGICIAN

Upon seeing this scene, Katarina's body took a step back uncontrollably as her mind fell silent.

Two seconds later, she opened her mouth and let out a male voice:

"Hey, little raven."

Without waiting for the young man to respond, Katarina smiled and said, "Aren't you looking down on me by bringing just a few avatars?

"Could it be that you're a mailman, specifically here to deliver me Beyonder ingredients?

"Tell me, what kind of cooperation do you want? I don't hate you too much. After all, what happened back then was planned by that zealot. The mastermind was Alista Tudor, and you can only be considered an accomplice."

The man opposite "Him" caught the crown that was covered in rust and blood. "He" straightened up and shook "His" head with a smile.

"I have my reservations in cooperating with you after hearing your voice. Why don't you get Sauron and Einhorn to talk to me?"

"Tsk, tsk. It's been so many years, yet you're still as willful as a child. Do you still remember who was responsible for carrying you when you were still a baby? Who was the one who burned away your hair?" The Red Angel evil spirit mocked without any compromises.

The young man opposite "Him" used "His" empty hand to straighten "His" monocle and calmly turned around before walking out the door without any hesitation.

During this process, "He" sighed softly.

"Childish."

Seeing that Amon had no intention of stopping, the Red Angel fell silent for a few seconds. Before the other party walked out of the room, it controlled Katarina's body and chuckled.

"Don't think that I don't know what you want to do, but it doesn't matter. Since you don't have the same thoughts as that zealot, then there's room for cooperation."

Amon stopped and turned halfway to look at Demoness of White Katarina, who was possessed by the Red Angel evil spirit.

The monocle on "His" right eye seemed to glimmer slightly.

…

Awwa County, in a city that was being rebuilt after war, inside a bar which had burn marks.

"Toby, did you add too much damned water to your beer?" A man wearing an old cap took the cup and took a sip. He couldn't help but complain.

The boss, who doubled up as bartender, wiped his cup and snorted.

"Do you still remember the alcohol ban from before? Olić, you should be thankful that you even have alcohol to drink!"

The burly man, who was named Olić, murmured a few words before he focused on drinking his beer.

Beside him was a bronze-skinned man with rolled-up sleeves. He looked up and surveyed the area.

"I heard that the alcohol ban will soon be lifted because Feynapotter's food will soon be sent over. Also, Feysac and Intis will pay reparations with plenty of food!"

"I can only say that I hope so. May the Lord watch over us." The bar owner, Toby, had just responded when he heard the door open.

He looked up and saw a young man who seemed to be a wandering magician walk in.

This man was wearing a long black robe and a classic top hat. He walked to the bar counter and sat on a high stool.

"A cup of Southville beer." The man placed several copper pence on the counter.

The burly man named Olić turned his head to look at the stranger and asked curiously, "Not from around here? A magician?"

The young man, who didn't have any outstanding features, laughed and said, "Yes, the magic that I'm best at is to satisfy the wishes of people."

Olić immediately whistled.

"What did I hear?

"To satisfy the wishes of people!?

"Lord, there's a fellow pretending to be a deity here!"

This teasing caused everyone to burst into laughter.

The young man who claimed to be a magician wasn't angry. He smiled and said, "That's just a special magic trick."

Olić gulped down a mouthful of bland beer and laughed.

"Then fulfill my wish and let this stingy boss treat me to a glass of beer."

"Alright." The young man in a black robe raised his right hand and tapped lightly on the table.

With the glass slamming onto the counter loudly, the bar owner poured a glass of beer and pushed it in front of Olić. Then, he retracted his hand and repeated his glass wiping.

This scene that seemed familiar to him stunned Olić. He shouted blankly,

"Toby, you know him?"

"No." The boss, Toby, glanced at Olić like he was a fool.

"…" Olić raised the glass of beer with uncertainty and took a careful sip to see if Toby would make him pay for it.

Seeing that the bar owner no longer bothered with him, the burly man turned his head in surprise and looked at the young man in a black robe and a tall hat.

"How did you do it?

"I told you that it's a special magic trick." The young man leisurely drank a mouthful of Southville beer.

While Olić remained in shock, the man beside him with rolled-up sleeves sneered.

"I dare bet that you and Toby must have colluded beforehand. Your knocking on the table is to say that you'll pay for the beer."

"You can make another wish," the wandering magician replied nonchalantly.

"My brother and I have a house that collapsed during one of the bombings and is being rebuilt. My wish is that it will return to its original state before I return," the man with his sleeves rolled up said smugly.

This wasn't an easy task.

The wandering magician raised his right hand and snapped his fingers before smiling.

"Alright, your wish has been granted."

The people who were paying attention to this broke out into laughter. They no longer paid attention to the foreigner and his clumsy magic show.

After drinking, the man with his sleeves rolled up left the bar in a drunken stupor with Olić, and staggered down the street towards the suburbs.

Fifteen minutes later, they returned to the area where they were rebuilding their home. They were about to enter the tent that was issued by the government.

At this moment, a gust of cold wind blew and made them shudder at the same time.

Soon after, a two-story building appeared before their eyes. It was a house that they were very familiar with and had spent years building.

Olić and his brother subconsciously turned their heads and saw the same confusion in each other's eyes.

"I didn't drink that much… That damn Toby mixed so much water into the beer!" Olić murmured, as if he was seeing things thanks to his intoxication.

His brother didn't respond. After being stunned for a few seconds, he suddenly widened his stride and rushed to the house, touching the wall and the door.

"It's real, it's real…" He kept muttering to himself as if he had gone crazy.

Olić did the same thing. Finally, he confirmed that their house had been restored to its original state. This made him both surprised and scared.

At this moment, his brother suddenly said, "My wish was granted. That magician, that magician…"

Before he finished his sentence, he turned around and ran towards the bar. Olić came to his senses and followed closely behind.

Bang!

They pushed open the bar's door and rushed in, casting their gaze at the bar counter.

However, the black-robed and tall-hat wearing wandering magician had already left.

Olić and his brother looked around. They appeared relieved, but they also felt like they had lost something.

In the square of the city, the young wandering magician was squatting in front of a ten-year-old girl.

"My magic is to fulfill your wish." He turned his head and glanced at the nearby Evernight cathedral.

The little girl had run out from the Evernight Mass, seemingly preferring the empty square.

After some thought, she looked at the gentle Mr. Magician and said, "My wish is for my father, uncle, and brother to come back to life. I don't want their bereavement money…”

The wandering magician didn't respond as he gazed deeply at the little girl in front of him.

The girl pursed her lips and forced a smile.

"I was just joking. Mommy said that such a wish is not something even the deities can grant…”

As she spoke, she lowered her head and looked at her toes.

"I just want Daddy to hug me again…”

Before she could finish speaking, she suddenly realized that there was a shadow in front of her. She quickly raised her head and looked to the side.

Standing there was a Loen soldier dressed in a red shirt and white pants. He didn't hold a rifle and was wearing a hearty smile on his face. He crouched down and spread open his arms like always.

"Daddy…” The little girl pounced forward and threw herself into the warm embrace. "I miss you so much…”

At that moment, the young magician pressed down his hat, straightened himself, and walked towards the entrance of the square.

Amidst the night breeze, his long black robe swayed gently in the vast plaza.

…

In a blink of an eye, it was Monday. In the ancient palace above the gray fog, the members of the Tarot Club appeared simultaneously and greeted Mr. Fool in unison.

Klein looked around and suddenly felt emotional.

The Hanged Man is currently a cardinal of the Church of Storms, and he's in charge of the Rorsted Archipelago diocese. Although Justice has temporarily lost contact with the Psychology Alchemists, she has the right to become one of their councilors. The Sun is an Elder of the six-member council in the City of Silver, and The Moon is a Sanguine Earl. The Star is a high-ranking deacon of the Church of Evernight's Nighthawks. The Hermit is a hidden queen at sea, one of the ten pillars of the Moses Ascetic Order.

Apart from The Magician and Judgment, the other members of the Tarot Club are all demigods. They are the upper echelons of different factions in the mysterious world.

And with the support of the Abraham family, The Magician has a high chance of advancing to Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer within the year.

In other words, Judgment is the one who has the hardest time improving her strength. She is only one of the mid-to-upper echelons in MI9, so it's extremely difficult for her to become a demigod.

Klein, who was shrouded in grayish-white fog, quickly retracted his gaze and laughed self-deprecatingly in his heart.

It's finally like a high-end secret organization… However, it always gave me the feeling that this is some conference between the various factions…

He then nodded at the Tarot Club members and said, "Let's begin."

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CHAPTER 1277
A QUALITATIVE CHANGE

Upon hearing Mr. Fool's words, Alger's heart skipped a beat. He suddenly felt the feeling he had when praying to the Lord of Storms on Pasu Island.

When he greeted The Fool, he didn't notice any changes in him. Everything seemed to be the same as before, but at that moment, he believed that Mr. Fool was different from before.

This was something at the spiritual level, one that Alger wasn't able to describe accurately with words. He only felt that the body that was enveloped by the grayish-white fog contained a terror that was tens of thousands of times more terrifying than before. A simple sentence or simple action could suppress a person's natural order.

Mr. Fool has awoken further… After The World went to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and brought out the City of Silver, Mr. Fool went one step further in "His" awakening…”He" already has the level of a Sequence 0? If it wasn't for the fact that the Sailor pathway is sensitive to the level of a high-ranking person, I wouldn't have even noticed it… Alger wanted to say something, but he forgot what he was about to say.

Leonard surveyed the area and saw the other members remain silent. He probed, "According to the information we have gathered, there was indeed a battle of gods. The participants that have been confirmed to appear high above Backlund include the Evernight Goddess, God of Combat, and Earth Mother. As for the outcome, I believe everyone knows it very well. What are your thoughts on this?"

During the Tarot Gathering last week, Leonard had already mentioned the corresponding matter and had taken the initiative to ask Mr. Fool what had happened.

Unfortunately, Mr. Fool only told him that "He" was recently paying attention to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, and didn't give a direct answer.

"I can't understand why such an outcome would occur. Earth Mother and the God of Combat should've collectively defeated the Evernight Goddess as a mother-son duo…" Cattleya didn't conceal her puzzlement.

Alger retracted his thoughts and said after some deliberation, "I received a report. Just as the war ended, Feynapotter changed sides."

"This means…" Audrey vaguely grasped something.

At that moment, Derrick mimicked the lady across him and raised his arm.

"I roughly know why."

"You?" Emlyn uttered a voice of distrust. After all, The Sun had previously been isolated in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, so his understanding of the outside world was all thanks to the other members of the Tarot Club. How could he know more about the details of the battle of gods than everyone present?

Alger, who knew that The Sun had always been honest, suppressed his curiosity and excitement from the bottom of his heart as he asked in a deep voice, "Why?"

Derrick looked around and calmly said, "You have to promise with Mr. Fool as a witness that you can't reveal what I'm about to tell you."

"No problem." Cattleya took the lead.

After everyone made a promise to The Fool, Derrick nodded.

"Earth Mother isn't the Giant Queen, Omebella. The real Omebella has long died. 'Her' remains are in the City of Silver."

This news was like a bomb that landed in the hearts of all the members. It created a massive upheaval that threatened to destroy their minds.

For a moment, Alger, Audrey, and company were unable to say a word. It was as though they had been struck by lightning. They were paralyzed in their positions like stone statues.

After a while, Leonard asked in disbelief, "Are you sure?"

As soon as he said that, he began regretting his question. Since the City of Silver had the remains of the Giant Queen, Omebella, it meant that the whole matter was highly credible.

Subconsciously, Audrey, Fors, and Xio cast their gazes at the figure at the end of the long, mottled table. They discovered that there was a smile in Mr. Fool's eyes as he maintained his sitting posture without any changes.

This indirectly means that "He" is in agreement with the information that Little Sun just provided… Before Audrey answered The Sun's question, she nodded indiscernibly and said, "This can explain many things, but if Earth Mother isn't the Giant Queen, then why would Angel of Fate Ouroboros believe that "She" is Omebella?

"Oh, why does the God of Combat want to work with 'Her'? Who is 'She'?"

Upon hearing Miss Justice's series of questions, Alger suddenly felt a little emotional.

The topic of discussion amongst the Tarot Club had finally raised from Kings of Angels to true deities!

Previously, although they had stopped the descent of evil gods and had communicated knowledge of secret histories, they had rarely directly

discussed the true deities. This was a subconscious fear, a deep mark left in them due to their upbringing in the present world.

And now, the members of the Tarot Club had unknowingly lost the reverence that came from the depths of their souls.

Cattleya didn't notice this as she focused on Miss Justice's questions. She said thoughtfully, "Perhaps that Earth Mother has always been disguising herself as Omebella. This has managed to fool the Angel of Fate, as well as the God of Combat…

"How is that possible…" Xio instinctively muttered.

Fors took a deep breath and said, "What a horror story."

At that moment, The World, who had been silent all this time, said, "Nothing is impossible.

"What if this cover-up had the assistance of the Evernight Goddess and other true deities?"

…A conspiracy that lasted for two to three thousand years… Alger's eyes froze as he instinctively shrank back. He had an instinctual fear of the Evernight Goddess and Earth Mother that stemmed from his soul.

The Tarot Club members fell silent once again until Leonard repeated Miss Justice's final question:

"Who exactly is Earth Mother?"

As he spoke, he looked at The World, Klein Moretti, and attempted to get an answer from his former colleague.

At this moment, they heard a long-awaited knock.

It was Mr. Fool knocking on the table.

Audrey and company perked up as they turned to the end of the long bronze table, waiting respectfully for Mr. Fool's answer.

The Fool Klein chuckled and said, "I can give you some hints."

He looked around and continued, "Why does the Church of Earth Mother like to turn the Sanguine into believers?

"The Earth and Moon are two neighboring pathways.

"Legend has it that during the Second Epoch, the ancient god, Lilith, who represented the Moon, died because of the Giant King's betrayal.

"'She' occasionally responds to the Sanguine's prayers as though 'She' hasn't completely perished."

After the four prompts, all the Tarot Club members, including The Moon Emlyn, thought of an answer:

Earth Mother's true identity is Sanguine Ancestor Lilith!

Emlyn's eyes widened as he instinctively sat up straight. His mind was a mess as all sorts of ideas ran through it.

Leonard was first astonished before he muttered in thought, "A few days ago, the Church of Evernight stopped promoting the title of 'Lady of Crimson,' and changed the prayer sign from the crimson moon to that of stars…"

As a high-ranking Nighthawk deacon, he was qualified to read the corresponding documents.

"The Evernight Goddess used the authority of the Moon domain as a bargaining chip?" Cattleya said the conclusion that lingered in everyone's hearts.

At this moment, they no longer had any doubts about the true identity of Earth Mother.

"Thank you for your hints." Audrey immediately bowed to Mr. Fool.

After the others expressed their gratitude, they looked at The Moon Emlyn, who was still looking stupefied.

Mother Goddess is the Ancestor… The Ancestor is Mother Goddess… So I've never changed my faith… It's no wonder I still continue going to the Harvest Church even without Father's corresponding psychological cues… That's because my intuition told me that the Mother Goddess is the Ancestor! Therefore, the Ancestor has favored me and made me the savior of the Sanguine… Thoughts flashed through Emlyn's mind as he found a reasonable explanation for the guilt he had previously felt.

He began to believe that he was the most devoted Sanguine!

Glancing at the "Earl," Fors smiled with interest.

"Mr. Moon, perhaps you might become the archbishop of the Church of Earth Mother after some time. No, it should be the sole Sanguine representative of the Church of the Earth Mother."

This writer immediately came up with a nickname.

"Why?" Emlyn asked in puzzlement.

He believed that the Ancestor would allow the Sanguine to maintain their former state and not merge with the Church of Earth Mother directly.

Leonard smiled and said, "Since the Evernight Goddess doesn't have the title of 'Lady of Crimson,' Earth Mother will soon have a similar honorific name. It's impossible to fool the other Churches."

Emlyn roughly understood what the upper echelons of the Church of Evernight were thinking. He nodded slightly and began imagining a series of scenes.

His kinsmen, who had previously mocked him for believing in Earth Mother, would queue up in front of him and accept his baptism.

With this in mind, Emlyn's mood turned extremely happy as he couldn't help but raise his chin.

After the exchange, the members of the Tarot Club fell silent for a moment, not knowing what to say.

A few seconds later, Alger broke the silence and calmly said, "Most of our members are demigods, so the time it will take to advance will lengthen. Furthermore, we have our own factions. We might need a few years before having a single chance of obtaining Beyonder characteristics, potion formulas, and Sealed Artifacts. The focus of the gathering now might switch to exchanging information and engaging in secret cooperation."

Audrey, Cattleya, Leonard, and company nodded in agreement.

At this moment, The Fool Klein surveyed the area and chuckled.

"With the matter regarding the Forsaken Land of the Gods over, my condition has recovered quite a bit. You can exchange items of higher levels from me."

He pretended to be calm as he revealed the "truth" that he was recovering. This was an answer that every member of the Tarot Club had long guessed.

Just as Audrey and company were guessing which level Mr. Fool had awakened to, Klein smiled and added, "Those items of higher levels include:

"The Sea God's identity, level, and strength."

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CHAPTER 1278
REMINDER

Sea God's identity, level, and strength… Hearing Mr. Fool's example, Alger's mind went blank for nearly two seconds.

This was something that he had never dreamed of!

From his point of view, by obtaining the authority of Sea God through Gehrman Sparrow and replacing Kalvetua, Mr. Fool had obtained a stable and large number of believers. This was a crucial step for "His" recovery. Therefore, this secret existence definitely wouldn't give up on the corresponding identity.

To his surprise, at that moment, he actually heard Mr. Fool inform everyone that the Sea God's identity, level, and strength could be exchanged.

After further recovery, Mr. Fool no longer needs the identity of an entity at the level of Sea God, as well as the corresponding believers? This is the performance of a great existence. Something that isn't qualified is only used temporarily, never monopolized… Alger first sighed inwardly before feeling excited. He felt that Mr. Fool's words were directed at him.

In the Church of Storms, he had relied on external forces to become a Sequence 4 demigod. Although he barely managed to rise up to the brass, it was almost impossible for him to advance any further. As for the theft of the Book of Calamity, he couldn't see any hopes of doing so at the moment. Therefore, Alger could only temporarily suppress his ambition and patiently wait for the opportunity to arrive.

Now the opportunity was here. And it came fast!

Alger was currently a cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms in charge of the Rorsted Archipelago. Once he secretly became Sea God and controlled the authority of those waters, he would become the king of the Rorsted Archipelago, a true king!

With this in mind, Alger nearly couldn't contain himself. It took him a great deal of difficulty to calm himself down.

Although Audrey, Derrick, and company couldn't hide their shock that the Tarot Club was beginning to trade the identity, level, and strength of a deity —even if it was only a false god—they didn't have any intentions of switching to the Storm pathway. Compared to Alger, they weren't that excited. They quickly controlled themselves and cast their gazes at Mr. Hanged Man.

Alger took a deep breath and humbly said to the end of the long bronze table, "Honorable Mr. Fool, what price is needed to exchange for these items?"

The Fool Klein was waiting for The Hanged Man's question and said with a smile, "The missions I shall give you, as well as frequent praying and the sincere making of wishes."

What he wanted to emphasize were the words towards the end of the sentence, but he believed that the members of the Tarot Club wouldn't be able to tell.

As for how he could complete the corresponding wishes, he currently had two methods. First, he used the other Beyonder powers he possessed to achieve the corresponding effects. For example, he could summon historical scenes and repeat the segment of gifting beer to fulfill the wish of the "bar owner treating the patron." Second, he could directly grant a relatively low-level wish with his accumulated power of "Wishes" and create a true miracle. For example, using a snap to cause the collapsed house to instantly return to its original state, succeeding in rebuilding it in the full spirit of the wish.

In addition, Klein could use Sefirah Castle's level and powers above the gray fog that was equivalent to a King of Angels who had yet to accommodate a Uniqueness. In other words, when he responded to prayers, he could use the core powers of a Sequence 1, which was also the core power of the Attendant of Mysteries.

After this period of experimentation, Klein had a rough idea of the two effects:

The first was to create a nascent divine kingdom, and the second was "Grafting."

The term "Grafting" was coined by Klein himself. After all, he wasn't a real Attendant of Mysteries, nor did he obtain the corresponding mysticism knowledge.

This ability could allow an object that couldn't be directly connected under normal circumstances to achieve an inconceivable effect by "Grafting."

A simple example was to mix the concept of the beginning and the end of a path into one common node, making it impossible for anyone who walked that path to leave.

To Beyonders, there were quite a number of powers that could do something like that, but an Attendant of Mysteries's "Grafting" directly acted on a "concept" itself. Not only was it at a very high level, like the descent of a true deity, but its effects were bizarre and had a hint of concealment.

In addition to the replication powers of the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the Staff of the Stars, Klein could completely respond to prayers like a King of Angels while inside Sefirah Castle. Furthermore, he could do more things.

Upon hearing Mr. Fool mention missions, Alger suddenly recalled something. He hurriedly lowered his head and asked, "Honorable Mr. Fool,

do you still need me to carry out further investigations regarding the three targets of the Feysac Empire that participated in the Konotop sea battle?"

He had previously obtained information regarding the three suspected owners of Creeping Hunger, but he hadn't found anything abnormal.

The Fool Klein nodded slightly and said, "There's no need for that anymore."

He originally wanted to use this clue to grab the tail of the Twilight Hermit Order, but since Adam had likely become a god, it was better to avoid doing so.

Respecting a Sequence 0 true deity was Klein's usual principle. He had to compromise and give up if necessary.

Without waiting for Alger to speak again, The Fool Klein said in a relaxed tone, "Your current mission is to cooperate with the Sea God believers, and settle down the people who have left the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

"Your wish is my will!" Alger replied without hesitation.

This made Derrick silently heave a sigh of relief. He no longer had any doubts, hesitations, or worries about the subsequent developments.

He had full trust in Mr. Hanged Man's ability to handle matters.

At this moment, The Fool Klein looked around and smiled.

"Apart from the Sea God's identity, level, and strength, there are many things that can be exchanged for. For example, the Imperative Mage potion formula and Beyonder characteristic."

He didn't list down too many examples so as to prevent himself from damaging The Fool's standing. As for having said so much, it could be

explained away that Mr. Fool was in a good mood from having taken another step towards recovery.

Moon City had been passed down the heritage of an Imperative Mage, something Klein could exchange for when granting them the wish of "being saved." Of course, even if he directly made the residents of Moon City sacrifice the corresponding items, the people who had finally found his blessings and protection would definitely be very willing to do so.

They were more afraid that Mr. Fool would abandon Moon City and not accept their sacrifice.

Apart from that, Klein himself had a Silver Knight marionette; the Seer pathway's Sequence 9 to 3 Beyonder characteristics; the Sealed Artifact, General of the Pupil-less Eye; a drop of the Primordial Moon's blessed blood; and various kinds of charms and bullets that came from Worms of Spirit.

If the wish maker wanted a consumable or something for a temporary loan, Klein could even take out more from the Historical Void.

The Imperative Mage's potion formula and Beyonder characteristic… Xio inexplicably felt that Mr. Fool was looking at her.

To be frank, she lacked the motivation to advance. On the one hand, she was only one of the mid to high-ranking members of MI9, so the chances of getting a ticket to the ranks of a demigod were very low. On the other hand, her father's reputation had been restored to a certain extent, so she had no pressing goals.

At the same time, the war had ended. Her mother and brother had returned to Backlund and were about to start a normal life. With Xio's current overall income, it was enough to support a wealthy family.

All of these reasons made Xio feel that her current life was pretty good, and she didn't really want to change it.

Of course, if she had the chance to advance to the demigod level, she wouldn't let it go. Due to the war, she had experienced the helplessness of a Sequence 5. Furthermore, in the Tarot Club, aside from her and Fors, everyone else was a demigod. There was no doubt that she didn't want to fall behind that much.

Amidst her thoughts, Xio looked at Fors before bowing her head to the entity at the end of the long mottled table to indicate that she would work hard.

Fors could roughly guess her friend's attitude because it was roughly the same for her.

If it wasn't because she needed to advance to Sequence 4 to effectively resist the "full moon ravings" so as to stop troubling Mr. Fool, as well as the Abraham family having prepared the potion formula and Beyonder ingredients for her, she wasn't in a rush to become a Secrets Sorcerer.

As a Traveler, she could go wherever she wanted. She could immediately head to a location to eat whatever delicacy she wanted. It completely satisfied Fors's initial expectations of being a Beyonder.

Of course, she had another motivating factor to improve herself. After becoming a demigod, she could further help her teacher and family.

Seeing the fog-covered Mr. Fool leaning back into his chair, Audrey didn't say another word. After some hesitation, she opened her mouth and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a question:

"If there's a matter, and you're aware that its outcome has nothing to do with you at all, with it solely being the result of the feelings and gambling of certain existences, what will you do?"

Just as she said that, Alger laughed.

"Everyone is destined to die. It's inevitable no matter how hard you try to change that. Then, does that mean one's life is meaningless?"

He seemed to have long since thought of this problem before adding, "Since you can't change the outcome of the matter at the moment, then try your best to improve yourself, obtain more power, and wield more authority until, one day, you can participate in the gambling. If you die during this process, it's better than not doing anything."

That's the most sincere words Mr. Hanged Man has ever said. It seems to come from his heart… The insignificant can also become great… Audrey was touched and nodded indiscernibly.

At this moment, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked around and spoke:

"Everyone, I have something to remind you of."

When the Tarot Club members looked over at the same time, Klein controlled The World and said in a deep voice, "The apocalypse will arrive in about a decade. There's a possibility for everyone to be destroyed, including the deities."

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CHAPTER 1279
SENSE OF URGENCY

Apocalypse… Although Audrey had long learned about the prophecy of the apocalypse from the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom demigod, she never found it corporeal enough, feeling that it was meant to deceive the people.

Even though she had already slightly experienced a war where the individual was puny, she didn't believe that the world was just about a decade away from the apocalypse.

There were no signs of this at all!

However, the person who had given the apocalyptic prophecy was Mr. Fool's Blessed, Mr. World, who had always been trustworthy and daring to strike at angels. Furthermore, his tone was firm, as though he had already seen what was about to happen a decade later.

This made Audrey choose to instinctively believe him. Her heart sank as she felt nervous and flustered.

Apart from that, she also felt her confusion fade significantly—there was still another decade before the end of the world. Even those who were drowning would struggle a little, much less a perfectly fine Sequence 4 demigod.

Apocalypse… As a cardinal of the Church of Storms, Alger had recently seen many apocalyptic prophecies, but those unverifiable matters couldn't compare to The World Gehrman Sparrow's abnormally serious warning. The impact brought by the two sources wasn't on the same level.

At the same time, he acutely noticed a detail—the World said that even deities would be destroyed.

Alger's first reaction was that Gehrman Sparrow was being disrespectful to Mr. Fool, as Mr. Fool was also a deity.

However, he quickly rejected this idea. After all, The World Gehrman Sparrow was Mr. Fool's Blessed and was the most devout believer. The other members of the Tarot Club might accidentally blaspheme Mr. Fool, but it was impossible for The World Gehrman Sparrow.

Due to the two prerequisites that "Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't be disrespectful to Mr. Fool" and "him saying that even deities would be destroyed," Alger quickly came to another conclusion:

In The World's Gehrman Sparrow's heart, Mr. Fool's level was higher than that of a true deity!

This… Alger never doubted The World Gehrman Sparrow's knowledge; after all, he was a powerhouse who often interacted with angels.

This knowledge made him both shocked and puzzled, momentarily unable to find an even more reasonable explanation.

Having used the blood of a Snake of Fate to advance to the level of a demigod, Cattleya would also occasionally dream of the scene of the dawn of the apocalypse thanks to her pathway having Clairvoyant as its Sequence 3. In addition, Queen Mystic Bernadette would occasionally remind her, so she didn't feel any surprise or shock regarding Mr. World's words. She just felt like the dust that had been stirred had finally landed on the ground.

As for the future, this Mysticologist was equally lost. Apart from improving herself, she didn't know where to direct her efforts.

Apocalypse… Xio and Fors looked at each other across Ma'am Hermit and sensed the raging upheavals in each other's hearts.

They had never thought that the wonderful life they were living wouldn't last more than two decades unless something happened.

This was a time where they were in their prime. Even if they weren't demigods, they didn't have to worry about the inclination towards losing control due to their aging bodies.

As the person who spoke was The World Gehrman Sparrow, the two ladies didn't suspect the authenticity of the prophecy. They momentarily felt fearful and heavy.

At the beginning, Derrick couldn't help but feel depressed. This was because the City of Silver had just left the Forsaken Land of the Gods and came to the world of light. Yet, none of this would last long before the apocalypse was ushered in.

Soon, he composed himself and chose to believe in Mr. Fool.

Since this great existence was able to rescue the City of Silver from the Forsaken Land of the Gods, "He" too could also stop the apocalypse.

Although I'm the savior of the Sanguine during the apocalypse, I never expected it to happen so soon… I'm only an Earl… Emlyn couldn't help but frown. It was as though a student who had just attended a few days of lessons had to suddenly sit an exam.

Of course, this also made him excited. After all, it wouldn't be long before he would fulfill his mission and display his greatness in front of his fellow kinsmen.

Leonard had heard of the doomsday prophecy from Old Man Pallez Zoroast. Although he didn't know the reason behind such a development, he had long been mentally prepared. At this moment, he was the first to snap back to his senses and asked, "Why would the apocalypse suddenly happen? There are no signs of it…”

Klein controlled The World to reply:

"It's just that you didn't notice the signs.

"Do you think that a battle of gods erupted for no reason?"

Seeing that all the members of the Tarot Club were stunned and lost in thought, The World Gehrman Sparrow added, "You aren't qualified to know the exact reason. Just understanding it would bring about an irrepressible corruption. Only angels and above can resist it."

This is similar to what the demigod from the Church of Knowledge's demigod said… It's close to the corruption from the cosmos… I seem to have forgotten something… Mr. World seems to have figured out the whole story… Isn't he afraid of being corrupted? H-he's already an angel? He is now a "He"? Thoughts flashed through Audrey's mind as she acutely sensed that The World Gehrman Sparrow might've completed his advancement and become a true Mythical Creature.

In ancient times, this could even be called a subsidiary god, a member of the deity lineup!

Right on the heels of that, Alger, Cattleya, and the other members of the Tarot Club understood the truth. They knew that The World Gehrman Sparrow had already reached the top of the real world, becoming an angel that walked the land.

Their guesses were related to Gehrman Sparrow's plan to deal with a Mythical Creature. Some believed that it was the benefits that Mr. Fool's recovery gave to "His" Blessed.

But no matter what, it was the first time the Tarot Club had a member at the level of an angel, aside from its host and convener!

Of course, they weren't too surprised by The World Gehrman Sparrow's advancement to Sequence 2. They had long been numb to his progression

rate.

Klein controlled The World and made him look around.

"You can think about what you plan to do next and how you would go about doing it."

Xio, Fors, and the other Tarot Club members nodded slightly as acknowledgment.

Another ten minutes of free exchange followed before this session of the Tarot Gathering gradually came to an end.

…

After returning to the real world, Xio surveyed her bedroom. Her expression slowly turned solemn.

She once again felt a pressing sense of urgency.

After walking out of the room, Xio saw that Fors had also walked out to the corridor at the same time. She no longer suffered from momentary paralysis before coming out.

"Where do you plan on going?" Both of them asked in unison before falling silent.

A few seconds later, a handsome young man walked out of the guest room. He wore a pair of narrow-framed spectacles and had slightly fluffy hair. He held a few thick books in both hands.

"Oh no, I forgot that I have classes this afternoon!" The youth mumbled to himself as he rushed towards the staircase, completely ignoring the presence of the two ladies.

He was Xio's younger brother, Rio Derecha. He had just entered a pre-law school.

In Backlund, one had to pass a pre-law examination before becoming a paralegal. Such a paralegal had to study and work for at least five years under a full lawyer before one was allowed to take part in the qualification examination and get a license to practice law.

If one wanted to become a senior lawyer, one had to enter the Backlund Lawyer School to receive university-level education.

Xio watched her little brother run down the stairs, and a smile subconsciously appeared on her face.

She immediately looked up and said to Fors, "I plan to return to MI9 and work hard."

"I plan on making a trip to Teacher's place," Fors answered the question.

Right on the heels of that, the Traveler's figure quickly turned transparent and vanished.

A few seconds later, Fors appeared at a relatively intact building in the rebuilding Pritz Harbor.

Then, she took out a pen and paper from her pocket and wrote a note. She planned on telling her teacher that she had finished digesting the Traveler potion.

Putting away the fountain pen, she stuffed the paper into the mailbox at the door.

This wasn't Dorian Gray Abraham's residence. It was the place where Fors and the gentleman had previously agreed to send letters to.

The next day, when Fors arrived, she saw Dorian providing her with the meeting location and time.

…

Emlyn opened his eyes in his room and changed into his coat with a standing collar, intending to visit Marquis Nibbs.

When the carriage passed Rose Street, he subconsciously looked out the window and was somewhat surprised to discover that the door to the Harvest Church had opened.

After a brief hesitation, he got the carriage driver to stop the carriage, and he paid for the ride.

After putting on his top hat and holding his cane, the red-eyed Sanguine Earl walked up the steps and entered the Harvest Church. He saw Father Utravsky, who seemed to have grown a little taller, cleaning the prayer hall with his back hunched.

He has been released as expected… It really was protective custody… Emlyn shook his head inwardly.

At this moment, Father Utravsky raised his head and looked at him.

"Wipe the candle stand."

…I'm trying to please Mother Goddess, Emlyn mumbled. He walked to the room behind him, changed into the brown priest robe of the Church of Earth Mother, and began working.

Neither of them spoke a word. They did their own jobs and tried their best to restore the Harvest Church to its former cleanliness and tranquility.

After an unknown period of time, a group of people suddenly entered the door.

Emlyn subconsciously looked over and saw Baron Cosmi Odora. He saw Viscount Ernes Boyar, who had once "worked" at the Harvest Church, and many familiar faces.

Emlyn's lips subconsciously curled up.

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CHAPTER 1280
CHANCE MEETING IN THE TINY CITY

On a steam locomotive heading for Midseashire's Constant City.

Klein, who was dressed as a wandering magician, looked at the young man and his parents across the narrow table with items placed on it.

"I have two types of magic tricks. The first is to let your wishes come true. The second is to use a mirror to answer your question. Of course, the first type of magic requires payment, and the second requires you to answer questions posed by the mirror. What kind of performance do you want to watch?"

The young man had black hair and brown eyes. He seemed to have received a good education. He looked at his parents sitting beside him and said with a smile, "My wish is too difficult, so I won't trouble you.

"In comparison, I'm more curious about the mirror that can answer questions."

Klein sighed as he shook his head. With a flip of his left hand, he revealed a silver mirror with a black gem on both sides.

"It seems to be an antique." The young man opposite him commented with piqued interest before saying, "My question is, what is the purpose of my visit to Constant City?"

A commonly seen smile, one which was often seen on the faces of street magicians, appeared on Klein's face as he stroked the surface of the mirror with his right hand and said in a serious tone:

"Mirror, Mirror, please tell me the answer to the question."

After repeating it three times, he released his right hand and showed the surface of the mirror to the three passengers.

There were a few silver words on it:

"To get married."

“…Amazing." The young man and his parents looked at each other in disbelief.

After boarding the train, they had never mentioned anything related to the wedding, nor did they reveal anything that people could use to make the connection.

This was the first time they had seen a magic trick that didn't rely on props or a fake audience.

"Alright, it's time for the mirror to ask." Klein smiled as he covered the surface of the mirror with his right hand.

"Alright." The young man replied, feeling intrigued.

"Next, let's see what question the magic mirror will raise." Klein released his right hand in an exaggerated manner as though he was performing a formal magic trick.

The silver words on the surface of the mirror had already changed, extending into a complete sentence:

"You would prefer your bride to be a woman in her forties or above, right?"

The young man's expression froze for a moment before turning pale and then completely red.

"How is that possible!" He immediately rebutted. He couldn't help but turn his head to look at his parents and grumble, "What kind of strange question is that!"

“…It's just kidding." Klein smiled apologetically as he hurriedly pressed his right hand onto the surface of the mirror, as though he didn't know that would happen.

Then, he released his right hand.

Indeed, the words on the mirror changed again.

"How old are you?"

"25 years old…” The young man replied carefully, afraid that he would fall into a trap.

He felt the gazes of his parents and the surrounding passengers on him change.

"Alright, that's the end of the magic performance." Klein smiled as he put away the mirror. "You can try another magic trick."

Just as he finished speaking, the steam locomotive whistled. This was the sign that it was about to enter the station.

"Sorry, that's my call." Klein took out his golden pocket watch and checked the time.

He carried his luggage and left the steam locomotive along with a group of passengers. He arrived at the station platform that had yet to be lit up with the gas lamps.

This was Midseashire's Belltaine City, a city that had both prospered and declined due to the coal mines.

To Klein, the greatest significance of this place was that it was a strategic node in the previous world war.

Feysac had taken three routes in its invasion. One attacked the border along the Amantha mountain range to break through the land defenses. Another involved setting off from Sonia Island, attacking the coastal harbors, and attempting a landing. The third was to follow the main railway as they marched towards Backlund for the invasion.

Among them, due to the existence of the Church of Storms and the combined might of the ironclad warships and high-level Arbiters, the naval forces of Feysac and Feynapotter failed to obtain the results they expected. They even failed to obtain naval superiority. And on the battlefields on the Amantha mountain range, the headquarters of the Church of Evernight blocked one wave after another. It didn't fall throughout the war, thus preventing Winter County and East Chester County from going through the fiery crucible of war.

Of the three routes, the only successful one was the Midseashire troops. They did a joint naval-land operation and conquered Loen's second biggest city—Constant City, the capital of Midseashire. Then, they made their way southeast, rendezvousing with the Intis troops in the greater area of Backlund.

Klein acted as a wandering magician. On the one hand, he had to accumulate wishes, display miracles, digest the potion, and increase his strength. On the other hand, he was planning on taking the path of the war, using his eyes, ears, and his soul to truly see the damage brought about by war.

After knowing the secrets of the cosmos and the underground, he could understand the Evernight Goddess's plan and accept it to a certain extent. However, this didn't mean that he was indifferent to the sacrifices.

At the same time, he confirmed one thing: even if he didn't stop George III from becoming the Black Emperor, the world war would've still erupted. However, Loen would've had the upper hand. The Evernight Goddess and "Her" allies would face the God of Combat head-on, forcing "Him" to seek help from Earth Mother.

When that happened, the number of battles between the gods, the intensity, and scale would far surpass what had transpired.

Due to this reason, Klein followed Feysac's invasion path and wandered forward.

After leaving the station that still had traces of gunpowder, he carried the worn suitcase with a set of clothes and made his way towards the area where hotels were located.

At night, he would stroll along the streets and alleys of the city and perform wishing magic for everyone.

After taking a few steps forward, Klein's spiritual perception stirred as he cast his gaze to the end of the street.

There was a black-haired woman wearing a simple linen robe and a tree bark belt with no socks or shoes.

Arianna!

The leader of the Church of Evernight ascetics, the Grounded Angel, Arianna!

Why would "She" be here in Belltaine? Shouldn't "She" have returned to the Evernight cloister at the Cathedral of Serenity? Or be sent to the Feysac capital, St. Millom to preside over the handing over of the God of Combat's "estate"? It isn't a simple matter if a Grounded Angel were to suddenly appear in such a small city… Klein was puzzled as he frowned slightly.

He hesitated for a moment before deciding to ask.

This wasn't because he was a busybody; if anything happened while they were in the same city, no one could escape.

However, at this moment, Arianna had already vanished from the crowd. As a Servant of Concealment, Klein couldn't track her down even if he wanted to. Similarly, when it came to the matter of "Concealment," Arrodes was helpless.

Klein slowly took a deep breath and turned to enter the hotel in thought. He got a room and stowed his luggage away.

Then, he maintained his attire as a wandering magician and brought Arrodes along with him. Following his spiritual intuition as a Seer, he walked all the way to the municipal square of Belltaine City.

Erected near the municipal hall was a noticeboard that had many notices pasted over it.

Klein saw that several people surrounded it. There seemed to be a brand-new notice, so he approached them and stood in the periphery of the crowd, looking at the wooden signboard.

In the middle of the signboard, a slightly yellowed piece of paper covered over the other notices. On the surface were black ink and Loenese writing:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am your new consul.

"Now, I will issue three new laws:

"First law: Without my permission, no living being can leave this place.

"Second law: All life is equal in front of the law. Even ordinary people can kill angels.

"Third law: Those who commit the crimes mentioned below will be punished severely. The highest penalty being the death sentence.

"1. Murder;

"2: Theft;

"3. Chanting the complete honorific name of a deity;

"4. Offering sacrifices to evil deities;

"5. Fraud;

"6. Leaking secrets;

"…”

An announcement like this… Klein pricked up his brows when he saw this. Without using his spiritual intuition, he could sense that there was something wrong with the content.

He instinctively tried to make his Spirit Body return to Sefirah Castle.

But an invisible force blocked his "departure," making it impossible for him to make contact with the grayish-white fog.

This… Klein narrowed his eyes as he took a few steps back to distance himself from the crowd.

From his point of view, an abnormality of this level had reached a near-deity level.

He had previously been in situations of not being able to return to Sefirah Castle, but the reason was that he didn't have the time to take four steps counterclockwise, recite the incantations, or he had been obstructed and interfered by "himself."

There was only one instance when he failed to leave the real world due to external forces:

It was a powerful seal personally created by the Evernight Goddess in the foggy town.

Apart from that instance, even Blasphemer Amon couldn't do such a thing. Of course, at that time, Amon's main goal was to force Klein to stir Sefirah Castle before "He" seized the opportunity to use a loophole to replace him as the "great ruler above the spirit world." Otherwise, this Angel of Time could've used "His" ability to steal Klein's thoughts to stop him from returning.

Who is this new consul of Belltaine City…? Is this the reason Ma'am Arianna came here? As his thoughts raced, Klein made the magic mirror slip from his wide sleeve into his left hand.

"What happened?" Klein asked softly.

The aqueous light on the silver mirror's surface shook wildly as slightly pale silver words appeared:

"A few rules here have been replaced. As for who did it, there's no way of knowing. Great Master, you can try finding the Servant of Concealment, Arianna, to learn the truth from 'Her.'

"Are you satisfied with my answer?"

The rules have been replaced… Lawyer? Arbiter? Or a "bug"? Klein thought as he looked around. He realized that the citizens in the square were puzzled, perplexed as to why the new notice would mention angels. Why did they have to request permission to leave?

The war had already ended!

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CHAPTER 1281
ANOMALY

Inside a bar in Belltaine City.

Roy, Biles, Phil, and Pasha sat around a small round table, guzzling down Southville beer.

They didn't talk much as they listened to the drunkards in the next table discussing supernatural powers and mysticism incidents.

"Before this, hic. I saw that, not only do the Feysacians look like bears, but they could also control fire, throwing them out like javelins!"

"No way… Supernatural powers actually exist?"

"Haha, that's because you don't know a thing. I was drunk one day and slept near the cemetery. I saw people from the Church of Evernight appear with a few ghosts out. Yes, ghosts! They floated in the air, and it was terrifying!"

…

It was unknown if the drunkards were sharing stories from personal experiences or from hearsay, but the way they described it was with so much agitation that saliva kept flying as their faces flushed red.

"That's what they're like. They only become more excited after drinking. They always like to brag and be dramatic despite usually being depressed." Biles was a Belltaine local. Upon seeing this, he explained, "Ever since the coal mines began to run dry, young people gradually left Belltaine and

headed for Constant and Backlund. The atmosphere here has become more and more oppressive, and the city is just declining by the day."

This man, who was less than thirty years old, had also been a miner when he was young. He was lucky to survive in the mines, his skin was tanned from all the labor.

His exposed muscles weren't too exaggerated, but it gave people the feeling that they were made of steel.

As the leader of the group, Roy smiled and said, "What they're saying might be the truth. They're not bragging. The previous war has indeed exposed supernatural powers to many people, especially the soldiers who were directly involved. As long as they're still alive, they will have the corresponding experience.

"Besides, this also brings about many fortuitous encounters, making it so that people who had zero chance of interacting with supernatural powers or true mysticism to become Beyonders."

The way he expressed himself was very subtle, as though he was talking about others, but in reality, this was exactly what the four of them had experienced.

Biles and Roy had participated in the defense of Belltaine City before. Phil had once been ransacked by the Feysacians, but he was lucky to not have died. Pasha and her former citizens had seduced and ambushed a few Intis soldiers in the harbor battle.

They had witnessed the deaths of many of their friends and obtained supernatural powers due to various reasons.

After that, due to the chaos brought about by the war, they either lost contact with their unit, or they avoided it on their own accord without the officials learning about it. Slowly, they got to know each other and became friends with each other due to their common experiences.

This time, they had come to Biles's hometown in Belltaine to seek out any friends and family who might've survived.

"The reality of this world far exceeds our imaginations." Pasha, who had long dark-blonde hair and deep-blue eyes, sighed.

She was only in her twenties, and she was quite good looking. However, her face was a little thin, accentuating the protrusion of her cheekbones. This made her look much older than her actual age.

"In the future, we will lead different lives." Roy, who had the typical Loenese characteristics, raised his cup. "To a brand new future…"

Before he could finish speaking, someone in the bar suddenly screamed.

The experienced Roy and company quickly raised their vigilance and cast their gazes over.

They saw a young man dressed in ordinary clothes, lying on the ground, rolling back and forth as if he was in extreme pain.

Under the dim yellow gas wall lamps, everyone realized that the clothes on the young man's back had been torn open, revealing blood-red streaks. It was as if he had been whipped by a whip.

However, no one around him held a whip. The victim had only let out one scream. This was only possible if he had been whipped countless times in an instant.

But if that were the case, how could no one notice it?

"…He's holding a wallet… Could this have something to do with the anomaly just now?" The thin Phil took several looks and said after some deliberation, "Shall I take a look?"

Roy thought for a moment and nodded.

"Be careful."

Phil grunted and walked over from the small round table. With the help of the crowd, he approached the young man who was now whimpering instead of rolling about.

He quietly extended his left hand. His target was the seemingly ordinary leather wallet.

"Ah!"

Phil suddenly screamed as he watched his left wrist snap and land on the ground.

Blood splattered from the stump onto the faces and bodies of the people around them.

The scene instantly froze. The drunken guests were first stunned before swallowing their saliva. Then, they turned around and ran frantically towards the door or to the corners!

"Something's wrong… No one attacked me!" Phil nearly fainted from the pain, but he still forced himself to tell Roy, Biles, and Pasha what he had just experienced.

Roy's eyes narrowed as he decisively said, "Let's get out of here first!"

He then turned his head and said to Biles, "Pick up Phil's hand and preserve it well. I remember that a military doctor I met before is also from Belltaine. After he got discharged from the army, he came here and opened a private clinic. H-he can effectively treat this kind of wound."

The military doctor named Weber was also a Beyonder. When he participated in the war in the south, he had advanced step by step, obtaining medical skills that surpassed reality. It was said that he could sew up a severed limb and restore it to its former flexible state.

"Alright." Biles agreed without hesitation.

He took a few steps forward, took out a wooden box, picked up Phil's severed hand, and put it in.

At the same time, Pasha used the mystical ointment she had bought previously to stop Phil's bleeding, and bandaged it.

Soon after, the group of four left the bar.

After many inquiries, they finally found Weber's clinic with the help of passersby.

The clinic hadn't closed for the day, and the light from the gas lamps inside spread outwards, casting a dim yellow light.

Roy politely pulled at the doorbell again and again as he heard the ringing echo inside.

However, after a few minutes, no one came to open the door.

"He's drunk?" Pasha looked at the miserable Phil and made a guess.

Roy shook his head.

"I remember that Weber isn't one to drink. Other than being more amorous, he doesn't have any bad habits. Perhaps, he's currently…”

As he spoke, the middle-sized man with a face full of weathered pockmarks pushed the door open and realized that it was not locked. It was ajar.

As the door opened, Roy, Biles, and the others saw two figures.

Two figures were hanging in the middle of the clinic. Due to the wind blowing in from the outside, they swayed gently.

One was a man in his thirties wearing a white coat, while the other was a young lady in a nurse's uniform. Their lower bodies were naked and their eyes were protruding. Their mouths were half-open, and their tongues were squeezed out. They were hung on the ceiling by an invisible rope. Their expressions were filled with fear, despair, and blankness.

"Weber…" Roy recognized the dead man.

He, along with Pasha, Phil, and Biles, felt a chill run down their spines. They didn't know why something like this had happened, nor did they know what kind of horrors such an unknown might bring.

Boom!

The sound of a chair being knocked over sounded from the side, jolting the dazed Roy and company.

They looked in the direction of the voice and saw a lady carrying a baby standing up in a fluster. She whispered in horror and confusion, "They were having an affair…"

What had this got to do with their encounter? Roy took a deep breath. He felt that he shouldn't stay here for long.

He quickly instructed, "Let's go!"

He didn't ask Pasha to comfort the lady, nor did he attempt to obtain the clinic's disinfectant and bandages.

Biles and the others swallowed their saliva with great difficulty, turned around, and warily left the clinic.

To Phil, the horror of the unknown had completely suppressed the pain in his left hand.

"What exactly happened?" Phil asked as he turned into another street, asking as his facial muscles winced.

"How would I know?" Biles blurted out. He had seemed to lose control of his emotions.

Roy looked around and exhaled.

"Calm down.

"This should be a terrifying Beyonder matter that has exceeded our imaginations."

"Right. All of this is too strange. That can be the only reason." Pasha nodded in agreement.

"Then what should we do?" Phil asked anxiously.

Roy thought for a moment and said, "Let's try to leave Belltaine.

"Also, analyze what happened before and summarize the patterns hidden within.

"We can't be sure of the anomalies we might encounter later. We can only ensure our own safety after knowing the underlying rules."

"Right." Biles calmed down and agreed with Roy.

They discussed as they walked, gradually having some ideas.

"Weber was hung for adultery. Before Phil's hand was cut off, he tried to take the wallet. That's a form of theft…" Pasha summarized the common point the two incidents had in common.

Roy suddenly had an idea:

"Could it be that they suffered such a situation because they did something illegal?"

"How is that possible?" Biles and Phil both replied.

As soon as he said that, they suddenly had a corresponding guess, and their expressions turned solemn.

"Maybe there's an invisible law enforcer. That's the essence of this Beyonder incident…" Biles said in thought.

Roy tersely acknowledged and said, "That's highly possible.

"Next, we'll take note of our actions."

Pasha and the others nodded and walked on the streets cautiously.

Not long after, they arrived at the municipal square and saw that there were many people standing around the noticeboard.

"Notice?" Roy and the others exchanged looks, wondering if it was a warning that the officials had given to the supernatural incidents.

Hence, they approached and used the light from the street lamps to look at the notice on the wooden board.

There was a piece of white paper stuck in the middle, and beneath it was a piece of yellow paper. It seemed to be an annex.

As they quickly scanned through the notice, Roy, Pasha, and the others quickly had their eyes filled with horror. They seemed to understand the source of the matter.

After reading the paper, their eyes landed on the yellow paper.

"All citizens are to arrest foreigners using all possible means."

Arrest foreigners… Roy and the others felt their hearts tighten as they instinctively looked at the citizens around the noticeboard.

As if sensing their gazes, the citizens turned around and cast their gaze at them.

Under the dim yellow light from the gas lamps, their eyes seemed to glimmer with a strange light.

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CHAPTER 1282
CRIME

"Haha, how can someone tell at a glance if another person is a foreigner? How do you distinguish that?" Roy forcefully composed himself and pretended to be discussing the yellow paper's contents with his companions.

He used the hidden meaning in his words to console Phil and Pasha so that they didn't need to panic. After all, other than Biles, who was a native, the remaining three were also citizens of Loen. They didn't have any Southern Continent blood in them. Nothing about their facial features stood out.

"But, but this is a supernatural incident…" Pasha stammered.

This couldn't be judged by common sense!

Roy's heart froze as he looked at the citizens who were slowly approaching in a deadpan manner. He quickly shouted in a low voice:

"Run!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned around and ran towards the nearest street entrance. Pasha and Phil followed closely behind.

As a local, Biles tacitly held the rear, covering the surface of his skin with illusory fish scales.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A few citizens raised their dual-barreled hunting guns and fired.

Roy, Phil, and Pasha were Beyonders who were relatively good at fighting. While running, they would occasionally change directions or roll forward, successfully dodging the attacks.

Following that, under Pasha's guidance, they passed through the streets and escaped their pursuers before hiding in an empty dark corner.

"What should we do?" Phil, who had lost a hand, panted as he asked, "From the contents of the notice, we probably won't be able to leave this city."

"We need to figure out the rules and find a way around them." Although Roy was also very flustered, he still forced himself to calm down and think, lest the morale of the entire squad crumbled.

Pasha looked at the wary Biles and asked, "Has such a notice ever appeared in the past?"

Biles nodded.

"Yes, although I rarely had the chance to go to the municipal square, I've been assembled there back when I was recruited into the army. I've seen that noticeboard."

"There shouldn't be any problems with the noticeboard. Perhaps those two pieces of paper are the key. The laws written on them contain mystic intent," Pasha said.

Roy immediately expressed his agreement.

"That's right.

"Besides, I suspect that the laws have to be made public before they are put into effect. If we can find an opportunity to rip off those two pieces of paper, the corresponding restrictions might disappear."

After hearing Roy's words, Pasha, Phil, and Biles fell silent.

After a few seconds, Phil's facial muscles twitched as he said, "Let's give it a try! If we continue to be trapped in the city, even if we aren't caught by those citizens, we might be punished for various reasons."

Although they were all Beyonders, their Sequences weren't high. It wasn't a problem dealing with a few ordinary people, but facing the enmity of an entire city was extremely dangerous.

Roy, Biles, and Pasha were more or less people who had been on the battlefield before. They knew that hesitation was the worst action to take in such situations, so they agreed to Phil's suggestion.

Under the guidance of the rather experienced Hunter, Pasha, the group of four made a detour and returned to the municipal square from another street.

At this moment, the residents who were surrounding the notice were no longer there. It was as if they were searching the entire city for foreigners.

When they saw the noticeboard that stood silently in the middle of two gas lamps, Roy and company carefully approached it, ready to escape at any moment.

After approaching the target, Roy suddenly thought of a question. He hurriedly lowered his voice and asked, "Is destroying the notice considered an illegal act?"

"In theory, yes…” Pasha was taken aback.

They then cast their gaze at the noticeboard and scanned through the list of crimes stipulated by the third law.

“…

"8. Destroying public property.

"…”

"It really exists." Biles blurted out.

Phil, whose face had turned pale due to the blood loss, turned paler. After some thought, he said, "What kind of punishment does destroying public property entail?"

This wasn't a very serious crime, and the corresponding punishment should be relative lenient.

If that was the case, Phil decided to take the risk to tear the notice and end this horrifying, bizarre event.

"First-timers get whipped." Just as Roy, Pasha, and Biles were pondering over the answer, a voice sounded from behind them.

The four turned around in shock and saw a young man in a black robe and a tall hat. He looked ordinary.

The man continued, "A repeated offense is to have one's hand lopped off.

"I'm not sure what happens after that."

"How do you know that?" Fully alert, Roy frowned as he gripped his concealed dagger.

The young man smiled and said, "I've tried. It's useless. The notice gets restored very quickly."

"So, you've been whipped?" Pasha asked in enlightenment.

"Yes." The young man nodded with a relaxed expression. "However, because I also committed fraud, I was later punished with having my hand lopped off."

"Fraud?" Biles asked, puzzled.

The young man chuckled and replied, "To put it simply, I didn't personally destroy the notice. Instead, I created a dummy to do it. The one who was whipped was also the dummy."

As he spoke, he raised his right arm.

Like Phil, his wrist was cut neatly. His stump was ghastly-white and red, as though he was still bleeding.

Suddenly, the stump's flesh squirmed and twisted, as transparent worms crawled out. They intertwined with each other and formed a new hand.

During this process, Roy and the others didn't feel the slightest bit of fear. This was because the moment they saw those worms which had details they couldn't discern, their thoughts were thrown in a mess. Random thoughts ran through their minds as they found it difficult to control their emotions.

After the palm was "covered" with skin and became normal, the Beyonders recovered. They retreated a few steps in shock, surprise, and fear.

The scene just now had exceeded their understanding!

"By the way, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm a wandering magician." The person who had committed a fraud and a case of destruction of public property was none other than Klein.

He swept a glance at the four Beyonders and said with a smile, "My best magic trick is to grant someone's wishes. Do you have a wish you would like granted?"

Upon hearing this question, Roy's spirits rose as he asked with hope, "Can you take us away from Belltaine?"

"Of course, I'll do my best to do this, but not now." Klein gave his promise.

Then, he looked at the handless Phil.

"He just said his wish. What's yours?"

“…Let my hand recover," Phil probed.

"Alright." Klein cast his gaze at Biles. "Take out his hand."

After hesitating for a moment, Biles took out the wooden box as per the mysterious man's instructions and returned the hand inside to Phil.

"Come here," Klein said with a smile.

Phil mustered his courage and walked over with his severed hand.

"Remove the bandages," Klein continued to instruct. "Place the severed arm in its original spot. Let me remind you, don't have it reversed. Otherwise, you'll have to chop it off again and repeat the process."

Seeing how confident the other party was, Phil felt a little more confident. He quickly pulled off the bandage that had been stuck to his wound with a twisted expression as he hissed.

After placing his severed hand at the stump, Klein took out a piece of white paper and approached.

Then, he reached out to wipe the wound.

Silently, the piece of paper split into two while Phil felt the pain disappear.

He quickly looked down and saw that his left wrist was perfectly intact. He couldn't even tell that he had been hurt before.

Phil subconsciously moved his fingers and realized that he didn't lose any of his motor skills at all.

"Your wish has been granted." Klein took two steps back and smiled.

"Thank you…" Phil replied in a daze.

Klein looked at the other two Beyonders.

"What's your wish?"

Upon seeing that Phil's wish had really been fulfilled, Biles immediately stepped forward and said, "I want to know where my family is."

Klein flicked his left arm and took out a silver mirror with ancient patterns. He lowered his head and said with a smile, "What is the answer to that question?"

The surface of the mirror shimmered with aqueous light as silver words appeared one after another.

"Belltaine Glorin Cemetery…"

Upon seeing this, Biles, who had his neck craned, felt his heart sink as he couldn't help but feel a strong sense of sorrow and disappointment.

In the next second, new silver words appeared from the aqueous light.

"…'s grave keeper's hut."

…This means that… Biles felt his sorrow turn to happiness as he sincerely said, "Thank you."

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly thought of two questions.

How many people could live in the graveyard? How many grave keepers could there be?

His family members definitely numbered more than two or three!

Biles's expression turned oscillated between gloom and joy before he fell silent.

As a result, he didn't see the question posed by the silver mirror.

"Great Master, did I answer kindly enough?"

"Yes." Klein nodded indiscernibly as he cast his gaze at the remaining lady.

Pasha thought for two seconds and said, "My wish is for you to protect us until we leave Belltaine alive."

She realized that Roy's wish was problematic because they might not necessarily leave Belltaine alive.

"Smart." Klein praised with a smile. "Your wish will be granted."

"Then what price do we have to pay? I'm referring to the payment for watching your magic." Pasha hurriedly asked.

"Your wishes are the price," Klein replied briefly before asking thoughtfully, "If you know certain things are fake, but if you are willing to subjectively use them, it shouldn't be considered fraud, right?"

When Roy and company heard this, they were puzzled. After pondering for a moment, they shook their heads and said, "Definitely not."

"This is actually a game between two parties."

"A voluntary action that has a clear understanding of the actions is definitely not a scam."

"There's no doubt about it."

After hearing their answers, Klein smiled.

"Very good. This is what the average person will think."

As he spoke, he grabbed a few times with his right hand, dragging out a woman in a simple robe with black long hair.

It was the Historical Void projection of the Evernight cloister's matron, Arianna.

Klein looked around and saw nothing unusual. He smiled at the projection and said, "Madam, what exactly happened?"

Arianna's eyes darted about slightly, turning deep and quiet instantly. It made one feel a sense of serenity from the bottom of their hearts.

"She" calmly spoke:

"The chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat, Larrion, escaped. I'm tracking 'Him.'"

Arianna paused and said, "After I came to Belltaine, I received new information.

"According to our intelligence, Larrion took away a Sealed Artifact when 'He' escaped.

"0-02."

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CHAPTER 1283
GRADUALLY DEEPENING

0-02… Klein inwardly repeated the serial number, feeling that the problem might be more troublesome than he had expected.

Although it couldn't be said that 0-02 was definitely more terrifying than 0-05 since the true essence of the Magic Wishing Lamp was that of a sealed Outer Deity, an entity far stronger than the present true deities, "He" could definitely destroy this world or even this solar system if not for the restrictions of the outer shell. However, the smaller the number meant that 0-02 was likely more dangerous and more difficult to seal than 0-05 in most cases.

At the end of the Fourth Epoch, the seven Churches had serialized the batch of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts to two-digit numbers. Being only second to 0-01, it's totally possible to imagine how terrifying 0-02 is… However, the God of Combat didn't seem to make use of this Sealed Artifact in the battle of gods… Was it not suitable for direct combat, or was it too dangerous? It didn't distinguish between friend and foe? Thoughts ran through Klein's mind.

His expression gradually turned serious.

"Ma'am, what do you know about 0-02?"

Arianna slowly shook her head and said, "When the various Churches inform each other of the Grade 0 and Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, they only mention the serial numbers."

That's right. The information regarding a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is strictly confidential internally to a Church. As part of the brass, they usually have to be in charge of a particular Grade 0 Sealed Artifact before they can come into contact with any related information. Furthermore, there's a high chance that the corresponding memories will be erased after everything is over… This is, on the one hand, to prevent important information from leaking, and on the other hand, there's the fact that just knowing about Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in most cases can result in danger, or cause the seal to be ineffective… Klein asked in thought, "Didn't the Church already take over the Church of the God of Combat?"

That way, they could have obtained all the files on 0-02.

Arianna looked at the nearby Roy and company and said, "Larrion destroyed all files regarding the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts before escaping."

Impressive… Such an abnormally cautious fellow is really annoying… Klein thought and said, "What comments does the Goddess have of 0-02?"

From his point of view, the Evernight Goddess and the God of Combat were existences from the same period. Furthermore, "She" was in control of the Concealment authority. The Goddess had a high chance of understanding the situation that the latter grasped.

In addition, it was impossible for the Sealed Artifacts at the level of 0-02 not to leave any traces in history. They might have created many disasters, so they were no stranger to high-level figures of that era.

Arianna seemed to have recalled the situation from a long time ago. She stated without any pause:

"In the past revelation, the Goddess called 0-02 'the Book of Rules.'"

Book of Rules… That's even more terrifying… Klein's eyes narrowed as he made plenty of connections.

In his past life, he was a gaming enthusiast who played a broad genre of games despite not being too obsessed. He wasn't unfamiliar with the term "Book of Rules" at all.

At this moment, Arianna added, "The fact that you happened to be in Belltaine City might reveal some of the characteristics of 0-02."

Yes, it's quite normal for Ma'am Arianna to encounter such an anomaly while tracking the chief shepherd, Larrion, to Belltaine, but for me to also be here, it's too much of a coincidence… In mysticism, excessive coincidences often mean that there's something wrong…

Is someone setting me up, or is it the effect of the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence? Based on the present situation, the set up doesn't seem targeted., and how I'm already the owner of Sefirah Castle, I can more or less sense something abnormal… If it's the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence, eliminating the exiled Mr. Door and the Antigonus ancestor who is sealed in the foggy town, the only ones that can influence me to this extent are Zaratul and Amon…

However, I've always been deliberately avoiding Zaratul. Amon's true body should be under the True Creator's pursuit. If it's just an avatar, it's impossible for it to produce such a powerful convergence effect… Yes, there's another possibility. The law of convergence between sefirot… 0-02 attracted Sefirah Castle, causing me to coincidentally come to Belltaine today?

If that's the case, even if 0-02 isn't a sefirah, it's definitely related to one… Klein, who had already suspected something, suddenly thought of a lot. He had a vague grasp of 0-02.

He thought for a moment and said, "From the development of the situation, the rules are gradually becoming stricter. That piece of yellow paper is evidence. Does this mean that the extent of 0-02's coming to life or the degree of reawakening is becoming deeper?"

Arianna nodded serenely and said, "That's right. We have to find it before something happens, and also try to seal it.

"That's why it's best we split up and expand the search radius, saving as much time as possible."

Klein had no objections to this. After some thought, he said, "Ma'am, you've told me so much. Isn't this considered leaking secrets?"

"No." Arianna gave a rather clear answer. "Leaking secrets refers to informing the outside world of the anomaly in Belltaine via any way."

This has cut off any physical connection between us and the outside world… That's fine. At least, there's no need to worry about any problems with our usual conversations. In short, it's fine if we don't curse… Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief and asked, "The Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers here will abide by the rules on the notice?"

"Yes." Arianna gave an affirmative answer before her figure faded away and disappeared.

After watching the matron of the Evernight cloister leave, Klein quickly sorted out the information he had just obtained and gained some understanding of the possible developments that were to come.

Combat wasn't the main point. The crux of the problem was whether he could find 0-02 in time and think of a way to seal it.

During this process, what they would face as foreigners would become more and more complicated. They would find it increasingly difficult to abide by the rules and the citizens that were controlled.

With this in mind, Klein cast his gaze to Roy and company not far away. He asked with a smile, "What are your thoughts on what you just heard?"

Roy exchanged looks with Pasha and said, "We don't know what a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is, but we can guess that 0-02 is a very terrifying item. It can set the rules and even change reality to a certain extent. Furthermore, this anomaly seems to change as time passes.

"Also, the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat should be a very powerful Beyonder."

Klein gently clapped his hands and smiled.

"That's about it. If we don't work hard and hope to avoid danger by hiding, then there will be more and more things that we need to take note of. If we aren't careful, we might commit a crime. Heh heh, perhaps in the end, we will be executed on the spot because we stepped out the door with our left foot first."

His words left Pasha, Biles, and the others in a panic.

It was indeed funny to hear the possible developments, but on second thought, they could sense the extreme horror hidden within!

A few seconds later, Pasha said with a solemn expression, "Furthermore, the citizens can use any means to deal with us, but we are unable to fight back. This is because killing and voluntarily causing harm are very serious crimes…"

"We can try to deceive their senses, but we can't use it too many times," Klein said casually. "What we need to do now is to quickly summarize the rules that 0-02 follows. That way, we can find it and seal it before it comes to life or awakens to gain true intelligence. What are your thoughts?"

Marauder Phil thought for a moment and probed, "It doesn't seem capable of attacking us directly. It can only punish us when we violate the rules and commit crimes."

Klein snapped his fingers and said, "That's right. I can summarize this law for now: 0-02 cannot punish those who do not commit crimes."

Biles blurted out, "But it can make the citizens arrest foreigners. Foreigners aren't considered criminals."

"This does contradict the previous law from before," Klein replied with a smile. "However, in history, many cities have come up with laws that include discrimination and the expulsion of foreigners in the different stages of their development. Did you decipher any deeper laws from this matter?"

The four Beyonders frowned one after another, unsure what the powerful magician opposite them was trying to express.

After a brief silence, Pasha, who thought of the question he had asked—asking whether a particular action was considered fraud—hesitated and said, "The rules issued by 0-02 must match the public's understanding and be acknowledged to a certain extent?"

"That's a good idea," Klein praised. "This is a guess thanks to the law regarding the arrest of foreigners. It has been verified from your previous feedback, so we can temporarily list it as its second law. This can help us determine which actions are crimes and which aren't."

Seeing Pasha receive the praise of the powerful "magician" twice, Roy hurriedly added, "It will constantly increase the number of laws, reaching a certain level of complexity, thereby limiting us. No matter what we do, we will be punished. Yes, on the basis of arresting foreigners, clauses such as the trespassing of private property and the prohibition of defecation or urination in public will make life harder for us with the passage of time."

Just as Klein nodded in agreement, his spiritual perception was triggered.

He instinctively raised his head and looked at the noticeboard. He realized that a goatskin parchment had appeared on it at some point in time.

"Curfew Order…”

"This…” Pasha and the others also noticed this change and their eyes widened.

It was already late at night. If they stayed outside for some time, they would violate the curfew and suffer some punishment. Then, the punishment would worsen each time until they were sentenced to death.

"Let's go. We haven't got much time." Klein pressed down his tall hat and said with a smile, "Our target is most likely a book. It might still be with the chief shepherd, or it might've already been hidden somewhere. My intuition tells me that it might be the latter. This is because, to anyone, that item is too dangerous, and it will only become more dangerous. Of course, the premise is that the chief shepherd hasn't gone crazy—only using 0-02 to create a chance to escape pursuit.

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that the chief shepherd is a Grounded Angel."

Angel… Roy, Pasha, and the others, who had just begun to move, froze.

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CHAPTER 1284
LIMITATION LOOPHOLE

In the present era of this world, belief in a deity was common. The difference was which deity they believed in. Therefore, even if Roy, Pasha, and company didn't understand the meaning of angels in mysticism, they had more or less heard of legends about angels from the priests, bishops, and seniors around them. They knew that they were the servants of deities, and were powerful creatures that were qualified to be addressed as "Him" or "Her." Every action of theirs could create miracles. They were definitely not something ordinary people could compare with.

In the hearts of these four Beyonders, angels were of a whole different level, holy spirits of another world. Under normal circumstances, "They" lived in the divine kingdoms and wouldn't descend into the real world. "They" could be treated as true legends without considering the meaning "They" had in reality. Just like the battles they had experienced in the past, although they would occasionally encounter Beyonders today who struck terror in their hearts, like today, them being angels was the last thing on their mind.

The two weren't on the same level!

But today, a wandering and mysterious "magician" had informed them that the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat was an angel who walked the land.

Phil and the others believed in the mysterious gentleman, who had shown all kinds of amazing feats, from the bottom of their hearts. Firstly, he had granted their wishes and was friendly enough. Secondly, they didn't believe that they were qualified enough to be deceived in such matters. To them, the

chief shepherd was an angel or an abnormally powerful Beyonder. In essence, there was no difference between the two.

The reality of this world far exceeds our imaginations… The words that Pasha often said flashed through her mind.

Roy made further connections.

He remembered that the lady, whom Mr. Magician had invited from thin air, mention that she was pursuing the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat. Furthermore, she seemed to be qualified to see the Evernight Goddess's revelation.

The only person who can track an angel is probably another angel… With Mr. Magician's performance in front of that lady, his level can't be that much lower… Roy hurriedly retracted his gaze from Klein's back and didn't dare to look at him directly.

He looked left and right and realized that Phil had come to a similar guess as well. A complicated feeling emerged from his pale face, one that was a result of his blood loss.

Biles held his breath and only spoke after a few seconds.

"No wonder there's such an inexplicable change in Belltaine…”

"It's not the time to feel poignant about this. Let's hurry up and leave. The curfew is about to take effect," Klein reminded with a smile without any signs of nervousness.

Pasha quickly looked at the noticeboard and imprinted the contents into a brand in her mind.

“…From eight at night to eight in the morning. Free movement and assembling in the streets are forbidden…”

"Where should we go?" she blurted out.

Under the double restrictions of the curfew and the no trespassing clause, it appeared as though they could only await punishment.

Klein smiled and said, "Only movement and assembly in the streets are forbidden."

As he spoke, he pointed at a nearby manhole which led to the sewers.

Biles's eyes lit up.

"Yes, it didn't say that we can't pass through the sewers!

"When curfews were in place previously, the tramps hid in the sewers or abandoned buildings."

Roy and the others didn't hesitate any longer. They immediately went forward and used the advantage of their strength to push open the manhole cover and climbed into the sewers.

In the pitch-black darkness, a dim yellow light lit up as a lantern appeared in Klein's hand.

As they followed the mystical "magician," Phil said thoughtfully, "We can head to a hotel next.

"Biles is a local. He won't be attacked, so he can get a room. Then, we can climb through the window and enter from the outside. As we have gotten permission from the owner, we wouldn't be considered as trespassing on private property.

"In that case, we can stay until dawn and wait for the curfew to end."

"It's a very interesting idea, but our goal isn't to survive until dawn," Klein replied with a smile as he walked ahead of them with the lantern in hand.

Roy nodded and said, "If we don't do anything and stay in the hotel, the rules will increase one by one, becoming so detailed that guests aren't allowed to stay in hotel rooms."

"Actually, the most interesting thing about that proposal isn't the finding of loopholes to the restrictions, but that it reminded me of something." Klein turned his body slightly and looked at Biles. "As a local from Belltaine, he actually didn't attempt to capture us foreigners."

In other words, he wasn't affected by the yellow paper's orders.

This… Pasha and the others all turned warily to look at Biles, clearly showing suspicion on their faces.

Their encounter earlier had made them certain that the citizens of Belltaine City had lost their minds in the foreigner-arresting affair.

"I don't know why either…" Biles also murmured in confusion.

"Are you still a Belltaine citizen?" Klein asked casually as he slowly walked in the damp and smelly sewer.

Biles followed behind him and answered with some certainty, "Of course."

Klein thought and asked, "On the one hand, you are a citizen of Belltaine. On the other hand, you are a standard foreigner. Two of your attributes overlap, causing a contradiction. Under that order, you will neither be attacked, nor will you have your rationality affected."

"If we can create such a 'contradiction,' does it mean we will be able to escape the limitations of the rules?" Phil asked spiritedly.

Pasha shook her head.

"But such a 'contradiction' is very hard to create. At least I can't think of any possibility right now…"

She suddenly paused and hesitated before saying, "The most important thing is that we're far away from the noticeboard. We don't know what other laws will follow. We have no way of avoiding them."

When that happened, they wouldn't dare to do anything!

Klein smiled and said, "Don't worry. This mirror can help us see the new content on the noticeboard."

He casually displayed the magic mirror that had slipped into his left palm.

Pasha heaved a sigh of relief and asked curiously, "Isn't this a crime of peeping?"

On the surface of the silver mirror, words that resembled dripping blood appeared:

"The way I look at the noticeboard is like looking at the sun in the day. There's no need to peep."

Klein retracted his magic mirror and added with a smile, "Besides, this is just an item. How can it commit a crime?"

That really makes sense… Biles and Phil couldn't help but nod.

After Roy figured it out, he exhaled and asked, "Next, the most important thing is to find that item, but we don't have any clues. As a book, it can be anywhere. We can only carpet search the entire city, but we clearly lack the time to do that."

"Indeed, we don't know where 0-02 is. We don't even have any clues, but there's an existence that knows the answer very clearly," Klein replied leisurely as he heard the footsteps echoing in the sewers.

Pasha's heart stirred.

"You mean that chief shepherd?"

Klein smiled and nodded.

"0-02 is either in 'His' hands, or it has been hidden by 'Him' somewhere. And a 'book' is clearly unable to move on its own. This isn't something that the current rules can help it achieve."

"But how do we find that chief shepherd?" Biles blurted out.

Perhaps it was because the magical Mr. Magician was by his side, he wasn't that afraid of searching for the Grounded Angel.

Klein calmly held the lantern and said, "As long as 0-02 doesn't provide the chief shepherd immunity, 'He' too would have to abide by the laws on the notice.

"'He' was originally from Feysac, so 'He' is undoubtedly not a citizen of Belltaine. 'He' is unable to enjoy the treatment of the locals. Similarly, although 'He' is an angel from elsewhere and not a foreigner in the narrow sense of the word—he isn't human, 'He' too will be pursued by the citizens. This can be confirmed."

"In short, that chief shepherd has to abide by the curfew and not trespass private residences. He can't hide in a public area that isn't open to the public at night. At the same time, as a fugitive, 'He' likely doesn't have companions who have dual traits like Biles. Tell me, where do you think 'He' will be?"

Roy's eyes darted around as he gave several answers:

"Sewers, cemetery, cathedral before midnight, abandoned buildings…"

"You can't enter the cemetery at night. The abandoned buildings are owned by someone or some group by virtue of its property rights," Pasha reminded.

"Yes. Once the sewers are restricted, we will head to the cathedral to search for the chief shepherd or wait for "Him," Klein said in a relaxed tone as though he was deciding on a trivial matter.

Roy, Phil, and the others were stunned. They hadn't expected that they would be able to lock onto their target so easily.

It just took a few words of discussion to expose an angel's whereabouts!

"However, there are quite a few cathedrals in Belltaine. We have to act in concert to save time. Also, the cathedral might be able to forcefully resist the punishment by relying on 'His' level as an angel and his powers." With that said, Klein lowered his head and said to the magic mirror in his hand, "Arodes, monitor the entire city and pay attention to any anomalies."

After giving his instructions to the mirror, Klein once again dragged Ma'am Arianna out of the fog of history and asked "Her" to be in charge of the cathedrals of the Church of Evernight.

After doing so, he turned around and said to Roy, Pasha, and company, "If we still can't find the chief shepherd after all that is done, it means that 'He' has either left Belltaine, leaving 0-02 behind to attack the enemy, or he has already gained control of 0-02 to a certain extent. In short, we can proceed by means of elimination for now."

Roy and company nodded in unison as they continued following Klein in the sewers.

After a few minutes, the ancient silver mirror reflected a scene:

On the signboard, there was another piece of paper with new rules:

“…Because of municipal maintenance works, no living being is allowed to enter the sewers from now on."

"Content is being added at an increasing rate…" Klein frowned indiscernibly as he muttered to himself before taking out a human-skinned glove.

Immediately after, he gestured for Pasha and the others to hold hands.

Then, he grabbed one of them by the shoulder and led them out of the sewers to "Teleport" to the nearest Storm cathedral.

During this process, the four Beyonders first saw the rats and cockroaches in the sewers twitching as they died one after another. Following that, they were attracted by the strange and abstract spirit world, as though they had suffered some sort of catharsis at the mental level.

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CHAPTER 1285
FORGET ABOUT LEAVING, ALL OF YOU

Although there weren't many supplicants in the Storm cathedral in the evening, Klein chose to appear on a corridor that led to the garden so as to avoid conflict.

"How magical…” Pasha muttered to herself as she looked at the settling surroundings.

Roy suppressed his emotions and looked around.

"If that chief shepherd comes to the cathedral to tide over the curfew, he could be somewhere like this."

"If one isn't worried about accumulating the number of crimes they commit, an angel has too many ways to fool the average person," Klein said casually. "I'll send you to the other cathedrals later. Try to stay in places with glass windows and mirrors. Once you discover any outsiders that might be from Feysac, find an opportunity to draw a symbol…”

Before he could finish his sentence, his head suddenly turned as he looked at the door leading to the garden in the prayer hall.

A figure over 2.6 meters tall slowly walked out. He was wearing a long black robe with white edges, one completely filled with his bulging muscles.

This was an old, white-bearded man wearing a square hat. His eyes were pale blue, and he had few wrinkles. He had an aura of superciliousness.

The chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat, Larrion… Without needing to identify the figure, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that the person opposite him was an angel, the reason for coming to the cathedral.

Larrion glanced at him and said in surprise, "It's not Arianna…”

"He" immediately restrained "His" expression and said rather indifferently, "Appears to be 'Her' helper.

"You can tell 'Her' that I've reached an agreement with 0-02, which has come alive to a certain degree. I'll give up sealing it in exchange for permission to leave. And y'all will stay here, enduring the changes in the rules and the increasingly stricter laws until y'all are completely dead…”

The chief shepherd didn't seem to be worried that Klein would stop "Him" at all. This was because when "He" spoke, "His" body was rapidly aging. The surface of "His" skin quickly became covered in wrinkles, with aging spots appearing on it, dripping with a rotting liquid.

In just a few blinks of an eye, Larrion looked as though he was about to evaporate into thin air from his aging.

Then, "He" turned into a pool of rotten liquid that completely evaporated.

The impact of this scene sent shivers down Biles and company's spines. They felt as if their minds were about to go haywire and that their emotions were about to collapse.

This was just like the countless tiny worms that had crawled out from the wound on Mr. Magician's wrist when he reformed his hand. It was just as terrifying and harrowing!

A strange ability; it has something to do with Twilight? Klein didn't have any intention of stopping Larrion. He only nodded in thought.

In the spirit world corresponding to Belltaine, Larrion's figure appeared and returned to normal.

Right on the heels of that, as though "He" could control spirit world creatures, he passed through an invisible barrier and escaped the many restrictions of Belltaine City.

But just as Larrion was about to begin "tearing" through space, everything suddenly darkened and "He" saw a seamless patch of dark "cloth."

It was like a wall that blocked Larrion's path!

Larrion cautiously stopped his actions, looked up at the infinitely high area where the Seven Pure Lights were. However, "He" could only see an illusory "curtain" hanging down from it, enveloping the spirit world of the area corresponding to Belltaine, isolating it and creating an independent world.

At the same time, Larrion's intuition as a Demon Hunter had told "Him" that the barrier formed by the "curtain" was extremely strong and difficult to break through. "He" needed to spend a lot of time and effort to do so.

To this chief shepherd, what was happening had a strange comical feeling, making him unable to contain his rising anger.

This was akin to "Him" finally finding the key to a secret chamber after countless hardships. Just when "He" had the chance to open the door and leave before others could, "He" was surprised to find that there was an additional lock on the chamber's door—a rather sturdy lock!

It lacks a sense of realism. It's a projection from the Historical Void… It's fraud! No, it's outside of Belltaine City, out of the law's jurisdiction… This historical projection should've existed here a long time ago. It can't last

more than two minutes, so it will dissipate on its own… Larrion quickly regained his composure, allowing his anchors and inclination towards madness to once again form a balance.

…

In the corridor of the Storm cathedral, Roy and company finally recovered. They turned their heads to look at Mr. Magician, who was in no way inferior to the angel from before.

Pasha hesitated for a moment before saying fearfully, "'He'…'He' seems to have escaped."

This way, they wouldn't be able to obtain any information about 0-02's location. Relying on a carpet search would be too late.

Furthermore, no one present knew what the terrifying Sealed Artifact looked like. Describing it as a book made it too wide a scope.

"I can only think of other solutions," Klein replied with a smile. "Do you have any suggestions?"

He had been waiting for Larrion to return and negotiate with him, but he realized that the chief shepherd would rather wait in the spirit world for the "curtain" historical projection to disappear. And although he could enter the spirit world as well, he was unable to break through the strange barrier created after 0-02's law-changing.

As he spoke, Klein seriously considered other solutions and made a few Worms of Spirit control his body. He spoke to the Beyonders beside him in an attempt to find inspiration through their discussion.

"We should take the initiative to create a 'contradiction' that's similar to what happened to Biles so that we'll be in a relatively safe state. Only by doing so will we be able to begin our search." Phil brought up the idea that he had previously had.

Pasha shook her head.

"But if we use this kind of 'contradiction' to do something, 0-02 will definitely add new rules to resolve the corresponding problems."

"But this can still buy us some time," Phil emphasized.

"That is something that can be done," Roy agreed, and added, "but our focus should be on finding 0-02. Perhaps we can create some 'contradiction' that will make it expose its location?"

As for what kind of "contradiction" could achieve such an effect or how to create it, he hadn't come up with an idea.

In the event of a contradiction… New rules will be added to resolve it… Klein wore a smile as he listened silently. Sparks flew as his thoughts crashed in his mind.

At that moment, aqueous light appeared on the surface of the magic mirror in his hand as silver words appeared:

"Pasha, do you want to know what the new content on the noticeboard is?"

The mirror directly asked me… Why did it ask me directly? Pasha was taken aback for a moment before she hurriedly nodded and answered, "Yes."

The aqueous light in the silver mirror quickly returned and presented a scene of the noticeboard.

There were two new rules:

“…In compliance with the curfew order, the various cathedrals will shut down early…”

“…All hotels shall only accommodate guests who have registered their identities…”

Phil panicked.

“…Where do we go now?"

He had no idea how he, Roy, and Pasha could escape the punishment.

Roy and Pasha exchanged looks as various thoughts surged through their minds, but none of them were viable.

At this moment, Klein, who had been maintaining his silence, smiled and cast his gaze at Biles.

"Where's your house in Belltaine?"

"A rental apartment on 18 Maple Street, but that apartment has already collapsed from the blast of an artillery shell," Biles answered, slightly perplexed.

Klein smiled and said, "You can make a wish to return your house to its original state. I'll grant it."

“…Can that be done?" Although the magical "magician" had healed Phil's severed hand with unbelievable powers, Biles still felt that it would be much more difficult to restore a collapsed house to its original state. After all, Dr. Weber, the military doctor who Roy mentioned, was capable of doing that.

"Of course." Klein smiled and reminded him. "Make haste."

At that moment, the supplicants in the cathedral were leaving one after another.

Biles didn't dare to delay any further as he immediately said, "I wish that my house will return to its original state."

"Alright." Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers. "Your wish has come true."

Uh? While Roy and company were in a daze, Klein activated Teleport once again and brought them to 18 Maple Street. He stopped outside a two-bedroom room.

Biles stared blankly at the familiar wooden door in front of him. Subconsciously, he reached out his right hand and pushed it open.

The cupboard, gas stove, bunk bed, wooden table covered in oil, and the messy old newspapers strewn everywhere were reflected in his eyes as his eyes immediately moistened.

Before the war broke out, he often saw his mother busying herself around the coal stove when he came back from the mines. His father and brother either made use of the time to do some repairs or help to handle the spoiled parts of the fruit and vegetables. They did some of the work that could be taken home. His young niece learned the alphabet from old newspapers under the guidance of her mother while she put together matchstick boxes.

Although such a life was tough and didn't have any ability to avoid risks, it was still a wonderful memory for Biles. It was many times better than the dark mine paths, heavy ores, and the whipping from the supervisors.

But now, even this tiny bit of beauty was completely destroyed.

"Aren't you going to invite us in?" Phil stood at the door, not daring to trespass on the private property.

After snapping back to his senses, Biles hurriedly said, "Please come on in."

After entering the unoccupied house, Klein pulled a chair that could break at any moment and sat down. He then fell silent.

Roy, Pasha, and the others did not dare to disturb the gentleman as they waited quietly by his side.

After twenty to thirty seconds, Klein suddenly looked around and said with a smile, "I have an idea that requires verification. Who wants to work with me on this?"

"I'll do it," Roy replied without hesitation.

Klein smiled and replied, "Afterward, don't truthfully answer the questions. I'm looking for the loopholes hidden in 0-02's rules."

Roy nodded and said, "That wouldn't be an issue."

Klein immediately took out the magic mirror and said to Roy, "Ask it a question.

Roy thought for a moment and said, "Where can I find my next potion?"

A scene appeared on the surface of the silver mirror. It was the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat, Larrion, who was pacing around the spirit world!

"…" Roy's expression instantly stiffened. Then, he heard Mr. Magician say, "It's your turn to answer its question. Remember, don't give it the correct answer."

Roy hurriedly reined in his thoughts and looked back at the mirror. He saw that the mirror had already transformed into Mr. Magician himself and a few more lines of blood-like text appeared:

"Who did you give your first time to?"

Roy instantly recalled the past as his face flushed red. Then, he answered according to Mr. Magician's instructions, "I'm not sure."

"A lie!" The blood-colored text on the silver mirror instantly condensed into the terrifying words.

Pa!

A bolt of lightning appeared out of nowhere and struck Roy.

Roy convulsed in pain as his body was charred black. His hair stood on end, but his life wasn't truly in danger.

Biles, Pasha, and Phil were all startled, unsure what had just happened.

At this moment, Klein looked around and smiled.

"Look, the mirror didn't get punished for voluntarily causing harm.

"A real opportunity lies in here."

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CHAPTER 1286
NEW APPLICATIONS OF OLD METHODS

A real opportunity… Pasha, Biles, and Phil were delighted to hear this. It was as if they had finally seen the light after searching for a long time in the dark night.

"What kind of opportunity?" Roy blurted out from his dazed state.

Klein wasn't in a rush. He smiled and said, "Did you guys not notice?

"There is no clear indication on the notice of who the enforcer is."

As a keyboard warrior in the past, Klein had always claimed to be a jack of all trades. Furthermore, he had interacted with many lawyers in his life and had an Earl of The Fallen marionette before. He had the basic foundation needed when it came to the law and rules.

That's right, the announcement only mentioned a new consul, and it's not clear who the enforcer is. We encountered an invisible justiciar previously… Pasha and the others revealed a thoughtful expression.

Upon seeing this, Klein reached out his hand and stroked the surface of the magic mirror as though he was combing an animal.

"Under normal circumstances, everyone has tacitly acknowledged that the police and the authorities responsible for dealing with supernatural cases enforced the law. This is confirmed through a series of legal documents or

the corresponding public knowledge. But this time, the rules haven't reached such an airtight level.

"If we say that the rules are built on a blank slate composed of the original laws, directives, and rules, then we should've seen the police, the Nighthawks, or the Mandated Punishers when we committed crimes, but that's not the case.

"In other words, the corresponding enforcer is indeed vague."

Pasha, who was the most knowledgeable among the four Beyonders, thought for a moment before saying, "Perhaps, the law enforcer is an abstract concept. Or perhaps, it is tacitly equivalent to the new consul."

"The latter isn't clear either. It doesn't make it clear who the new consul is. This way, it can be anyone. The former isn't obliged to make it known…" Klein simply replied.

Phil frowned and said, "But we can't enforce the law like the citizens."

"The corresponding authority is determined by eliminating groups via labels," Klein explained with a smile. "Foreigners are targets of ostracization and pursuit, so they obviously lack the required law enforcement rights. As for the citizens, they only have it when dealing with foreigners. This is confirmed through the notice."

Without waiting for Roy and Biles to speak, Klein continued, "So, I just used the contradiction hidden in this matter to get Roy to test it. The result is exactly as I predicted.

"First of all, the magic mirror isn't a foreign living being, neither is it a local. It's just an item with a certain level of intelligence. It cannot be placed into any particular group. This way, in a situation where the law enforcer isn't clear, those who aren't part of the elimination process have the right to enforce the law.

"Secondly, it had punished a foreigner. Those notices imply that 'all who deal with foreigners are law enforcers.'

"Finally, the magic mirror itself has the rules of punishment. Before this rule is announced to be illegal, it has the right to punish others.

"Based on the three points above, I believe that 0-02 should be in a lot of conflict right now. Next, it will definitely issue a new law to clearly determine the main body of law enforcement, to mend the loopholes in this area. Once the main body of the law enforcement is revealed, it will contain a lot of information. It will help us lock onto the target.

"Heh heh, if 0-02 uses a method of adding prohibitions, it will definitely restrict itself, as it shares the same attributes as the mirror. This is definitely not its first choice."

At that moment, Roy, Pasha, and the others, who were listening to Klein's recount, suddenly had the feeling that he was a knowledgeable and highly intelligent person.

Could it be that Mr. Magician is a wise man who likes to travel among the commoners in legends? The four Beyonders each made similar but different guesses.

At this moment, the magic mirror in Klein's hand emitted a misty aqueous light.

Amidst the aqueous light, the silver mirror's surface showed the noticeboard.

Two more lines appeared on the bottom of the original piece of paper:

"All law enforcement must be carried out by the Trunsoest Brass Book or the group it authorizes.

"Any private rules can't surpass the official decree."

Trunsoest Brass Book… This is the full name of 0-02? The opportunity is here! Klein's expression turned serious as he entered Cogitation.

He had forced 0-02 to clarify the main law enforcement to obtain more information so as to further understand the situation of the terrifying Sealed Artifact.

And based on Klein's deduction, 0-02 was more or less related to a particular sefirah, just like how he was back when he had yet to become the owner of Sefirah Castle.

Therefore, furthering his understanding of it would inevitably result in reverse corruption, thereby establishing a certain connection.

To a certain extent, the sefirah was equivalent to a Great Old One, Outer Deity, or the Cosmos!

Back then, Klein had used such mysticism knowledge to lock onto the location of Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar. Now, he was using it in the opposite direction.

From his point of view, 0-02 was definitely more corrupted by a sefirah than him. After all, Sealed Artifacts were in a state of having lost control. This was why they needed to be sealed.

Under such circumstances, further understanding of 0-02 would result in corruption.

The reality proved Klein's hypothesis!

And it was also because of this danger that he didn't show the new content presented by Arrodes to the four Beyonders.

In Cogitation, Klein quickly sensed that he had an invisible connection with a certain spot. The indescribable corruption was surging over.

Ding!

At the same time he flicked out a gold coin, he used Sefirah Castle's aura to cut off the connection and isolate the corruption.

Immediately after, a clear image appeared in his mind.

Klein grabbed the gold coin with his left hand. After the glove suddenly turned transparent, he instantly vanished from the room and appeared in a hall filled with bookshelves.

On the side of the hall with floor-to-ceiling windows, there were many long rectangular tables. On one of them was a book bound by thin brass sheets.

I've found you! A smile appeared on Klein's face.

He made use of the brief connection to do a divination. Then, he relied on the attraction between sefirot, to make the "Teleportation" become abnormally precise!

The law of convergence between sefirot would allow Klein to accidentally enter the library and discover the brass book. However, it might've happened two days later, two weeks later, or even two years later. It wouldn't happen in time to stop anything. Furthermore, this was under the prerequisite that 0-02 didn't do any corresponding interference or avoidance measures.

Pa!

The clothes on Klein's back suddenly cracked as blood-red strokes appeared.

This was a punishment for trespassing into a public area.

Whipping!

Thankfully, this crime is very light… And I won't be punished for this crime for the next one or two minutes. The rules will give the trespasser time to withdraw… Klein immediately reached out and grabbed a few times in the void.

He didn't really pull out the figure of the ascetic leader, Arianna. This was because, to a noncommittal "person," a historical projection was a form of fraud. He only used this method to send his location information to the Servant of Concealment.

Due to the same reason, Klein dispersed the glove on his left hand.

During this process, the brass book started flipping and displayed the rules:

"When one's rationality drops to 20% of its original value, there would be signs of losing control…

“…Scholar of Yore has the ability to summon Historical Void projections. The success rate of summoning depends on the familiarity and friendliness of the target…

“…

“…The Trunsoest Brass Book is the most precious item. No living being is permitted to touch it. Those in violation are to be sentenced to death!

“…One is not allowed to change the condition of the Trunsoest Brass Book in any way. Those in violation are to be sentenced to death!

"…”

The rules made Klein's eyelids twitch. He felt his rationality constantly dropping.

This caused the Primordial One's mental brand in his body to become more active.

The first part of the rules is presented in grayish-black, as though it's in a state that can't be changed… This requires 0-02 to awaken further? If it awakens to the extent of changing the rules in front, it'll be very terrifying. It might even reduce the success rate of my summonings, causing Beyonders to show signs of losing control if their rationality falls a little… This, with this we've fixed the problem of this variant of a Seer being too strong? As expected of 0-02. It fully lives up to its serial number…

The text behind is presented in silver… Does this mean that the rules can be altered or enhanced?

I can't touch it. I can't change its state. That also means that I can't take it away, nor can I directly "Conceal" this Sealed Artifact… Perhaps I can use the Staff of the Stars or the Box of the Great Old Ones to directly move this library into the cosmos and let 0-02 face those Outer Deities… But if the Outer Deities were to grasp this Sealed Artifact, the problem might be greater than it is now… Klein hesitated for a moment and didn't risk summoning his Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

The next second, he heard a "smacking" sound.

The figure of Arianna's simple linen robe and tree bark belt was quickly outlined at his side. She was lashed by an invisible whip, leaving behind an obvious bloody mark.

"The first problem has been resolved. Now, we need to consider the second problem. That is how to seal this fellow," Klein said as he made haste.

It wouldn't be long before he would suffer a second punishment.

Arianna shook "Her" head.

"The corresponding information has been destroyed. We can only resolve it through trial and error."

That's a little dangerous… We don't know, but someone definitely knows… Klein's heart stirred as he made his Spirit Body leave his body and enter the spirit world.

Through the invisible barrier created by 0-02, he said to the Church of the God of Combat's chief shepherd, Larrion, who was waiting for the curtain to disappear,

"Perhaps we can make a deal."

"You want the method to seal 0-02?" Larrion turned around and chuckled. "Do you think I'll agree?"

"Actually, I'm very puzzled. Why must you sacrifice yourself for the fallen God of Combat? By joining the Church of Evernight, you can still be an angel, and you can also receive blessings. You can also live for a very long time," Klein didn't directly respond as he said.

Larrion's expression darkened as he said, "A Mythical Creature without any pious faith wouldn't be able to understand me."

…As an evil god, isn't it normal for me to not be devout? Klein couldn't help but mutter inwardly.

This was his humanity.

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CHAPTER 1287
GUIDANCE

Seeing that Klein was momentarily at a loss for words, the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat, Larrion, revealed a solemn expression.

"Furthermore, the fall of a deity is only temporary. 'He' will eventually return and awaken using my body."

"…” Klein frowned slightly when he heard that. He didn't know whether the angel was having mental problems and wasn't far from losing control because of his shaken anchors, or if "He" was too affected by the God of Combat. In a certain sense, "He" had become "His" backup.

Ignoring the Sequence 0 true deities, even Kings of Angels and a number of angels would often not completely die!

"You should know very well that the apocalypse will come in another ten or so years. I believe that the speed of the God of Combat's resurrection won't be fast enough." Klein attempted to awaken him with the cruel reality.

Larrion snorted.

"You will never be able to imagine the power of God."

"He" didn't give Klein the chance to continue his persuasion and revealed a smile.

"In short, I won't make a deal with you. Pray, pray to Evernight. Pray to the deity you believe in to seal 0-02 and save you!

"But all I need to do is wait another thirty to forty seconds before I can leave this place."

Klein looked up at the "curtain" hanging from infinitely high above and didn't say anything else. He made his Spirit Body return to the library where the Trunsoest Brass Book was.

"Do you have any ideas?" he asked without any delay.

Arianna shook her head slightly and asked, "What did Larrion say?"

"'He' told us to pray to the deities to seal 0-02…" As Klein spoke, he was suddenly stunned.

What Larrion said didn't seem to be problematic, but he had inadvertently revealed a very important piece of information.

He believed that deities could seal 0-02, no matter who "They" were!

Then, what does a deity rely on to seal it? By forcefully suppressing it with "Their" Sequence 0 status, or use a might that can destroy the world? Many questions appeared in Klein's mind.

At this moment, Trunsoest Brass Book flipped to a blank page, producing silver words one after another—the language it used was the one on the first Blasphemy Slate. It seemed to be the source of all the languages that were still in use.

In the blink of an eye, the silver words formed into new text:

"The Belltaine City Library is the place where the Trunsoest Brass Book is kept. It is a place that must be heavily protected. Living beings who intrude without the Trunsoest Brass Book's permission will be severely punished."

It's an elevation of the punishment. I might be sentenced to death next… Klein's pupils dilated as he quickly deduced the most likely development.

However, he didn't panic at all. Instead, he smiled and said with sincerity, "My wish is to shrink the size of the Belltaine City Library, so that the spot where Ma'am Arianna and I are is the boundary line."

As soon as he finished speaking, he snapped his fingers and granted his own wish.

As the snapping sound reverberated, the lawn that corresponded to the Belltaine City Library disappeared. The building shrunk and the walls retreated. Soon, only a tenth of its original size was left.

Klein and Arianna subconsciously "arrived" outside the floor-to-ceiling windows. Through the open window, they stared at the Trunsoest Brass Book that remained on the rectangular table.

There was no change in the distance between them and the target. They were still very close, but they were no longer within the confines of being severely punished. However, due to their first violation of the curfew, they were once again whipped by an invisible law enforcer.

After accumulating the wishes of restoring buildings one after another, Klein could create quite a miracle in this aspect!

He didn't make another wish and continued thinking. He analyzed the hidden meaning behind the words of the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat.

No, it shouldn't have been forcefully suppressed using a deity's status and level. Otherwise, my spiritual intuition would've told me the answer long ago. That would've made me activate Sefirah Castle's aura and complete the seal…

From a mysticism point of view, this is understandable. This is because 0-02 is clearly related to a particular sefirah. It's difficult to suppress it by relying on the status and level of a Sequence 0…

By relying on the might of the deities "Themselves"? This might be possible, but there's a high chance that it's not the real method. This is because Larrion knows of a sealing method that can be completed without relying on the deities…

What's special about a Sequence 0 deity? And what methods can an angel use to achieve such a special sealing method?

The most special thing that I can think of at the moment is that a Sequence 0 deity contains a Uniqueness. This is something I can't summon from the Historical Void. It really has the characteristic of being "unique."

But how can an angel indirectly simulate a Uniqueness?

Countless thoughts collided in Klein's mind, producing large amounts of sparks, but he still couldn't figure out the key to the problem.

At this moment, the mercury-colored words on the Trunsoest Brass Book continued to seep out, forming new paragraphs that stipulated that Klein and Arianna were a group of people that needed punishment.

Arianna observed silently for a while before suddenly saying, "I'll try to 'Conceal' the soil beneath the table to make 0-02 fall to the core. Raise your level of alertness to prevent any accidents."

Conceal" the soil… Fall to the core… Klein's heart stirred. He felt that this was a rather good solution.

The Trunsoest Brass Book had only forbidden the touching and changing its condition at present. The environment wasn't equivalent to its condition. In addition, they were only forbidden from entering Belltaine City Library. It didn't mean that Klein and Arianna couldn't exert certain influences on it.

And when 0-02, which hadn't been banned from leaving, passed through the concealed "soil" and fell to the core, it would lose its influence on Belltaine City due to the distance, causing the laws it had set up to fail. That was the

case unless it was awakened further or came to life, allowing a larger region to fall under its jurisdiction.

This way, Klein and Arianna no longer needed to be restricted by the rules. They could seek help from the Evernight Goddess!

However, when Arianna finally thought of a solution and was preparing to carry out the plan, a new law was completely formed:

"The Belltaine City Library the place where the Trunsoest Brass Book is stored. It is a place that must be strictly protected. No living thing or object is to deal any form of damage to it in any way."

Indeed, 0-02 has also noticed this loophole… This loophole… As Klein frowned slightly, he suddenly had an idea of what he had been thinking about.

The Uniqueness of a Sequence 0 deity was indeed unique, but "Their" sealing of 0-02 wasn't directly done by using the authority and power that came from it.

It was very likely that "They" could rely on this trait of a Uniqueness to lure 0-02 into setting up a series of contradictory rules, causing the Sealed Artifact to fall into a paradoxical cycle!

In this aspect, angels, saints, and even ordinary people could accomplish that by themselves. The key was to think of paradox and guide it into establishing it.

As for how to seal 0-02 after it entered a paradoxical cycle and was preparing to fix the loophole, Klein didn't have any clues at the moment, so he needed to make further observations.

How should I create a paradox… All the rules and regulations set up by 0-02 quickly flashed through Klein's mind.

In just a few seconds, he acutely grasped a point where he could create a paradoxical cycle. He quickly turned his head and said to Arianna, "Ma'am, let's not destroy the city library. We will directly 'Conceal' the other parts of the Belltaine, indirectly causing it to lose the necessary support. This place will then collapse on its own; thus, falling into the core."

Arianna didn't immediately do as he said. Instead, "She" turned "Her" head and gave Klein a deep look.

"This will cause the deaths of many civilians."

"We have to make a choice between the lesser of two evils," Klein said seriously.

Arianna didn't respond and fell silent. It was as though "She" was in an intense mental struggle or making the appropriate preparations.

At this moment, the two brass pages that had just written the two articles quickly created more new rules:

"Belltaine is the city where the Trunsoest Brass Book is located, a true Holy Land in all senses of the phrase. No living thing or object is to deal any form of damage to it in any way."

Upon seeing this text, Klein wasn't disappointed. Instead, he smiled.

With a snap, he snapped his fingers, causing scarlet flames to surge out of his pocket and quickly drown him.

In just two to three seconds, a stream of flames descended from the sky. Klein jumped out and carried a person.

That was one of the four Beyonders he had saved previously. He was the Belltaine local, Biles!

"Go in and quickly flip through the brass book," Klein said calmly as he pointed at the 0-02 on the rectangular table.

Biles didn't know exactly what had happened, but he believed that this magical "magician," who had fulfilled two of his wishes, had found a way out of the situation plaguing Belltaine. Thus, after taking a deep breath, he entered the city library through the miniaturized, open floor-to-ceiling windows.

During this process, he didn't receive any severe punishments. In fact, he wasn't even whipped!

Upon seeing this scene, Klein's smile widened.

0-02 had produced a paradox!

Due to Arrodes's existence, the Trunsoest Brass Book could only do a most comprehensive prohibition, preventing any living being or object from dealing any form of damage to it in any way."

As a city, Belltaine's definition didn't just include its terrain and buildings. It definitely included the residents here.

This way, if 0-02 punished a Belltaine citizen like Biles, any damage to him would go against the law it had just issued. If it didn't punish him, it would go against the laws that prohibited him from entering the city library. Hence, the Trunsoest Brass Book had entered a vicious cycle!

Of course, Klein believed that such a paradox would quickly be corrected by appending additional clauses. He only hoped that Biles would be able to flip through the brass book and find clues to sealing it!

"Pay attention to the currently open page. Once an article is about to take shape, immediately come out," Klein instructed as he stared at Biles and 0-02.

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CHAPTER 1288
KEY INTELLIGENCE

Although Biles had witnessed Phil's severed hand, Weber's hanging, and Mr. Magician's palm fused from worms, and also had a certain understanding of the horrifying anomaly brought about by 0-02, his lacking level and experience made him unaware of the true horror behind this matter. He mostly explained it away as a horror tale coming to life.

Therefore, despite feeling afraid, he mustered up his courage and quickly approached the rectangular table under the watch of the magical Magician and Grounded Angel. Of course, him being from the Sailor pathway was partly responsible.

Within two or three steps, Biles had reached a spot where he could touch the brass book.

Without thinking, he reached out his right palm and grabbed the brass pages on 0-02 and quickly flipped them.

During this process, the back of Biles's hand held up the brass page, which hadn't completely been filled, to prevent it from being blocked, so as to allow him, Mr. Magician, and Ma'am Angel to observe the changes on it and react in advance.

Amidst the flipping sounds, this Sailor saw the line that touching the Trunsoest Brass Book would result in the death sentence. He was first alarmed before he was filled with a strong sense of puzzlement about his current state.

However, this didn't affect his action of flipping the pages forward. Klein's eyes reflected the different brass pages, and each page had different rules.

The projections of these brass pages didn't appear by making lines disappear and having new ones substitute them. Instead, they appeared side by side and gradually increased in number.

In the end, Klein's eyes reflected a different number of brass pages in them. They were neatly arranged, one line after another. It was as though he had split the 0-02 into a single page and placed it on a glass platform to bask in the sun.

This was a dream divination technique at the angel level, allowing Klein to reproduce the scenes he had just seen before his very eyes.

With the passage of time, the brass pages in his dark brown eyes began to spin and pinpoint one of them:

“…The Trunsoest Brass Book originates from a Justiciar Uniqueness that had been corrupted by the Nation of Disorder…”

It's exactly as I expected. Since the Trunsoest Brass Book can produce all the low-level rules, the corresponding content must contain a description of itself! This is determined by its essence. Unless it completely awakens or comes alive, and has the sufficient intelligence to know how to selectively hide it… Just as a thought of joy flashed through Klein's mind, he saw a new word in mercury color appear on the unfilled brass page.

This meant that 0-02 had finally diverted a portion of its power from its vicious cycle. It was preparing to add text as a supplementary explanation to fix the flaws.

"Leave!" Without any hesitation, Klein shouted.

Biles strictly obeyed the orders of a high-leveled figure, immediately withdrawing his right hand, turning around, and sprinting out the window.

"Make a move to attack me." Seeing that the Sailor with dual attributes had left the city library, Klein suddenly added.

Biles's heart was filled with puzzlement, but he still raised his right arm and pulled back his shoulder. He put on a stance that looked like he was about to throw a punch at Klein.

At this moment, a new article finally took shape:

"With regards to the rules above, the Trunsoest Brass Book and the group of people it permits have immunity while enforcing the law…"

However, even if this article was successfully published, Biles wouldn't suffer any punishment.

Clearly, the Trunsoest Brass Book wouldn't pursue problems that led to a vicious cycle or unclear definitions. It was just like how it didn't pile crimes on Arrodes after it mended the loopholes in the rules.

By the same logic, Biles, who had truly come into contact with 0-02, didn't suffer any contamination from a sefirah. Before the supplementary clauses were published, Biles was a part of the Belltaine. He couldn't be damaged in any sense, so he couldn't be corrupted. But with the additional clause, he wouldn't be "retroactively" punished for his previous actions.

In fact, after Biles left the city library, he had violated the curfew order as well, but Klein had already noticed a problem. It was that when the Belltaine citizens pursued foreigners while outside, they weren't restricted by the curfew. Therefore, he made Biles attack him in a manner to avoid the corresponding punishment.

Right on the heels of that, he seized the opportunity while 0-02 was fixing the loophole to quickly recall the detailed information regarding the Trunsoest Brass Book.

“…This book possesses a living characteristic, but most of the time, it's at a very low level…

“…The first half of the book displays almost all the underlying rules, while the second half is blank. It needs to be filled in autonomously…

“…Once there are no restrictions, it will naturally set up laws with certain biases for the surrounding areas and strictly enforce it. During this process, it will change and correct the rules based on the feedback.

“…As the law gradually becomes stricter, 'His' living characteristic will deepen… Once a law that can interfere with all aspects takes form, the Trunsoest Brass Book will completely come alive. It will possess true intelligence, and has the ability to modify the first half of the underlying rules to a certain extent… The exact extent that it can reach is as follows…

“…If there are contradictions in the laws that can't be corrected, or if the pages are all filled without being able to form a sufficiently airtight system of rules, the Trunsoest Brass Book will produce a new line at the boundary between the first and second half: 'All the following rules are ineffective.'

“…After this line takes form, the rules in the second half will disappear and the pages will return to a blank slate…

“…After the second half is completely blank, the clause 'All the following rules are ineffective' will be erased, and the Trunsoest Brass Book will repeat its previous actions until there is a set of laws that covers all aspects…

“…The rules that it creates have to be publicized or informed to the masses before having them take effect… When there's no clear rule for a particular action, whether it's against the common knowledge of the surrounding living beings…

“…Trunsoest Brass Book hates distorted and ugly rules. It hates having loopholes found…”

What a detailed description… There should be a method to seal 0-02 in all of this… Klein's thoughts raced as he attempted to find information that he could use from every line of text.

At this moment, the leader of the ascetics, Arianna, whispered, "Think of a way to fill the pages behind 0-02, without making it airtight enough."

That's right! In that case, the Trunsoest Brass Book will declare that all the following rules are ineffective. It'll redo it again. When that happens, its restrictions on the surroundings will temporarily vanish, allowing us to have the chance to touch it, take it away, or directly pray to a deity… But, how should we go about doing this? The Trunsoest Brass Book hates distorted and ugly rules. It hates having loopholes found… Klein's heart stirred as he had an idea.

Without any hesitation, he stretched out his arms, as if he was hugging the air.

In the next second, inside the building whose dimensions had shrunk to one-tenth of the original Belltaine City Library, a hall that was covered with deep-black stone slabs with all kinds of scuffing descended into the real world.

There were eight black stone pillars erected in the hall, and metal poles hung from the high dome. At the bottom were candlesticks carved into different creatures, 41 on the left and 40 on the right.

This was the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire's Hall of Consuls that Klein had seen before. At that time, both consuls were still Sequence 1 Princes of Abolition of the Black Emperor pathway, so this place was filled with distortions. It didn't match the normal circumstances and didn't have any rules of aesthetics.

Apart from that, when Klein summoned this historical scene, he also used his domain's ability to add the details of the Fourth Epoch which he knew. It

made the order that stemmed from the Black Emperor become more and more detailed, as though it was corporeal.

Pa!

His wrists were severed as they landed on the ground. Blood spurted out from the wound, just like an ordinary person.

This was the second time Klein had committed fraud!

The two palms and fresh blood that gushed to the ground quickly separated into transparent maggots and sticky, nearly shapeless liquid.

As the Worms of Spirit convulsed and died, Klein grimaced due to the pain as he made numerous worms crawl out from the stump to form new palms.

At the same time, he tried his best to maintain the scene he had created through multiple summonings, not letting it dissipate.

On the rectangular table, inside the book that had bound brass pages, many new lines of text appeared:

“…All buildings and structures have to follow the golden ratio and principles of symmetry…

“…Strange clothes are not permitted…

“…The following crimes have the death penalty…

"…”

The Trunsoest Brass Book flipped through the pages quickly as it targeted the laws that stemmed from a Black Emperor. The further it went, the faster the new text appeared. There were no more pauses that lasted nearly a minute.

Inside the hall, the candlesticks that fell from the ceiling broke and disappeared. Then, the other parts of the hall experienced various changes, wiping away the original details of the order one by one.

Finally, the hall could no longer be maintained. It collapsed and returned to the Historical Void.

At that moment, the Trunsoest Brass Book had already flipped to the last two pages. It was spread out there without any movement.

With the last page filled with text and no longer able to form a tight system of rules with what 0-02 had previously set, Klein silently exhaled and relaxed a little. He felt that his spirituality was almost depleted.

"Let's wait for an hour at Biles's house." He turned his head and said to Arianna.

If they stayed where they were, they would suffer increasingly severe punishments from breaking the curfew until they were sentenced to death.

As for monitoring the Trunsoest Brass Book, this mission that couldn't allow for mistakes was naturally handed over to Arrodes. Although this magic mirror couldn't directly look at 0-02, it could pay attention to the noticeboard and determine the disappearance progress of the laws on it.

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CHAPTER 1289
FOOLING

After returning to Biles's house, Klein pulled a chair over and sat down without waiting for Roy and company to make inquiries. He made a rather pious wish:

"I wish for my spirituality to be restored."

With that said, he raised his right hand, snapped his fingers, and granted his own wish; thus, allowing his spirituality to return to its normal state.

Right on the heels of that, he extended his left palm, preparing to end the maintenance of the historical projection of the "curtain" before summoning a new one, so as to continue sealing off the spirit world area corresponding to Belltaine City. This prevented the Church of the God of Combat's chief shepherd, Larrion, from escaping.

"There's no need to do so. There's always a next time." At that moment, Arianna slowly shook "Her" head, indicating that Klein no longer needed to summon the "curtain" that originated from the Dark Demonic Wolf.

There was a limit to the power of "Wishes." A Miracle Invoker couldn't satisfy the same wish in a short period of time, which meant that, within the next one or two hours, Klein couldn't recover his spirituality by granting his own wishes.

Of course, to a qualified Seer-pathway angel, this limitation was something that could be avoided. For example, he could get Pasha, Roy, Biles, and Arianna to take turns to wish for Klein to regain his spirituality before granting their wishes as a Miracle Invoker.

However, the problem was that, even if he could recover his spirituality that many times, he wouldn't be able to maintain the "curtain" which was at the level of a Sequence 1 for more than an hour. Furthermore, he needed to wait an hour before 0-02 erased all the previous rules and rewrote them.

After some deliberation, Klein nodded slightly and replied with a smile, "Let's give it a try first. After all, we're rather free right now. I'll give up after my last spirituality recovery attempt. Yes, this will purely depend on the chief shepherd's luck. Perhaps 'He' might lose control because of anxiety, frustration, and nervousness?"

As he spoke, Klein dispelled the maintenance of the original "curtain," and his left hand moved forward immediately after that. He pulled out a new "curtain," allowing it to appear inside the spirit world that corresponded to Belltaine City.

In an area where saturated colors overlapped one another, Larrion, who was wearing a black robe with white edges and a square hat, felt the restriction disappear. Just as "He" was about to make "His" way out, he saw a new "curtain" descend, sealing him off again.

The smile on his face instantly froze.

Phew… A few seconds later, Larrion slowly exhaled and composed "Himself" mentally as he continued to wait.

In the next hour, the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat repeatedly experienced the despair and pain of having "His" hopes extinguished.

"He" attempted to find the pattern and attempt to figure out the time interval so as to grasp the fleeting opportunity. "He" wanted to rush out of the barrier the moment the old "curtain" disappeared and before the new "curtain" was produced.

However, "He" eventually discovered that the intervals didn't follow any pattern. The person stopping "Him" didn't restore the barrier only when his spirituality was about to be depleted. At times, the other party would recreate the barrier far ahead of time.

If it wasn't for the fact that Feysacian citizens weren't forced to change faiths from the God of Combat, and that the decree that Larrion was considered a traitor hadn't been widely spread, this Grounded Angel might've already lost control on the spot.

As time passed, Larrion once again sensed the collapse of the old "curtain."

However, this time, there was no new "curtain."

"He" has finally reached his limit… Larrion was delighted. Without any hesitation, "He" rushed out of the collapsing nascent divine kingdom.

In the next moment, "He" saw a woman holding four blonde, red-eyed heads, dressed in a complicated long dress, an unknown existence that was wrapped in bandages with yellowish-brown liquid covering the entire, and several strange but abnormally powerful spirit world creatures…

The "curtain" that Klein had summoned the previous times were Historical Void projections that had been tainted with Sefirah Castle's aura. It naturally attracted objects sensitive to it. He wouldn't even be surprised if Amon was among the group!

The smile on Larrion's face froze again.

…

Belltaine City, in Biles's rental apartment.

Klein suddenly raised his head and looked up into the sky. He muttered softly, "Impressive…”

Following that, he became silent again until the magic mirror emitted an aqueous light that reflected the noticeboard's current state.

The rules on the paper disappeared in reverse order of their appearance.

This meant that 0-02 was beginning to erase the rules that it had set up, and was preparing to redo everything.

Once the curfew order was abolished, the highly-focused Klein immediately pulled Ma'am Arianna and used Flaming Jump to appear outside the shrunken Belltaine City LIbrary.

As he looked over, he realized that, on the brass pages of 0-02, the speed at which the rules were being wiped clear had become very fast. In just a blink of an eye, the second half of the book was only left with the clause: "All the following rules are ineffective."

Following that, the clause disappeared as a new set of rules rapidly emerged without any gaps:

"The Trunsoest Brass Book is the most precious item. No living being is permitted to touch it…”

Before this clause was completed, Arianna's figure had already appeared beside the rectangular table. "Her" finger touched the brass page.

With a crack, the leader of the Church of Evernight's ascetic had "Her" neck suddenly constricted as though an invisible rope had hoisted "Her" up.

As an angel, "She" had actually suffered bone fractures and had difficulties breathing.

Death by hanging!

However, with Arianna's finger sliding over with some difficulty, the first clause that appeared was "erased" before it was fully displayed. It entered a

"Concealed" state.

As for all the rules set by 0-02, it had to be publicized or announced before it could truly be effective!

With a whoosh, Arianna picked up the Trunsoest Brass Book and threw it to Klein, who was outside the window.

In the previous hour, Klein had already anticipated all the possible developments and had a discussion with Arianna. He was in no way nervous or flustered. While 0-02 was still in midair, he dragged another himself wearing a human-skinned glove out of the void.

Then, he grabbed the Trunsoest Brass Book and used his historical projection to "Teleport" away.

After his figure disappeared from his spot, Arianna landed on the ground with a loud thud, a deep mark left on "Her" neck.

In just a few seconds, Klein, who was holding 0-02, appeared at the top of the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range. He used his Spirit Vision at the level of an angel and saw the collapsed, dilapidated, and fogged palace.

Without any hesitation, Klein allowed his historical projection to take the Trunsoest Brass Book and "Blink" to the main door of the palace before pushing the door open.

What appeared before him was a hall with many corpses hanging from above. Every corpse was different. There were men and women, either dressed beautifully, simply, exquisitely, or casually.

Behind each of these hangers was a transparent and slippery tentacle with complicated patterns. They came from the depths of the hall—from that ancient stone chair.

On the huge stone chair, transparent and distorted maggots were formed into a ball. They grew wantonly and extended out strange tentacles.

This was The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family, who had lost control and gone mad!

Sensing the door open, and sensing Klein's historical projection approach, the cluster of maggots left the stone chair and fiercely flailed their slippery tentacles, causing them to surge towards the door as if they were being affected by an invisible suction force.

Similarly, at the bottom of the stone chair, the tarot card with Roselle's image, which was written with a stellar radiance, flew towards the door.

Just seeing this scene pushed Klein's historical projection towards experiencing a breakdown. Thankfully, he didn't possess any sentience and was remotely controlled by Klein. He didn't suffer the chaotic thoughts and the negative side effects of the mental mutation, nor did he stand motionless and helpless.

Before the historical projection dissipated, it threw the Trunsoest Brass Book at the terrifying cluster of maggots.

The transparent and slippery tentacles sensed danger and instinctively reacted by wrapping around Sealed Artifact 0-02.

Under such interference and the invisible strong winds, The Fool card had reached the door one step ahead of the strange tentacles.

Klein's historical projection had mostly collapsed. Seeing this, he mechanically extended his right hand, grabbed the Card of Blasphemy, and threw it behind him.

In the next instant, the slippery tentacles that were reassembled had reached out to the door, but they were blocked by the fog, unable to exit. All it could do was wildly pound at the barrier.

The open door slowly closed, blocking out this scene.

Klein, who was hiding somewhere on the mountain peak, frowned slightly. He felt a sense of joy and relief, as well as a strong sense of doubt.

In other words, I used 0-02 to exchange for The Fool's card? The Goddess doesn't need me to seek clues regarding the River of Eternal Darkness for the time being? Klein silently muttered to himself. He walked out of the hidden area and arrived not far from the ancient palace. He bent down and picked up the Card of Blasphemy.

On the surface of the card was Roselle Gustav, who was wearing colorful clothes and holding a stick and luggage. His eyes were filled with a longing for the future, and behind him was a puppy.

On the upper left corner of the card, the resplendent stellar radiance outlined a few words:

"Sequence 0: The Fool!"

…

Inside the ancient palace, the Trunsoest Brass Book fell to the ground and opened up to the first page of the second half of the book.

New rules began to form:

“…The Trunsoest Brass Book is the most precious item. No living being is permitted to touch it. Those in violation are to be sentenced to death!

“…One is not allowed to change the condition of the Trunsoest Brass Book in any way. Those in violation are to be sentenced to death!

Just as the two rules just appeared, and before it could "inform" the owner here, a line of words suddenly appeared between the two halves of the book:

"All the following rules are ineffective."

An hour later, the two rules were wiped out, and new rules were written. However, after just two lines, there was an additional clause in front of them—0-02 seemed to have reached a blank slate that happened when the entire book was filled up.

Again and again, the Trunsoest Brass Book fell into an endless cycle.

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CHAPTER 1290
FULFILLING WISHES

Putting away The Fool card, Klein took out Creeping Hunger from the void, equipped it to his left hand, and activated "Teleport."

After returning to the miniaturized city library, he immediately said to the Servant of Concealment, Arianna, "It has been thrown into the abandoned palace on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range."

That was an entrance to the foggy town.

As for how to deal with 0-02 later on, it was the Church of Evernight's problem.

"Alright." Arianna nodded and didn't say anything else. "She" entered a "Concealed" state and vanished, as though "She" had been erased.

"She" didn't thank him, nor mention any payment. It was just like how "She" had never made any requests when "She" helped Klein in the past.

Does Ma'am Arianna know that I've obtained The Fool card? Klein looked around thoughtfully and slowly sighed in the darkness.

Although the supernatural incident had been resolved in less than two hours, there were still quite a number of people who had lost their lives under the strict "rules."

The Belltaine citizens had more or less committed certain mistakes, but the punishments they suffered were far more disproportionate to the crimes they had committed. The most innocent party in the matter were the tourists

who came or passed by Belltaine. They had to face a nightmare simply because they were foreigners.

Klein had tried his best to do some things to protect many outsiders, including Roy and the others, but he was also limited in what he could do due to the restrictions he suffered. There weren't many loopholes that could be made use of, making it impossible to make it seem like none of that had ever happened.

What I need to do next is to mainly provide treatment to the survivors… Klein retracted his gaze and planned on "Teleporting" to Biles's house to deal with the remaining problems.

At that moment, Reinette Tinekerr, who was holding four blonde, red-eyed heads and was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, walked out of the void. One of the heads bit onto a black goat's horn.

"'He'…" "Escaped…" "The spirit world…" The remaining three heads of Miss Messenger said.

"As expected of a former chief shepherd." Klein, who had long sensed it, sighed without any surprise.

Then, he pointed at the black goat's horn.

"Did Larrion leave that behind?"

After Klein received the item, Reinette Tinekerr's head that hadn't spoken earlier said, "Yes."

After encountering the curse of deformity, "He" had still managed to barge out of the encirclement and escape from the spirit world. "He" is indeed powerful… Is this a Sequence 2 angel who's best at fighting head-on? Klein flicked his wrist, causing the black goat horn in his palm to shatter into countless tiny specks of light as it dissipated, dispersing the remnant psyche.

The limbs left behind by a Beyonder after them undergoing a "Transformation" contain a portion of their Beyonder characteristics that couldn't return to the main body.

When the points of light were reassembled from Sequence 9 to Sequence 7, as well as a Sequence 4 Beyonder characteristic, Klein chose the Sequence 8 Pugilist from it and returned the rest to Miss Messenger with a smile.

"These are your spoils. I'll only collect the intelligence fee."

Reinette Tinekerr didn't stand on ceremony. "She" raised one of the blonde, red-eyed heads and had it open its mouth, absorbing the Sequence 9, Sequence 7, and Sequence 4 Warrior Beyonder characteristics.

After watching Miss Messenger leave Belltaine, Klein "Teleported" back to Biles's home and smiled at Roy and company.

"The problem has been resolved. You are no longer foreigners who have to be treated with animosity."

The four Beyonders were just about to respond with heartfelt and relieved smiles when they saw the magical Mr. Magician invite a stranger from the air.

It was an old man with a dark red bow tie. He wore a shirt, vest, formal suit, and blue striped trousers. His hair remained thick despite it being all-white. His aura was warm and elegant.

This was the marionette, Hvin Rambis, whom Klein had once possessed. He planned on using this Manipulator to seal away their memories of 0-02.

Not being corrupted by a sefirah didn't mean that Biles wouldn't encounter terrifying matters when he recollected the matter!

As there was only one relevant period of memory for Biles, and he didn't know the truth of the matter, what Klein needed to do was rather simple.

Therefore, he didn't seek Miss Justice's help. He planned on using his marionette's Historical Void projection to complete it.

"You didn't tell them about what happened in the city library, right?" Klein got Hvin Rambis to walk to his side as he asked Biles.

Biles hurriedly shook his head and said, "I remember your advice."

"Very good. Next, I'll give you some psychological treatment. I'll help you forget all those matters. Otherwise, you'll be targeted by 0-02 and never be able to obtain peace until you die. Believe me, Sealed Artifacts at this level can definitely do something like that—even if it has been taken away," Klein explained his goal frankly.

Biles's lips quivered as he said, "Alright."

He chose to obey and believe.

After inviting Roy, Pasha, and Phil out of this rental apartment, Klein controlled Hvin Rambis to do a series of mental control processes and successfully made Biles forget the brass book he had seen, as well as the contents on it.

After doing this, Klein carefully took out the magic mirror and looked at it.

"Arrodes, are there any other hidden dangers?"

On the surface of the ancient silver mirror, the aqueous light flickered and reflected a line of silver words:

"Great Master, there aren't any latent risks in Belltaine. As for other places in Loen and Feysac, as it involves 0-02 itself, I'm unable to see it clearly.

"Perhaps you can confirm it yourself?"

"Alright." Klein nodded slightly, took out a gold coin, and softly chanted the corresponding divination statement.

With a ping, the gold coin flicked up and tumbled in the air.

During this process, scenes naturally surfaced in Klein's mind. They were chimneys, streets, and cities. They were extremely vague and lacked specific directions.

With a slight frown, he collected his thoughts and reached out to catch the gold coin.

Then, he got Pasha and the others to return to Biles's home. He smiled and said to Roy, "Didn't you wish to obtain the next potion? You can make a wish now."

Roy's eyes revealed surprise and he asked nervously, "I can still make another wish?"

"This is a gift," Klein replied with a smile.

Roy's heart stirred. Without asking any more questions, he seized this opportunity to fulfill his wish of obtaining the next potion.

Klein then threw the Warrior pathway's Sequence 8 Pugilist Beyonder characteristic to him.

"This is essentially a potion, but for safety, I suggest you search for the corresponding formula and find the correct supplementary ingredients."

"Your amazing feats are worthy of praise." Roy expressed his gratitude.

His first potion had, in some sense, been a Warrior Beyonder characteristic that he devoured. As the apocalypse was approaching, along with his relatively low Sequence and good luck, he didn't lose control on the spot. He didn't even have any serious psychological problems.

After that, he gradually came into contact with other Beyonders and came into contact with true mysticism. Only then did he learn how dangerous his actions were, and he didn't dare make a similar attempt again.

Faced with Roy's praise, Klein looked around and smiled.

"Next, follow me out of Belltaine. This doesn't mean that there's still danger here, but I have to make use of this time to fulfill your wishes."

One wish involved Roy hoping that Klein could help them leave the Belltaine, while the other wish involved Pasha's wish to have Klein protect them and allow them to leave Belltaine City alive.

Although these two matters were meaningless under the present situation, to Klein, he had to fulfill the wish even if there was no point in doing it.

I'm just a heartless "wish-granting machine"…Klein lampooned himself as he smiled at Biles and company.

Pasha and the others glanced at each other, not daring to raise any objections. Just like before, they held each other's hands.

Then, Klein brought them to the outskirts of Belltaine with "Teleportation."

"The magic show has come to an end. It's time to say goodbye." Klein took off his hat and bowed. He tried his best to make himself a true wandering magician.

This was a habit of his acting.

Upon seeing this, Pasha blurted out, "Can we know your name?"

Klein smiled and said, "I have too many names. Different people have different names for me. You can call me the 'Miracle Magician,' Merlin Hermes."

"Mr. Hermes, are you a believer of the Evernight Goddess?" Roy asked after some hesitation.

"…" For a moment, Klein didn't know how to answer. He really wanted to say that he once was, but not anymore.

After some consideration, he decided to act as an Attendant of Mysteries in advance.

He immediately restrained his smile and solemnly said, "The one I serve is The Fool, the Lord of the Mysteries, the great ruler above the spirit world.

"If you wish to believe in this mighty existence, or wish to gain more of an understanding, you can go to the Sonia Sea's Rorsted Archipelago. The Lord's missionary, Danitz, is currently preaching there."

Furthermore, the City of Silver definitely has all the potion formulas from the Warrior pathway under Sequence 2… Klein silently added, but he didn't say it out loud.

Roy nodded slightly and said, "It's my first time knowing of such a mighty existence in this world. Your miraculous nature has shown 'His' brilliance."

He didn't directly respond to Mr. Merlin Hermes because he was still hesitant.

Pasha, Biles, and Phil were the same.

Without another word, Klein turned around and left the four Beyonders, before making a detour to Belltaine.

He didn't forget his purpose in alighting at this tiny city. He planned on immediately finding a room to study The Fool card above the gray fog.

…

In a city in Midseashire, at a particular library.

A young law researcher took out a book from the bookshelf and walked to a table by the window and sat down.

As he carefully read through the book, he realized that there was a page of yellowish-brown paper in it.

"What is this?" the young law researcher muttered to himself in confusion and reached out to pull out the paper.

After confirming that it was written in ancient Feysac, the content was rather rare.

“…In the Fourth Epoch, there was a book named the 'Trunsoest Brass Book'…”

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CHAPTER 1291
TWO RITUALS

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein's figure appeared.

At that moment, on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool sat a person shrouded in grayish-white fog.

As Klein returned to Sefirah Castle, this "person" instantly disintegrated, turning into transparent and distorted Worms of Spirit that flew to Klein and entered his body.

Thankfully, the restrictions placed by 0-02 only involved no leaking of secrets or returning. I didn't have my connection with the Worms of Spirit that were guarding Sefirah Castle severed. Otherwise, they would've already lost control and become monsters… Klein sighed inwardly as he sat at the seat belonging to The Fool and picked up The Fool card he had previously sacrificed to himself.

As the Card of Blasphemy had already been activated, there was no need for him to seek out any additional incantations. All he needed to do was inject spirituality into it to see the corresponding changes.

The Fool card quickly transformed into a miniature, illusory book. With Klein's guidance, it kept flipping back until it reached the last two pages.

"Sequence 1: Attendant of Mysteries

"This is an angel who serves the profound mysteries. 'He' has gained initial control of the corresponding domain's authorities. 'He' can summon Spirit Body Threads of objects that originally existed. 'He' can combine many physical objects or abstract concepts together…

"The potion formula is as follows:

"Main ingredients: One Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic.

"Supplementary ingredients: Nine spirit world specialties.

"Advancement ritual: Build a town consisting only of marionettes, and design a trajectory of fate for every marionette. By letting them interact with each other, they would act as a sufficiently real-life painting and create a corresponding area in the spirit world.

"The larger the town, the more the marionettes involved, the more detailed the daily lives are, and the more realistic and extensiveness the different fates are, the better the ritual's effects would be.

"Sequence 0: The Fool.

"This is a true deity. In a sense, 'He' is an embodiment of the corresponding authorities… 'He' is adept at using all kinds of methods to fool all things, showcasing all kinds of fascinating miracles…

"The potion formula is as follows:

"Main ingredients: The Uniqueness of The Fool. Two Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristics apart from one's characteristic.

"Supplementary ingredients: Control at least a quarter of the fog of history.

"Advancement ritual: Fool time, history, or fate once."

As he read, Klein slowly frowned and silently muttered to himself, Compared to the advancement ritual of Attendant of Mysteries, The Fool's ritual is just too abstract… What does it mean to fool time, history, or fate? How does one decide if it's successful?

Controlling at least a quarter of the fog of history is relatively simple for me. On the one hand, I know a lot of ancient secrets and have lit up many historical fragments. On the other hand, I can directly influence the fog of history through Sefirah Castle…

I'll put The Fool's matter aside for now. Currently, my focus is on Attendant of Mysteries. You have to walk one step at a time before running is possible. Uh, of course, some lucky ones can fly directly…

It's very easy to find the nine specialties in the spirit world. Be it to get Miss Messenger to help, or to seek the Seven Light's advice, this isn't a problem… The advancement ritual is very close to the environment around Zaratul and the Antigonus family's ancestor. Furthermore, it matches what the Seven Lights said about having a close connection with the spirit world. I can determine it to be true for now.

With this in mind, Klein took off the topaz pendant wrapped around his left wrist and used divination to confirm the authenticity of the Attendant of Mysteries potion formula.

It wasn't that he didn't believe in Emperor Roselle, but his fellow countryman had likely been influenced by Mr. Door before he created the Cards of Blasphemy. He had gone to the moon and suffered the corruption and contamination of the Mother Goddess of Depravity; thus, resulting in distorted memories.

It was precisely because of this that it was highly possible that Roselle had buried some traps in the key areas of the Cards of Blasphemy in his final days.

In this aspect, Klein had always been cautious and careful.

Speaking of the Primordial Moon's true form, the most powerful Great Old One, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, could it be that the Emperor had unknowingly been tainted based on "Her" title… On the moon, perhaps there

are many younger brothers and sisters that Bernadette has never met before. Of course, it's unlikely that there are gender differences…

The marionettes needed for the Attendant of Mysteries ritual can be obtained from the Forsaken Land of the Gods. The copious number of monsters there is a good thing. Furthermore, I've accumulated quite a few of them previously. As Klein's thoughts wandered, he turned his head to look at the other side of the ancient palace and made the grayish-white fog beside the junk pile dissipate.

As the fog receded, rows of brownish-yellow seats appeared, each of which sat a figure.

Those figures were either giants covered in silver armor, humans with deformed facial features in linen clothes, and large chunks of flesh overgrown with eyes… They sat quietly in their rows of seats, their eyes glazed over and indifferent as they stared in the direction of the long mottled table.

These were all marionettes that Klein had gathered in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Every time he needed to switch location, and it wasn't convenient for him to carry too many with him, he would sacrifice a batch of them above the gray fog.

Of course, this had nothing to do with environmental protection. Instead, it was what had happened to the foggy town and the scene displayed by Zaratul. It made Klein instinctively believe that there was a high chance that a particular ritual would require many marionettes. Therefore, he had always been very frugal in this aspect.

As for why he didn't hang these marionettes up, and had made them sit in rows in a conjured theater as members of the audience, this was because Klein felt that the actions of the Antigonus family's ancestor and Zaratul were a little perverse.

He had tried to imitate and mimic them, but the goal was for acting. Now, he didn't need it anymore.

But how can such a marionette city produce corresponding spirit world information? The spirit world is a gathering of the past, present, and future information, but it doesn't directly include such fake objects…

Generated from what others know? Every living being's actions and words would be reflected in the spirit world in an abstract manner, becoming the source of divination. When their actions, words, and certain intense feelings are clearly built into a marionette city, the city's spirit world projection would appear, turning into a "true" existence…

The interactions involved in this are linked to the more profound secrets of the spirit world… Klein closed The Fool card in thought and played with it.

As he had already reached the angel level, he had a certain understanding regarding the creation of the Cards of Blasphemy.

Back then, not only was Roselle able to draw powers from knowledge, but he could also give actual powers to abstract knowledge!

As for what kind of material the Emperor used to create it, and how he accomplished the effects of anti-divination and anti-prophecy at the level of deities, Klein was unable to figure it out.

After some thought, Klein tried to accommodate The Fool card in his body.

His condition immediately changed. His body was covered with colorful clothes, and there was an extremely gorgeous piece of headwear on his head. His aura was deep and terrifying, but it gave off a comical, ridiculous, ludicrous feeling. It was a condition filled with a strange conflict.

The space attached to Sefirah Castle gently swayed, as though it wanted to surrender to the feet of this indescribable deity.

My level has been enhanced a little. There aren't any substantial changes. After all, I'm already the owner of Sefirah Castle. Heh, it's like I have a fashionable costume that can accentuate my aura… Klein shook his head and said a few self-deprecating words.

At the same time, a transparent and distorted Worm of Spirit crawled out from his body, forming a figure that was identical to him.

After splitting off a Worm of Spirit of "himself" that could respond to prayers at any moment, Klein returned to the real world and strolled around Belltaine City. He used the method of granting wishes to treat the injuries of people, and he learned about the war from them.

…

"Dogsh*t!" Danitz couldn't help but curse when he heard the crew's report. "They actually finished the whale oil? Why didn't you stop them?"

As they passed by the Gargas Archipelago, Danitz and his crew bought a batch of whale oil that hadn't been refined. They planned on bringing it back to Bayam and selling it at a high price. Who would've expected that a portion of it had been "secretly eaten" by the City of Silver's half-giants?

The crew member glanced at the Oracle and whispered, "They don't understand what we're talking about. We don't understand what they're talking about either. Only the shortest one can communicate, but it doesn't mean we can find him at any time. He always Cogitates in places where the sun shines, changing positions every time."

Danitz subconsciously sneered.

"This is what happens to illiterates.

"If you could grasp all sorts of languages like ancient Feysac, Jotun, and Elvish like me, something like that wouldn't have happened.

"Of course, linguistic talent is related to intelligence. You don't have to force yourself."

The crewman carefully looked at Danitz again.

"Oracle, they ate the portion of whale oil you bought."

…Dogsh*t! Danitz's reaction was faster than his thoughts as he rushed towards the cabin.

After a period of chaos, Danitz received compensation with a Sequence 8 Beyonder characteristic. He didn't know if he had profited or suffered a loss. After all, the dirty bodily fluids left on the characteristic made him feel disgusted and nauseous.

By the time the ship returned to peace, City of Generosity, Bayam, was already in front of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team.

Derrick led Liaval, Candice, and the others to the deck and looked at the destination of their "journey."

Although they had passed by many ports, they had never been allowed to alight from the ship. They could only watch from afar. Now, it was finally time for them to step onto the land outside.

Even so, the large number of people, houses, and hardships that they had seen from afar were still unable to conceal their bubbling enthusiasm. They continued to yearn for life in the world of light.

Of course, having been used to the darkness and lightning, they took quite some time before they could get used to the sun outside. If not for the fact that they were Beyonders, they would've suffered permanent damage to their eyes.

As he looked at the docks and the numerous people, the airships that were traveling high in the sky, and the other ships around him while hearing

noises that he could barely understand, Derrick suddenly felt a sense of nervousness. This would be the area where the City of Silver would take up residence in the future.

As he swept his gaze, he suddenly saw a man standing on the coastal lighthouse. He was wearing a long robe embroidered with the symbol of Storm. His hair was dark blue— nearly black—like a clump of seaweed. His face was rough and carved.

As their gazes met, Derrick instantly calmed down and no longer felt uneasy.

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CHAPTER 1292
ENTERING BAYAM FOR THE FIRST TIME

After the huge ship belonging to the Resistance docked, all of the City of Silver citizens changed into round-neck shirts, brown jackets, pantaloons, and dark-colored caps before following Oracle Danitz down the ship. They prepared to pass through the dock to enter the City of Generosity Bayam. Those clothes had been prepared beforehand.

"It's really uncomfortable wearing this. It's not suitable for battle…" As he walked, Liaval moved his limbs and whispered to Elder Derrick.

Derrick nodded slightly and said, "But it's better to hide ourselves and not be too eye-catching. We don't want to become the focus of attention."

Derrick's analysis wasn't a problem at all. After all, they were outsiders and they only numbered twenty-one people. It was best if they didn't attract the attention of others, but he seemed to have forgotten a crucial detail.

"B-but, they're all looking at us…" Candice quickly surveyed the area and whispered.

The workers who were dressed crudely or half-naked at the pier all looked over at the tourists who wore all kinds of getups.

"They're tall…" A Bayam resident with bronze skin and slightly curly hair could not help but sigh.

His height was only around 160. This was the height of all the male commoners in the current colonial era. As for the people of the City of Silver, other than Derrick, who was only slightly over two meters tall, the rest were on average above 2.3 meters. The tallest of them exceeded 2.5 meters.

To have such half-giants walk through the docks amidst the crowd was equally eye-catching no matter what they wore.

"Feysacians?" A Loenese in a top hat and formal suit turned his head to gossip with his companion. "Has the slave trade begun again?"

He believed that the City of Silver entourage were Feysacian slaves that the Rorsted government had bought from the Loen Kingdom. After all, in this world, the only ones he could think of who had such heights in such numbers were the barbarians who claimed to be descendants of giants.

His partner shook his head and frowned.

"It doesn't seem like the case. Most Feysacians have light-blue eyes. Furthermore, even if they are Feysacian, few of them exceed two meters in height. Un-unless these are nobles or high-ranking prisoners of war…"

Although Feysac didn't have a clear rule, in all kinds of industries, especially in the military, there was a phenomenon that one's height determined one's status. Of course, this wasn't the only condition. It was also a combination of family background, nobility, and ranks.

Due to such "traditions," the descendants of Feysacian royalty and the military brass were generally taller than two meters.

This was actually a superficial phenomenon that, at its essence, was an influence of their Beyonder characteristics.

Those who became one of the brass of the Feysac military were either nobles or at least Sequence 5. And for the latter, due to the repeated

influence of the Giant pathway's potions, their height would definitely reach the "standard" height. Those who chose the Red Priest pathway would also have a certain increase in height. However, the signs weren't as obvious in their early stages as those from the Giant pathway, and the total increase in height was only a few centimeters. They had to become a demigod to experience a qualitative change.

For noble descendants, their ancestors were more or less "giants," or had marital alliances with "giants." Regardless of whether they inherited the Beyonder characteristics, the corresponding genes accumulated over generations would definitely allow their normal height to exceed two meters.

Among them, families who were still in control of a portion of the Giant pathway's potion formulas, and those who had a certain heritage, tend to be in the same situation as the residents of the City of Silver.

The royal family in charge of the Red Priest pathway maintained the heights of their descendants through marital alliances.

The residents of the City of Silver, who were being scrutinized by numerous gazes, felt increasingly uneasy. It was as if they had returned to the cursed land where they were being watched by monsters as they walked in the dark.

Derrick was very calm and composed. He looked around and said to the members of the reconnaissance team, "They don't have any ill intentions."

After confirming that Mr. Hanged Man was in this city and how he knew that he had arrived, Derrick no longer felt isolated and helpless.

It wasn't that he didn't trust the messenger that Mr. Fool had appointed, but that he believed that he didn't want to trouble a god as much as possible in his daily life. The best thing to do was resolve problems himself.

And when it came to dealing with his own problems, Derrick was ultimately unfamiliar with the outside world, so he wasn't too confident. At this moment, to have an experienced, trustable, extremely intelligent "native" with a meticulous mind help him would definitely be the best option.

Of course, Derrick also knew that Mr. Hanged Man wouldn't make any contact with him on the surface because he belonged to another faction. He wasn't a believer of Sea God, so if he acted too warmly over matters regarding the City of Silver, he was bound to be suspected.

However, there will always be a proper reason and suitable opportunities to meet… Derrick thought in anticipation.

Amidst his thoughts, he and the members of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team followed Danitz out of the dock and arrived on the streets.

Their vision suddenly broadened as they saw more people than before and heard all sorts of voices.

To the people of the City of Silver, this was even more lively than the grandest "harvest" in their hometown. At a glance, there were countless people dressed in strange clothes with all kinds of unique characteristics. Some were in a hurry, others were strolling leisurely, and some were carrying large pieces of fruit. They used pipes to suck in the liquid, or held food that looked like the delicious pies on the ship, occasionally taking a bite.

Apart from these, horse-like creatures that pulled carriages producing tinkling sounds, the metallic objects that moved extremely fast, and the smell of the various spices that filled the streets made people of the City of Silver feel like they had come to another world.

And to them, this was indeed another world.

Even though they were a little fearful and uneasy, and were not too used to such a scene, everyone could clearly feel the vibrancy of this scene.

This was like the sunlight in one's soul, reflecting the sun in the sky.

This is the place where we will live, battle, and reproduce in the future? Derrick, Liaval, Candice, and the others subconsciously had similar thoughts. They felt a little uneasy but didn't reject any of it.

Danitz looked at their faces which had been stunned silly by Bayam's bustling scene in satisfaction as he inwardly muttered, This is only Bayam. If you were to go to Trier and Backlund, are you going to kneel down and kiss the ground?

This world-famous pirate controlled his urge to mock them, as he was now Mr. Fool's messenger. He couldn't ruin the image of a deity.

After leading the City of Silver people to a rather luxurious hotel, Danitz gestured for the crew to handle the check-in as he spoke in fluent Jotun to his guests:

"It's getting dark. We'll stay here for one night and leave the city tomorrow.

"The place where you will build your city has been arranged. It's on the other side of the forest. There's a natural harbor and a few roads that lead to Bayam. Heh, roads to this city. After that, we'll expand the main road and build a railway that leads to your city."

Railway… Derrick, who had studied during the Tarot Gathering, knew what it meant. He nodded gratefully and inwardly praised Mr. Fool once again.

Danitz continued,

"We've already helped you level the area, and left the space needed for some basic facilities such as water pipes and gas pipes. When you begin building houses, we'll send a team over to help with the matters.

"Also, the corresponding construction materials and temporary tents have been prepared for you. Thank Mr. Fool. Uh, there's also the help of the Church of the Lord of Storms in this matter. Otherwise, we wouldn't have been able to purchase so much material. However, they mainly did so to earn additional funds."

The Rorsted new government hadn't been established for long, and its connections with the outside world weren't comprehensive enough. What they didn't expect was that the Church of the Lord of Storms had taken the initiative to provide help on the City of Silver's matter.

Water pipes… Gas pipes… Derrick gradually couldn't understand what was being said, but he still put on a pensive expression.

There were a few times when Danitz nearly said the word "dogsh*t" in passing. Without speaking another word, he introduced the hotel:

"This is a hotel that Feysacians like to live in at Bayam the most. The ceiling might be a little too low for you, but it won't be low enough to hit your heads."

With that said, Danitz smiled.

"At the end of this street is Red Theater…”

He revealed a smile that all men understood.

However, the people of the City of Silver didn't understand.

Seriously, the Emperor said that the most ancient human occupation is the selling of their bodies. They actually don't know what I'm talking about… The corners of Danitz's mouth twitched as he gave up on the topic.

After his second and third mates were done with the check-in, he led the entourage up to the second floor and assigned them their rooms.

After doing this, he took out a stack of cards that he had long written, and he distributed them to the members of the City of Silver, who were scouting the area.

"Every card has a few words in the local language and the corresponding word in Jotun. If you need any services or food, you can ring the bell here. When the attendant comes over, show him the card. Of course, they might not be able to understand it, but they will definitely seek help from people who understand it."

This was a simple and easy method to understand. The people of the City of Silver easily grasped how to use the cards, secretly excited that they could finally communicate with the people here.

Following that, Danitz demonstrated how to switch on the water and how to use the toilet, and how to light up the gas wall lamps. It made Derrick, Liaval, and Candice feel like they had arrived at a divine kingdom.

All it took to have water flow was to press a switch. A button was enough to wash away their excrement without leaving any stains. There was a lantern that kept emitting light once it was ignited. These were all things that they didn't dare to imagine in the past.

And these things would become part of their new lives.

By the time the City of Silver's members had gotten used to the hotel, the sky had completely darkened. Night had begun to rule the city.

Although Derrick and company had long confirmed that there was no danger of monsters attacking in the dark in the outside world, they were still instinctively afraid. Therefore, they would either emit light themselves or light up the gas wall lamps.

At that moment, they saw gas lamps lighting up one after another on the streets, the houses—both near and far—outside the glass windows. These lights dispersed the darkness in their respective areas.

In the eyes of the people of the City of Silver, the bright and dim lights were like the galaxy landing on the ground at night.

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CHAPTER 1293
DEVIL'S OIL PAINTING

In a warehouse that was being rebuilt in Pritz Harbor.

Fors met her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, once again a few days later.

"Are you ready?" Dorian asked in a low voice.

Back when they met, he had already informed Fors of the ritual requirement of the Apprentice pathway's Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer, so that she could make advanced preparations.

"More or less… I should be able to satisfy the requirements…" Fors replied without much confidence.

The advancement ritual of a Secrets Sorcerer was relatively simple, but in this case, "simple" was the antonym for "complex," and not "difficult." To Fors, she wished that it was something else.

The ritual required the candidate to seal a demigod-level creature with clear animosity. The less external help one received, the better the ritual's effects. As for the target's level, as long as it wasn't lower than a demigod, it was fine. It had virtually no effect on the ritual.

Upon hearing that, Dorian nodded and said, "That should be fine. That ritual is really difficult for a Sequence 5 Beyonder to complete it on their own. It's necessary to seek help at appropriate times, but you mustn't go overboard, such as exceeding the corresponding limitations. Otherwise, the ritual will definitely fail."

The suggestion he had previously provided to Fors was to borrow a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. It would be best if she didn't even hire a saint-level helper.

Fors said vaguely, "I only plan on making a wish to Mr. Fool to increase the success rate of advancement after consuming the potion. This is closer to obtaining good luck when consuming the potion, rather than being blessed and protected while sealing the demigod creature.

"Other than that, I'll be using the painting that you mentioned."

The painting wasn't a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the Scroll of God, but the Abraham family's Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. It was called "Devil's Oil Painting."

In the Fourth Epoch, when many members of the Abraham family had advanced to Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer, they had created the oil painting to seal the corresponding demigod-level creatures.

However, after being attacked by the Aurora Order and losing a lot of documents, Dorian Gray wasn't sure how many terrifying creatures were sealed in the Devil's Oil Painting. He was only certain that there was definitely more than one sealed inside.

His original plan was to release a demigod-level creature that was completely insane from the Devil's Oil Painting, one that acted purely out of instinct. This could then be his student's ritual target. This made it much easier than dealing with a rational and intelligent saint. Furthermore, it was completely in line with the ritual's requirements, but he never expected Fors to directly borrow the Devil's Oil Painting.

Dorian frowned and reminded her, "The Devil's Oil Painting only has the effect of imprisonment and sealing. It doesn't have the ability to actively affect the target. In other words, you have to stuff a demigod-level creature into the Devil's Oil Painting."

Fors nodded, indicating that she knew this.

"Teacher, you mentioned that one's 'Record' ability isn't considered external help."

"Yes," Dorian Gray gave a definite answer.

If her "Record" powers were considered external help, almost no Traveler could advance. After all, "Record" was the core ability of the Apprentice pathway before they became demigods. Once it was "excluded," Fors would be left only with the means to flee, making it difficult for her to do anything to her enemies.

"In theory, that's the case. However, you can only record at most five demigod-level powers…" Dorian said worriedly.

Before he finished his sentence, he thought of Mr. Fool and "His" Blessed and felt a little more at ease.

"If the powers are matched well, it isn't impossible for me to succeed. It's just a mad creature that's acting on instinct." Fors tried convincing both her teacher and herself.

Dorian nodded indiscernibly and didn't say anything else. He immediately summoned his contracted creature, Malmouth, who loved music, and took out the Secrets Sorcerer main and supplementary ingredients. He then concocted a bottle of Secrets Sorcerer potion for his student.

"If there's no way to complete the seal, there's no need to forcefully consume it. Even if the potion and glass bottle fuses together and turns into a Sealed Artifact, we can also pray to Mr. Fool to restore it to a Beyonder characteristic." Dorian continued to warn her worriedly before handing the potion to Fors.

Inside the glass bottle were layers of stellar radiance, as though the Milky Way in the sky had been sucked into the potion.

"Alright." Fors nodded heavily, indicating that she wasn't worried that the potion would be wasted.

She had made plans ahead of time. She would immediately "Teleport" away once she realized she couldn't seal the released demigod-level creature before making a wish to Mr. Fool and getting him to resolve it.

Dorian then took out an oil painting from his suitcase, which was filled with abstract images. It was an image that no one could understand. Just looking at it would make one feel dizzy and mentally weak.

This was the Devil's Oil Painting that had sealed countless terrifying creatures.

"If you can successfully advance, I only have one request." Dorian held the Devil's Oil Painting and said solemnly to Fors, "That is, on the night of the full moon, listen to what Mr. Door is saying and ask 'Him' the reasons for 'His' actions."

The members of the Abraham family still couldn't fully accept that the curse they had suffered from had stemmed from their ancestor. They felt that Mr. Door might not know the consequences of "His" plea for help.

They wished to figure out the full truth.

"Alright." Faced with her teacher's sincere request, Fors agreed without any hesitation.

Following that, she took the Devil's Oil Painting, "Teleported" out of Pritz Harbor, and came to a vast desert where no humans lived.

This way, even if an accident happened during the ritual, she had plenty of time to resolve it and not affect ordinary people.

After checking the surroundings and preparing herself, Fors inserted the Devil's Oil Painting into the ground.

She then clasped her hands together and bowed her head to pray to Mr. Fool. She wished that "He" could increase her chances of advancing after consuming the potion.

Without any pause, she saw the illusory grayish-white fog and knew that Mr. Fool had already responded.

After stalling for a few seconds, Fors finally convinced herself. She took out the herbal powder she had prepared, and she scattered it on the Devil's Oil Painting.

Then, she recited the incantation to release the seal in Jotun.

This was an incantation that only released one creature.

Without a sound, the powder that was floating in the air landed on the oil painting and rapidly spun around a central point.

As it spun, the surface of the oil painting turned illusory as if a deep vortex was forming.

Suddenly, a bluish-black hand emerged from the "vortex," one that showed signs of decay.

It stretched out from the oil painting to the outside world!

Fors's body suddenly turned cold as though she had fallen into a frozen lake.

While clearing up her mind, it also made her seem to lose control of her body. No matter how hard she tried, she was unable to move her limbs.

At that moment, Fors seemed to return to her past state of writing books at night and sleeping during the day. At that time, she often felt that she had woken up, but she couldn't move at all. It was as though she was being pressed down by an invisible creature.

Although the terrifying creature in the Devil's Oil Painting had yet to fully escape, its influence on the outside world with its godhood made Fors lose most of her ability to resist. Once it fully escapes from the oil painting, Fors would even lose control merely from looking at it directly.

The difference between the two in their lives' natural order was unimaginable in certain aspects.

Gradually, Fors's consciousness blurred a little, having a nagging feeling that she was already lucid. She raised her arm and moved her feet, but on second thought, she realized that it was only her imagination. As her body turned colder, the feeling of being pressed down by an invisible creature became more obvious.

Fortunately, she had a bunch of demigods providing her information, allowing her to close her eyes in time. She didn't look at the Devil's Oil Painting; otherwise, the consequences would be dire.

Using Cogitation to maintain a certain level of clarity, Fors began counting down.

According to Mr. World's warning, she knew that the terrifying creature would need five seconds to completely escape the Devil's Oil Painting.

4… 3… 2… With just one second left, an illusory book appeared in Fors's eyes. It quickly flipped and stopped on one page.

1! Just as Fors finished counting, she suddenly spread open her arms.

Around her, peach blossoms fell in a colorful resplendence.

The bluish-black hand that was about to grab her neck moved away from her and was blocked by the peach forest that was blooming with vegetation and flowers. It was separated by a mountain that was the forest's river source, making it only possible for it to enter through a small cave.

This was a fairytale magic Fors had "Recorded" from Ma'am Hermit. It was called:

Peach Blossom Source!

It could create an isolation barrier from the outside world, making it very difficult for the outside world to connect to it.

Seizing this opportunity, Fors, who barely managed to regain control of her body, took out a "Queen" chess piece from Roselle's chess from a pocket and threw it at the source of the peach blossom scene, throwing it at the cave that penetrated through the flowing river.

This was another fairytale magic she had "Recorded," called:

The Chessboard of Time!

Its effect was to slow the target's movements, as though it had entered a region in which time flowed slower.

With a smack, the actions of the bluish-black palm that was trying hard to break through the Peach Blossom Source changed from extending outwards to squirming.

Fors didn't even look at the effects. She used an invisible hand to pick up the Devil's Oil Painting that was stuck in the sand, and she held it right up to the cave.

After one or two seconds, the bluish-black palm returned to normal. Its movements became extremely fast as it charged out of the Peach Blossom Source and crashed into the oil painting.

As the oil painting shook, the terrifying creature penetrated the surface and landed in it.

Fors was delighted. Without any hesitation, she recited the incantation and closed the outer seal of the Devil's Oil Painting.

Thankfully, that demigod creature has already lost control. It's left with nothing but madness and lacks intelligence… I wonder if I will directly hear Mr. Door's shouts after consuming the potion… Still nervous, Fors took out the Secrets Sorcerer potion bottle and poured it into her mouth.

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CHAPTER 1294
CONVERSATION

If that demigod creature didn't slam into the Devil's Oil Painting on its own accord, I'd have to summon Mr. World's Historical Void projection… Uh, I wonder if that can be considered as directly hiring a helper at the angel level… As Fors pondered, she drank the potion.

To her, the potion was like icy water that could hurt someone due to the extreme temperature. All her senses vanished in the areas that it passed, leaving only her still thoughts.

It was inevitable that a person would hallucinate in extreme cold temperatures. In Fors's vision, a night sky instantly appeared. It was dotted with countless stars that weaved together to form a dream-like river.

Fors's body began reflecting bits of stellar radiance as if they came from her own body.

The tiny bits of pure stellar radiance formed an invisible connection with the different stars in the night sky. As the light shimmered, they twisted and squirmed as insect-like creatures crawled out of Fors's body. They wanted to seek refuge in the Milky Way formed by an array of embedded diamond shards.

Each of them carried a portion of their own flesh and consciousness, as though they were uncontrollable avatars.

Fors's thoughts quickly turned chaotic, and she fell into confusion. She almost couldn't control the urge to separate herself.

At that moment, she sensed an illusory object.

It was the seal that she had completed using the Devil's Oil Painting. It was projected into the mysterious world created by the potion, forming an abstract, blurry mark.

Fors didn't think further as she instinctively extended a portion of her consciousness along with her spirituality, and intertwined with the abstract symbol.

The mark wasn't exactly harmonious with her, as if it wasn't part of her, but it managed to barely merge with her.

Suddenly, in Fors's mind, the abstract symbol became rather clear. It consisted of a "door" that was layered with mysterious symbols.

This door hid Fors behind it, allowing her to isolate herself from the surrounding cosmos.

At the same time, on the other side of the "door," the sealed creature seemed to sense the aura of an enemy. Using its own godhood, it wildly corroded the illusory door. It happened to be able to reduce the influence the cosmos had on Fors.

After maintaining it for more than ten seconds, the resplendent Milky Way's night sky slowly faded away. The stellar radiance then returned to Fors's body fused with her.

At this moment, a deep darkness appeared in front of Fors. Deep in the darkness was a perpetual storm and occasionally flashing lightning.

The next second, Fors heard a familiar voice. It stabbed into her head like steel nails stirring her brain matter.

Fors grimaced immediately. If she hadn't experienced such things over and over in the past, and had some level of resistance, as well as the fact that

she was at the saint level, she would have likely lost control.

Of course, there had to be some influence of "good luck" here.

After a few seconds, she finally managed to calm herself down and hear what the voice was shouting by using Cogitation.

It was calling for help!

It wasn't Jotun, Elvish or ancient Hermes. Instead, it was a language that Fors had never come into contact with before. However, she could understand it the moment she heard it. She felt like it was the true source of many languages.

Mr. Door would crazily shout for help every full moon. How disgraceful of a King of Angels… However, even if "He" is seeking help, it's still a terrifying thing that I can't withstand… Fors lampooned silently. She was considering if she should pretend not to hear it and wait until she had converged her spirituality and grasped the Beyonder powers of a Secrets Sorcerer before conversing with Mr. Door during the next full moon, or to do it now.

Suddenly, the shouts from afar stopped and the surroundings became deathly silent.

After two to three seconds, a wispy voice that could pierce through Spirit Bodies entered Fors's mind.

"You used the Beyonder characteristics of the Abraham family."

This sentence was said in a flat manner without any rise or fall, but it made the blood vessels on Fors's forehead throb. Her eyes turned bloodshot as her body turned resplendent.

She almost lost control of herself.

"Who are you?" Fors composed herself and asked deliberately.

The voice that seemed to lure her into losing control said in a low smiling voice, "You can call me Mr. Door.

"You should be familiar with me."

The King of Angels from the Fourth Epoch directly pointed out that Fors had a certain connection with "Him." She could hear the full moon ravings.

…I'm going to write you into a novel! Fors secretly gritted her teeth and asked, "Honorable Mr. Door, are you the ancestor of the Abraham family, Your Excellency Bethel?"

The voice that had crossed countless barriers returned to its flatness.

"Yes."

"Then, do you know that your cry for 'help' has caused the entire Abraham family to be trapped in a curse that has lasted for more than a thousand years? It's basically impossible for anyone to become a Traveler or even a Scribe? They often lose control during advancements or the night of the full moon." Fors felt that she couldn't speak to Mr. Door for a long time; otherwise, her inclination towards losing control would be irreversible. She directly posed the question that the Abrahams were most concerned about.

Mr. Door fell silent for two seconds before saying, "They no longer have Secrets Sorcerer or demigods?"

"There aren't any after the War of the Four Emperors. And the curse you brought has made it impossible for them to advance to a demigod. If you can stop crying for help for ten years, a new Abraham demigod might be born. This will greatly aid in your escape," Fors sincerely suggested.

Mr. Door sighed and said, "I have been exiled to an eternal darkness, and suffer the blockage of a perpetual storm. I have no way to know what's

happening in the real world, nor did I expect that there isn't a single demigod left in the entire Abraham family."

Lies… The one who calmly made this conclusion wasn't Fors, but rather Klein, who had accommodated The Fool's card as he held the Staff of the Stars while sitting in Sefirah Castle. He had been closely monitoring the corresponding crimson star.

He remembered that the Emperor had mentioned in his diary that Mr. Door had a certain understanding of reality. "He" seemed to be able to use the changes brought about by the full moon to see the situation outside the seal.

After sighing, Mr. Door continued, "Besides, I can't control the cries for help during the full moon."

"Why?" Fors asked in surprise.

Mr. Door said in an ethereal voice, "You're already a demigod, so you should know very well that the higher the Sequence, the greater the threat of going mad.

"An ordinary angel, even those who can walk the land freely and do what they like, without needing to engage in any additional battles, could also be gradually influenced by the Beyonder characteristics and become less like themselves. They might even enter a half-crazy state. I'm a King of Angels who has been exiled and sealed for more than a thousand years, and I don't even have someone to communicate with. My not going crazy means that I'm sufficiently powerful and lucky.

"On each full moon, the madness in me will be strengthened. I can't control it and can only constantly call for help."

So that's how it is… If I were locked up like this, I might've gone crazy in a few months… Uh, if I'm provided alcohol, newspapers, magazines, all kinds of books, and various delicacies, I can last a year—no, half a year…

Fors nodded in enlightenment and asked in a perfunctory manner, "Is there anything I can do for you? How can the Abrahams dispel the curse?"

Mr. Door fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "Set up a ritual and help me escape. That way, the curse will cease to exist.

"There are two rituals that can be used. One is to sacrifice three demigods that are respectively from the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathway… The other is to extract the blood of at least ninety-nine Beyonders from the Abraham family. Use it to draw such a symbol…"

"…I'll tell them," Fors immediately replied.

At the same time, she added inwardly, That's if Mr. Fool permits it.

Mr. Door laughed and said, "If I can escape because of this, I will help you become an angel…"

"His" voice became more ethereal and weaker, as though "He" was slowly returning to "His" original state as Fors advancement came to an end.

About two to three seconds later, Fors couldn't hear the sounds that slowly pushed her onto the path of losing control. The deep darkness and horrifying storms in front of her also vanished.

However, before the scene completely faded away, Fors could vaguely see that, on a vast land formed from dark red rocks, there was an ancient building that resembled a pyramid erected there. Behind the building was a deep darkness and twinkling stars. It was completely different from the cosmos that she had seen as an Astrologer on the ground.

What's this? Fors shook her head and controlled her scattered thoughts as she began to carefully rein her spirituality back.

After getting accustomed to the state of a Secrets Sorcerer, she immediately took on a praying posture and reported her previous experiences to Mr. Fool

without missing anything.

After doing this, Fors put away the Devil's Oil Painting, "Teleported" back to Pritz Harbor, and met her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, who was waiting in the warehouse.

Seeing that his student was safe and sound, Dorian heaved a sigh of relief and said in a pious manner, "Thanks to Mr. Fool for 'His' blessings."

He had finally taught a Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer who didn't show signs of betrayal.

Due to Mr. Fool's lack of response, Fors didn't inform her teacher of her conversation with Mr. Door. She planned on waiting until the next full moon.

She also relaxed and smiled.

"Apart from thanking Mr. Fool, I have to thank you, Teacher."

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein didn't have any doubts about Mr. Door calling "Himself" half-crazy. He only felt that there had to be more secrets hidden in the matter. For example, why did Mr. Door keep enticing Emperor Roselle to visit the moon? It was a place that was occupied by an Outer Deity.

After some thought, he took out the Scarlet Lunar Corona and Master Key from the fog of history. He planned on creating a full moon environment and listening to Mr. Door's shouting.

The effects of the combination had long been confirmed. Klein quickly heard the voice that seemed to pierce through his Spirit Body.

The content of the shouting was:

"Don't save me… Don't save me…”

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CHAPTER 1295
THE AFTERMATH FROM THE WAR'S FRONTLINES

"Don't save me… Don't save me…”

Being located in Sefirah Castle and having accommodated The Fool's card, Klein already had the status of a King of Angels. He no longer suffered any direct corruption from Mr. Door's cries, but the contents of the cries made his scalp tingle. His pupils dilated, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of horror surging in his heart.

He originally believed that Mr. Door was constantly shouting for help, but what he heard now was:

"Don't save me!"

Amidst Klein's silence, the weak, wispy voice pierced through his Spirit Body like needles. After shouting for more than ten seconds, it suddenly changed.

"Help me… Help me…”

This time, there was a certain change in the language used.

"…” Klein expressionlessly leaned back into his chair and listened for nearly ten seconds.

Following that, he removed his control over the Master Key and the Scarlet Lunar Corona's Historical Void projection, allowing the atmosphere of the

space above the gray fog to completely return to silence.

Phew… He exhaled as he tapped the edge of the long mottled table out of habit and muttered to himself, Mr. Door is indeed half-mad, but the mad part isn't the "Him" who is desperately screaming, but the "Him" who appears calm, the one that's able to communicate with people rationally… The latter can influence the former to a certain extent, distorting the contents of "His" shouts?

When Mr. Door is lucid, "He" actually shouts "don't save me"…To a King of Angels who had been imprisoned for more than a thousand years, this definitely isn't a normal reaction. Unless "He" feels that "He" will bring a disaster that "He" doesn't wish to see upon returning to reality… A King of Angels that has completely lost control?

Together with Mr. Door's communication with the Emperor, and how "He" had been constantly enticing him to visit the moon which is occupied by an Outer Deity. There is another possibility to this matter:

Mr. Door, who was exiled, lost the protection left behind by the original Creator. "He" encountered the corruption of a particular Outer Deity and lost most of "His" rationality. "His" condition is only slightly better than the Chained God…

The Apprentice pathway can wander the cosmos at Sequence 3. Mr. Door's honorific name also includes the title of "Guide of the endless cosmos"… Does this mean that before this King of Angels was exiled, "He" might have already made contact with Outer Deities and came under some influence?

Yes, what does Miss Magician's final glimpse of the crimson land, pyramid-like buildings, and cosmos in a different area represent? This doesn't seem like it's in the current solar system, but it's a little different from the mausoleum that a Black Emperor needs… It's the lair of some Outer Deity who affected Mr. Door; or should I say that when Mr. Door became a Planeswalker and left legends behind on other planets with living beings, this is one of "His" anchor points? It's highly likely the latter, because when

Miss Magician saw this scene, she didn't encounter any corruption from the cosmos…

The more Klein thought about it, the heavier his heart became. This was because it was possible that this was a reflection of how the apocalypse would dawn.

The apocalypse was definitely not something that wouldn't happen by not thinking about it or pretending not to know!

It's no wonder Yellow Light Venithan had prophesied that the day when the curse is removed is the beginning of the true disaster for the Abrahams… Mr. Door keeps calling for help, causing the Abraham family to be unable to produce another demigod. Perhaps it's a certain form of protection… Although this will make the Abraham family lose their status and most precious items, making them mediocre, it can at least save their bloodline… Heh heh, in the prophecy, the solution to resolving the curse is in the hands of an Apprentice who has obtained the help of a secret existence… Klein chuckled softly and had an idea about the response to give Miss Magician.

He planned on getting Fors to give a half-truth when informing her teacher.

Firstly, it was to emphasize that Mr. Door was already half-crazy and extremely dangerous. Even communicating with "Him" implied tremendous risks. Secondly, it was to not mention the second ritual for the curse removal. All she would say was about the sacrificing of a Seer, a Marauder, and an Apprentice demigod.

With the first point, the Abrahams could understand why their ancestor was insistent on calling for help. This was because "He" had already lost "His" mind and could do all sorts of terrifying things.

This could effectively eliminate the anxiety of the Abrahams, preventing them from helping Mr. Door escape, and allowing them to quickly start believing in The Fool.

The second point was to dispel the small number of extreme Abrahams who wanted to try their luck. This was because they lacked the ability to complete such a ritual.

At the same time, informing the Abrahams of the ritual increased the trust they had in Fors.

Ignoring the small number of Secrets Sorcerers available, those who can become Bizarro Sorcerers are definitely very difficult to capture. Furthermore, most of them are concentrated in the Secret Order. To deal with them is to provoke Zaratul. Even if the Abrahams have a demigod, and can use a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact for a short period of time, it's impossible for them to complete the ritual so easily. Yes, dealing with a Parasite is the most dangerous. If they aren't careful, they might end up targeting Amon's avatar. When that happens, it will be equivalent to serving Amon desserts…

Also, I'll use The World's Gehrman Sparrow in the future to remind Miss Magician to keep her guard up against the Abraham family's extremists… Klein thought for a moment before replying Fors's prayer.

…

After returning from the fog of history to the real world, Klein boarded a steam locomotive and arrived at the capital of Midseashire. In the past, it was the second-largest city in Loen, and also the frontline of the recent war, Constant City.

…The damage suffered here is very serious… After getting off the train and leaving the platform, Klein stood up high and looked at the industrial city.

Although it was his first time here, he had seen all sorts of pictures of Constant in newspapers and magazines.

Those photos were all black and white, and they recorded the various aspects of this city.

Among them, there were three points that left a deep impression on Klein:

Firstly, it was filled with chimneys and tall blast furnaces. It was as though it was a man-made forest. It gave a striking visual impact, one that was more representative of industry than Backlund.

Secondly, the majority of the buildings used concrete and steel. They were more densely built than their counterparts in Backlund.

Thirdly, there were many places that were stained with coal ashes, including the bodies of humans, but the air quality was better than Backlund because the sea breeze was strong.

And now, the towering blast furnaces, chimneys, and tall buildings had become rather sparse. All that was left was a pile of ruins.

However, in comparison, the damage dealt to the factory district was lesser than the residential areas. This was because there were many steel and military factories that were equally important to Feysac.

The death toll here is definitely more than 100,000… Klein sighed inwardly. He carried his luggage and walked down the stairs to the steam locomotive station and entered Constant City.

On the way to the hotel, he continued his acting as a Miracle Invoker and randomly chose a young, burly man in his thirties.

"I'm a wandering magician. My best magic trick is to grant anyone's wishes. Do you want to try it?" The previously thin-skinned Klein was now able to strike up a conversation naturally.

The burly man glanced at him and waved his hand impatiently.

"Can you let my father, mother, two brothers, and a child be revived?"

With that said, he didn't wait for the magician to respond as he walked towards the nearest public carriage station in a slightly irritable manner. He struck his left chest with his right fist.

Klein stood where he was and maintained the smile on his lips as he quietly watched the man leave.

He recalled a magazine he had read on a steam locomotive. It contained several pages of images reflecting the current state of each cemetery in Constant City.

The tombstones were similar to the original chimneys and blast furnaces. The racks that held up urns of ashes resembled tall buildings that had collapsed…

The entirety of Constant City seemed to be buried in a cemetery.

Retracting his smile, Klein walked around the already dried-up fountain and walked to a nearby inn.

Along the way, he heard many pedestrians discussing haunted places and the places with terrifying monsters.

"When I was passing by the Maris River, I heard a lot of people crying in the water. I didn't dare to look and ran back into the city like the wind…”

"That's nothing. I saw something even scarier on 9 Hyacinth Street! There was a face plastered on the window there! A very pale face!"

"A few passersby disappeared behind my house, and the blood continued all the way to the nearest ruin, but the police couldn't find the bodies…”

"How terrifying. May the Goddess bless us!"

"Holy Lord of Storms. Let these ghosts and monsters stay away from us."

"By the way, City Hall has posted an announcement that we are to report it to the police the moment such things are discovered."

From the looks of it, the meatgrinder-like war made it impossible to placate many corpses, allowing them to turn into ghosts. Phew, most of the time, some of the dead might not even have their bodies left intact… Yes, there are definitely many Beyonders who lost control due to a mental breakdown or from losing their limbs… Also, most of those who didn't consume the potion according to the normal procedures also easily lose control… The Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers will definitely clear up these matters, but at least in Constant City, people might have encountered plenty of Beyonder matters for quite a long period of time. After all, some ghosts and monsters are good at evasion and hiding. They are innately very cunning… Klein walked straight and gained a new understanding of Constant's situation.

Here, encountering supernatural events was no longer a coincidence. Instead, it was a daily occurrence with a certain probability.

At this moment, Klein saw a group of Nighthawks wearing red gloves and black trench coats walk across the crossroad ahead of him. However, he didn't recognize any of them.

Indeed, the Cathedral of Serenity has sent the Red Gloves team to help… Uh, what's happening nearby? Klein nodded indiscernibly and, following his spiritual intuition, cast his gaze to a particular apartment building behind a pile of ruins.

On the fourth floor, behind an oriel window, a greatly rotting face was plastered to the window, looking out through the glass. Pale yellow liquid with black hints slid down the window one after another.

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CHAPTER 1296
AMATEUR ASTRONOMER

Eric had become a captain of a Red Gloves team during the later stages of the war, as well as advancing to Sequence 5 Spirit Warlock.

He had witnessed the deaths of the ex-captain and ex-ex-captain. He knew that a higher Sequence wasn't a guarantee that he would be safer. Care and caution was what mattered.

To the elite Red Gloves of the Nighthawks, this was a concept that almost everyone believed in. This was because ordinary Nighthawks might only encounter ordinary problems that looked like supernatural events. Occasionally, there would be slip-ups, and it was highly likely that they would rely on their Beyonder powers to turn the situation around. As for Red Gloves who worked on various important cases, their hidden targets were definitely rather dangerous.

At that moment, Eric stood on the fourth floor of the apartment on 14 Priya Street. Facing the tightly-shut dark brown wooden door, he surveyed the area and said, "Two Nighthawks have already gone missing here. We must not be careless."

Initially, several residents of this apartment block reported it to the police. They claimed that Unit 403 had a stench, and the tenants of Unit 303 often heard heavy footsteps from above.

The policemen in charge of the area took two days before coming to investigate. However, they didn't walk out of Unit 403.

After the police confirmed this, they immediately transferred the case to the Church of Evernight. However, the two Nighthawks who came to deal with it also disappeared. The door to Unit 403 remained tightly shut.

Due to this premise, the Church of Evernight's archbishop of the Midseashire diocese entrusted the matter to Eric's team and allowed them to apply for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact as support.

"Yes, Captain." The members of the Red Gloves team either nodded or spoke in response.

Eric didn't say anything else as he stood in front of the dark-brown door of Unit 403 which remained tightly shut. He raised his red-gloved left hand and knocked on one of his teeth.

A blurry figure suddenly appeared in front of him. As though it had no substance to it, it passed through the gap in the door and entered Unit 403.

Eric's expression was unusually focused, as if he was observing the situation in the room through that blurry figure.

It was a natural spirit that he controlled. It wasn't especially powerful but it had special abilities. It usually lived on his left front tooth.

Under the current situation, Eric believed that they shouldn't barge in directly. It was best to do reconnaissance first. Even if his team had a good mix of powers and a powerful Sealed Artifact to help them, they had to be cautious.

If he could figure out the situation inside and prepare for it in a targeted fashion, he believed that things would be much easier.

Right at this moment, tiny blood vessels protruded in Eric's eyes, and some of them even exploded.

When his vision turned bright red, Eric heard a heavy creak.

The dark-brown door suddenly opened!

There were a total of six figures in the room. Three police officers wore black-and-white uniforms. They were sitting on high-back chairs, high stools, and the sofa. Two of them were wearing half top hats, black trench coats, of which one was standing by the door, and the other was standing behind the oriel window. His face was pressed to the surface of the glass as if he was watching the streets downstairs.

There was also a figure sitting on a high stool at the edge of the balcony. In front of him was an exquisite astronomical telescope.

The skin of the six figures began to swell, as though they had been injected with gas. Some parts of the body had even cracked and were highly decomposed, but they still hadn't dried up. They exuded a bluish-black glisten as light-yellow liquid with hints of black flowed out.

Sensing the door open, the six figures turned to look at Eric and the others.

The first was the Nighthawk standing in front of the door. The last was the man wearing a cotton shirt behind the astronomical telescope. He had one of his eyeballs—its blacks and whites separated clearly—glued to the telescope's lens, allowing him to only use his remaining black, empty socket to scan the Red Gloves team outside.

A faint stench drilled into the noses of Eric and the others as an indescribable coldness filled the surroundings.

Eric instinctively raised his hand to hit his teeth, releasing more spirits. Then, he used his Nightmare Beyonder powers to forcefully drag all his targets into a dream.

However, no matter how he tapped his teeth, he didn't release his soul. His Spirit Warlock Beyonder powers seemed to have vanished instantly.

At the same time, a Nightmare in the Red Gloves team also discovered in surprise that he was unable to pull someone into a dream!

At that moment, apart from the enhancement in their physique brought by the potion, their Beyonder powers mysteriously vanished.

"Leave this place!" Eric ordered without hesitation.

He had never encountered such a strange situation before. All he could do was get the team to retreat first before choosing a Sealed Artifact to handle the situation in a targeted manner.

However, he and his team members didn't move despite his orders. It was as though their bodies were no longer taking orders.

Eric instinctively lowered his head and looked at his lower body. His legs were swollen and his pants were torn.

In addition, he could clearly feel that his skin was decaying, rotting, and running with pus.

He and his Red Gloves team had yet to truly come into contact with their target, but they had fallen into a "nightmare" of watching themselves die, swell, and rot bit by bit with no way to escape.

Right at this moment, Eric's bloodshot eyes reflected a normal palm. He held the handle and gently pulled it.

Thud!

The dark-brown door of Unit 403 closed once again, separating Eric and his Red Gloves team from the creatures in the room.

They instantly regained control over their bodies. However, their legs seemed to have suffered significant injuries. It was a little difficult to move them, be it raising their feet or bending their knees.

Eric didn't bother checking on his injuries. He quickly cast his gaze on the palm that closed the door, and its owner.

It was a young man wearing an ancient hat and a long black robe. His facial features were ordinary, making it impossible for one to have a deep impression of him. It was a face that one forgot in seconds.

"I sincerely advise you to return now and leave the matter to the archbishop or high-ranking deacons to handle. Of course, you have another choice. That is to ask me to grant a wish. I'm a wandering magician named Merlin Hermes. My specialty is granting the wishes of others." Klein spared no effort in enticing others to make a wish.

When he saw the rotting face on the oriel window earlier, he suddenly had an ominous feeling, so he specially came over to confirm what had happened.

Grant wishes… Eric recalled the education he had received during his training in the Holy Cathedral:

A High-Sequence Beyonder might be in a state of being imprisoned or sealed. They will pretend to be mystical items that can grant wishes, and they will entice you into helping them escape. The corresponding examples include: granting three wishes and wishing pools…

Is this a High-Sequence Beyonder? But he doesn't look like he's imprisoned or sealed… Eric looked left and right and deliberated for a few seconds before probing,

"If we don't ask you to grant us our wishes, will you not resolve the abnormality in the room?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he saw the wandering magician who called himself Merlin Hermes fall deep in thought, looking a little troubled.

A few seconds later, Klein raised his hand to stroke his tall top hat. He smiled and sighed.

"Even if you don't make the wish, I will still attempt to resolve it."

“…Do I need to read your honorific name or your true name to have my wish granted?" Eric asked after exchanging glances with his team members.

Klein shook his head.

"No, just tell me your wish."

This wouldn't create a mysticism connection… Eric probed in a joking tone, "Then I wish the abnormalities in this room will be resolved and will no longer affect the surroundings."

Klein curled his smile and gently clapped his hands.

"Your wish will come true."

Without waiting for Eric to respond, he smiled and said, "The abnormalities inside can suppress Beyonder characteristics, causing the corresponding powers to be ineffective, but that isn't absolute.

"Typically in such cases, my suggestion is…”

As he spoke, Klein reached out with his left hand and took out an eyeball-shaped glass ball. He then twisted the handle with his right hand, opening the door a little.

Then, through a crack, he threw the glass ball into Unit 403.

As the glass ball flew, it constantly absorbed the surrounding light and gave off a brilliant, pure, extreme sunlight that resembled a miniature sun.

The next second, Klein closed the door with his right palm, lest Eric and company's eyes couldn't take it.

"My suggestion is to use a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact in the Sun domain to purify the entire area." While saying that, Klein recalled the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem behind Tingen City's Chanis Gate. Although it was only a Grade 3 Sealed Artifact, it could still deal with the rotting creatures inside given enough time.

Just as Eric was about to say that they had brought a similar Sealed Artifact, but just didn't have the chance to use it, he saw Mr. Merlin Hermes open the door to Unit 403.

The six figures inside had vanished into thin air, and the different Beyonder characteristics were slowly condensing. The originally cold and sinister stench had been completely melted by the warm feeling.

"It's been resolved?" Eric asked after some hesitation.

Klein shook his head with a smile.

"No, the root of the problem is still here.

"Have you investigated the owner of this place?"

Eric replied immediately, "He calls himself John, an amateur astronomer. He likes to study the cosmos using specialized telescopes at night."

Studying the cosmos… Klein walked into the room without batting an eyelid, and he casually instructed:

"Search the area and find any possible clues."

For some reason, Eric suddenly felt that Mr. Merlin Hermes was the captain from back when he first joined the Nighthawks. He was professional, calm, and trustworthy.

He nodded at his team members, signaling them to follow his instructions.

As for him, he continued following Klein. It was both to provide him help, and also for necessary precautions.

Klein ignored him as he swept his gaze and approached the exquisite astronomical telescope. Then, he bent down and drew his eyes towards the lens.

This might be dangerous… Eric had planned to warn him, but he fell silent when he thought about how high the other party's level and status expressed.

At that moment, through the telescope, Klein saw a resplendent, dream-like dark night sky. Every star there was blinking slightly.

Suddenly, his vision was occupied by a huge eye.

The eye seemed to be directly attached to the lens on the other end of the telescope. It was grayish-white with a pale-yellow iris. Veins swelled outwards and seeped out disgusting translucent pus.

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CHAPTER 1297
"FOREST" OF MIRACLES

Boom!

The Red Gloves captain, Eric, shivered involuntarily as he saw Merlin Hermes, who claimed to be a wandering magician, explode behind the telescope.

However, there was no splattering blood or flesh. The shredded limbs disappeared into the air like soap bubbles.

"…" Eric and his team members, who looked over due to the commotion, were stunned. They didn't understand the reason behind such a sudden sequence of events.

A second later, Eric said in a deep voice, "Retreat!"

He wanted to evacuate his team before the danger truly spread.

At this moment, another figure walked in from the open door of Unit 403. It was none other than Merlin Hermes who had just exploded.

This wandering Magician was wearing a tall hat and a long black robe. As if nothing had happened, he spoke to Eric and his team members:

"The root of the problem really is from that telescope."

As he spoke, Klein walked to the balcony and tapped the telescope with his right hand.

Another bang rang out as the telescope suddenly shattered into metallic points of light that emitted a foul stench of bluish-black gas.

The moment the grayish-white fog appeared, the stench vanished and the room returned to normal.

…What exactly happened? Eric forced himself to forget about the other party's death and asked cautiously.

As a captain of the Red Gloves who was rather experienced, he had some guesses about the truth of the matter. The main goal of asking was to seek confirmation.

Klein smiled and said, "Simply put, the telescope mutated for some reason, causing the owner of the room to see something that he shouldn't have seen.

"If you want to understand more details, you can only search for clues yourself. I'm not too sure either."

Eric nodded slightly and cast his gaze at his team members, signaling them to continue their investigation.

After a series of work, Eric said to Merlin Hermes, "There aren't many clues left in the room. We can only confirm a few things:

"One, John is a local resident, and he served in the military during the war. It seems that he had some mental problems as a result. Two, he had been an amateur astronomer. At the end of the war, he joined an academic organization known as the Celestial Research Association, but we didn't obtain any information about this organization. Three, John was seeking the way to see the true cosmos."

Upon mentioning the word "cosmos," Eric paused slightly, as though he had received a warning from the upper echelons of the Church of Evernight.

He joined an organization known as the Celestial Research Association after the war ended… Sought the way to see the true cosmos… Klein combined this knowledge with his "experience" and had a certain level of confidence in the matter. He nodded and said, "You should know that the cosmos means danger. You can't even try to understand it."

"We will report this case to the archbishop as soon as possible and classify the Celestial Research Association as a dangerous organization," Eric said as if speaking to a Nighthawk superior who wasn't directly in charge of him.

Klein didn't respond as he walked to the door and sighed.

"Indeed, war really does have an irreversible impact on all aspects…”

After the fall of the God of Combat, the already crumbling barrier set up by the Primordial One lost parts of its support. As for the Evernight Goddess, "She" has yet to fully gain control of the corresponding Uniquenesses. As for becoming a Great Old One, who knows how much longer that will take. Under such circumstances, the intrusion of the Outer Deities into this world would naturally deepen. This has combined with the damage that many ordinary people have suffered from the war.

Klein suspected that, during the subsequent period of rebuilding after the war, many cults that pointed to the different Outer Deities or Cosmos would appear secretly in Loen. If he allowed them to spread their faith and attempt various risky attempts, the apocalypse would definitely be brought forward.

As he sighed, he walked out of Unit 403. His figure blurred, turning transparent until he disappeared.

In a hotel near Priya Street, Klein, who had long since moved in, picked up the coffee in front of him and took a sip.

Taking advantage of the fact that it was still early, he went out once again and took a carriage to the outskirts of the coastal Constant City.

There was a cemetery. The stone tablets stood erect like a short forest.

Klein walked through the cemetery and found a tombstone with the help of his spirituality.

The name on the tombstone wrote:

"Welch McGovern."

This was the original Klein's university schoolmate. As he had bought the Antigonus family's notebook, he had mysteriously died in Tingen. This had indirectly caused Zhou Mingrui to "transmigrate."

Welch McGovern's father was a banker in Constant City. He had spent money to bring his son's corpse back to his hometown and buried it in this cemetery.

Klein stared at the photo on the tombstone for a few seconds. He bent down and placed the bouquet of white flowers in his hand in front of Welch's grave.

Just as he was about to turn and leave, he suddenly stopped in his tracks. Twenty to thirty seconds later, an old man with a black cane walked over from another direction.

Klein recognized him and knew that he was Welch's father. He was the Midseashire County banker who had once invited him and his schoolmates to a sumptuous meal.

However, compared to a few years ago, this gentleman had aged significantly. He was originally a very energetic middle-aged gentleman, but now, his hair was half white. There were many wrinkles on his eyes, mouth, and forehead.

"Who are you?" Welch's father looked at the stranger in front of the grave. He asked, puzzled and wary.

Klein sighed and said, "Mr. McGovern, I'm Welch's friend. I just happened to pass by Constant City recently."

Welch's father nodded slightly and said in a deep voice, "He's a very sociable person. I only know a number of his friends."

His words were an attempt to explain why he hadn't invited Klein to the funeral and how sorry he was.

Klein didn't say anything else as he looked around and said, "Is there anything you need help with? Or do you have any wishes that you wish to have fulfilled? I hope I can provide you with some strength."

Welch's father looked around and smiled bitterly.

"Can you allow all the dead here to stand up again?"

It's not impossible, but they will be different from what you have in mind… Klein sighed and shook his head.

"Then can you allow Constant to return to its original state?" Welch's father asked with a bitter smile.

Without waiting for Klein's reply, he sighed and continued, "There's no need to provide any help. I can achieve what is possible myself. If it's impossible, then I can only pray to the deities."

As he spoke, the banker went past Klein and walked to his son's tombstone. He bent down and put down the bouquet of white flowers.

Klein looked at his back and muttered to himself, "I will try my best."

With that, he turned around and left the cemetery.

…

Constant City, in a bar with a style that resembled the previous century's.

A man donning a thick jacket carried his beer and walked to a wooden board beside the bar counter. He tried to find a part-time job on the notices pasted on it.

Suddenly, he saw a strange mission:

"I'm a reporter. I want to gather all kinds of stories from different people. It's best if you had personally experienced it yourself. The remuneration I can provide is to satisfy your wish to repair and rebuild your house for free. I have sufficient resources in this aspect.

"Merlin Hermes."

The man subconsciously frowned. He felt that this request was too strange, like it was a prank.

"Can you read the words on it?" A thin man who was sitting beside the wooden board took the opportunity to ask.

Few patrons of this bar were literate. Even if they wanted to find a job, or accept the corresponding commissions, most people were unable to understand the notices on the wooden board, and the bartender could only remember the few with the highest pay.

As a result of this situation, the thin, feeble man relied on the common Loenese terms he learned at the free schools to provide the corresponding interpretation at a quarter-pence.

This was how he made a living.

The man shook his head, indicating that he understood Loenese. He pointed at Merlin Hermes' request and said, "Is this real?"

"It is. That reporter is sitting by that corner, the one wearing a very tall hat." The thin, feeble man enthusiastically pointed him in the correct direction.

The reporter had promised him a quarter-pence for every person he introduced.

The man holding the beer fell silent. After hesitating for a full ten seconds, he walked to the corner and found the reporter named Merlin Hermes.

"W-will you really help me rebuild my house?" he asked worriedly.

Klein pointed at the documents on the small round table and said, "We can sign a contract."

“…There's no need. Even if you provide some materials, I'll still be very satisfied." The man sat opposite Klein and said rather cautiously, "I don't have a very touching story."

"As long as it's real enough." Klein nodded slightly in encouragement.

The man looked down and stared at the table.

"I'm a Constant native, and I used to have a decent job. I bought a terrace house along Lowtide Street. Later, war broke out. My house was reduced to ruins during one of the bombings. My eldest son, the child who just entered primary school, was buried inside…

"We had no choice but to rent a two-bedroom room until the Feysacians occupied Constant. Th-they dragged my wife away and she never returned…

"Some time ago, someone requested me to identify her corpse. I couldn't even recognize her. She had rotten so much that you wouldn't even call it a corpse. However, in the pockets of her clothes, there was still… there was still our old water bill…

"When she was still at the rental apartment, she had always missed our home. It's the same for my younger daughter. I don't have much money now and can only barely maintain my life, but I wish to rebuild that house bit by bit.

"To be honest, I don't like telling others about my misfortune. I'd rather stay silent. But if I can really get help with the rebuilding efforts, then I can…"

Klein held a pen and paper and pretended to jot it down. He nodded gently and said, "Your wish will come true. Wait for me in front of the ruins of that house on Lowtide Street tomorrow."

At the same time, he pushed a one-soli note over.

"This is for your drinks. My treat."

The man's eyes flickered. He seemed to want to refuse it, but in the end, he still picked up the note.

The next day, after sending his younger daughter to the church school, he walked along the familiar path to the familiar Lowtide Street and saw that familiar house.

Its chimney, its windows, its door, and the weeds on its walls hadn't changed at all. It was so familiar, as if its beautiful female owner would open the door in the next second and walk the two children out to welcome their father.

The man was stunned, unable to believe that this was real.

However, even if it was an illusion, he was willing to embrace it.

…

After several days, Klein, who had completed a slew of similar wishes, pushed open the window of the hotel and snapped his fingers in the

morning light fog.

In an area of the city overlooking Constant, Welch's father woke up out of habit due to his dreams of his dead son and family. He walked to the balcony to take in the morning air.

Under the light of dawn, he suddenly saw chimneys and blast furnaces that resembled a forest. Alongside them were tall buildings.

The former Constant City had presented itself to him, bathed in the orange light of dawn.

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CHAPTER 1298
DEPARTURE

As the residents of Constant were stunned by the miracle in front of them, Klein had already carried his suitcase and left the city with Arrodes.

After creating such a huge commotion, he was worried that Zaratul would lock onto his location, so he didn't dare to stay any longer.

With his present level and strength, he wasn't too afraid of fighting Zaratul head-on. However, he didn't wish to be ambushed. For Beyonders of the Seer pathway, being prepared and not was completely different. Once Klein revealed his location and didn't leave in time, an unprepared him would end up facing Zaratul. He could imagine that even if he was now Sefirah Castle's owner and still had one more resurrection chance, there was also a huge risk of completely perishing.

Furthermore, he didn't know what state Amon was in right now. Was he still being pursued by the True Creator? Was it possible for him to suddenly appear by his side and steal everything?

Due to this thought, Klein once again embarked on his journey.

…

In the basement of a house in Southville County.

The few Sequence 7 Beyonders of the Abraham family gathered here according to a prior agreement.

“…That's pretty much it." Dorian Gray shared what Mr. Door had said in its entirety through his student, Fors. "The years of exile and being sealed was enough to drive the Ancestor crazy. He only occasionally regains lucidity. Even just directly speaking to 'Him' can result in mental corruption from 'His' evil intent."

A man wearing gold-rimmed glasses looking like a university professor sighed.

"So that's the reason…”

His expression revealed some relief, as if he could finally admit that the curse was a result of the Ancestor's pleas for help.

After a one-second pause, the man said with a determined expression, "We have to think of a way to help the Ancestor escape. This way, our curse will be completely removed."

"Verdu, are you crazy? If a crazy King of Angels returns, it will destroy the entire family!" Dorian couldn't help but chide him.

The man named Verdu looked at the other family members and said with a sullen expression, "That's why we have to hurry. While the Ancestor still has a portion of 'His' lucidity, we should let 'Him' return to the real world!

"Once 'He' escapes from 'His' exiled, sealed state and has enough anchors, 'He' would definitely gradually regain 'His' rationality.

"Dorian, you've degenerated! You no longer wish to restore the glory of our family, to allow us to return to the apex of the Northern and Southern Continent. You only wish to live a stable but mediocre life! Besides, can you be sure that Mr. Fool will keep providing blessings? Perhaps one day, 'He' will be like the seven deities who won't respond to most prayers."

Dorian fell silent for a few seconds.

"However, the risk in this area will definitely be lower than helping the Ancestor escape. Ever since I believed in Mr. Fool and sincerely prayed to 'Him,' I haven't been affected by the full moon ravings for many months. If not for the fact that I'm no longer young, I'd even have the confidence of consuming a Sequence 6 Scribe potion.

"Even so, given time, I still have a good chance of advancing.

"If someone like me who's older than a certain age can do it, our next generation and their descendants will definitely be able to break free from our original restrictions and have a chance to become demigods."

Hearing Dorian's words, the two men and two ladies other than Verdu nodded in agreement.

They had already made some of their descendants believe in Mr. Fool, and through a few months of observation, they were certain that it was effective. They were planning on praying to Mr. Fool themselves.

Noticing Verdu's nasty expression, Dorian softened his tone and said, "More importantly, we don't have the strength to complete the ritual at all. A demigod of any pathway is not easy to deal with. Among them, the corresponding demigods of the Seer and Marauder are cunning, bizarre, and dangerous. Even if we're willing to sacrifice ourselves and use a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, it's difficult to capture them."

Verdu nudged his gold-rimmed spectacles and slowly exhaled.

"I won't stop you from changing your faith to The Fool. If you can get that existence's help to aid the Ancestor's escape, that would be the best development. But before that, I will do my best to prepare the ritual. Dorian, you have to remember that the bloodline and glory of the Abraham family comes from the Ancestor. Without "Him," there will be no us.

"If this matter requires a sacrifice, then I'll do it."

He stood up, put on his hat, and walked out of the basement.

Dorian watched him leave and finally sighed.

"Verdu has been studying all kinds of mysticism information, hoping to find a way to completely resolve the family's curse. I believe that such persistence is already in his blood…”

The other Abraham family members nodded in unison.

"After he confirms that he can't complete the ritual, he should give up…”

They too hoped that Verdu would succeed, but they found it virtually impossible.

…

On Blue Mountain Island where Bayam was located, the private harbor that originally belonged to the Resistance.

A group of workers, who had just finished laying the gas pipes, were just about to find a place to rest and wait for the carriage sent by the Church of the Sea God to ferry them back to Bayam when they saw the half-giants purportedly from the northern Feysac's islands carry heavy, grayish-white stone materials. Each step left an imprint on the land.

These workers had participated in the construction of harbors, cathedrals, and art museums, so they knew how heavy the grayish-white stone materials were.

They remembered that, even with the help of logs, horses, and machinery, it was very difficult for people to transport such stone materials. Yet, the half-giants held them as easily as holding toys.

This display of strength was simply ridiculous.

When Derrick saw that the outer walls and some of the buildings of the town had been built under the efforts of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team, he nodded and said to Liaval and Candice, "It's time to return to the City of Silver and tell the Chief about the situation here."

None of the members of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team objected. They were very excited as they agreed with Elder Derrick's decision.

Although they hadn't been here for long, they had long fallen in love with this new "hometown." They had fallen in love with the warmth of the sun in the day and the peace of the crimson moon in the night. They couldn't wait to let their family and friends experience it and enjoy it.

Upon seeing this, Derrick subconsciously straightened his back. He controlled himself and didn't let his smile appear. He calmly said to Candice, "Come back to the City of Silver with me and tell the Chief and the other Elders of the six-member council about the situation here.

"Oh, you too, Jinord. Liaval, you're in charge of maintaining order here."

He was worried that he wouldn't be able to convince the current Chief, Waite Chirmont, and company, so he decided on bringing two companions with him.

After settling the corresponding matters, Derrick led Candice and Jinord to a secluded spot in the new City of Silver. He lowered his head, clasped his hands, and prayed to Mr. Fool, making a wish to return to the City of Silver immediately.

Without a sound, the scene around them became blurry and stretched. Then, it immediately fixed and quickly became clear.

In front of their eyes, they saw a city wall with weeds fluttering in the air.

In just a few seconds, Derrick and his two subordinates returned to the entrance of the City of Silver.

…This is a miracle… Candice rubbed her eyes with a hand that wasn't holding a weapon, and marveled from the bottom of her heart.

She had imagined many ways of returning to the City of Silver, but she had never thought of returning so directly.

To her, this was a miracle bestowed by a deity.

Jinord shook the glass lantern in his hand and muttered without thinking, "This is much brighter than the beast hide lantern…”

Before he could finish his sentence, he came to his senses and revealed a pure smile without a hint of gloominess.

This time, they would be the messengers of dawn who would lead the residents of the City of Silver out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

Derrick heaved a sigh of relief and maintained his stern expression.

"Let's immediately find the Chief and arrange for everyone to carry out the migration."

He had heard Mr. Hanged Man talk about many matters that failed at the cusp of success. He didn't wish for the City of Silver to have such an outcome.

As such, all the other matters had to be done as quickly as possible.

When they passed through the door, the City of Silver residents in charge of guarding the door looked curiously at the three scouts and saw hope from their rosy, glowing faces.

"Did Liaval and the others not come back?" Someone asked worriedly, afraid that the other members of the reconnaissance team had already sacrificed themselves.

Derrick simply replied, "They've remained in the outside world to build a temporary camp."

The guards didn't ask further, afraid that they would delay their time. They watched as Derrick and company headed for the twin towers.

Not long after, Derrick, Candice, and Jinord saw Chief Waite Chirmont and the other members of the six-member council. They described the key points of what they saw and heard in the outside world.

At the end of the report, they even took out pocket watches, music boxes, and other exquisite machinery to prove it.

The members of the six-member council other than the 2.5-meter-tall Waite Chirmont, who had a tattooed symbol on his head, and Derrick, looked at each other and sighed.

"Your experience is like a dream. No, I can't even dream of such a scene."

With that said, he solemnly asked, "Has the dungeon meant to store the Sealed Artifacts been constructed?"

"That was the first building we completed." Derrick gave an extremely clear answer.

Waite nodded slightly and immediately issued an order.

"Get everyone to bring their necessary items and gather at the training ground.

"To prevent any accidents, we will directly pray to Mr. Fool and ask him to transfer us over."

Having said that, Waite pondered for a moment and said, "Mr. Fool has previously sent a revelation to let us wait for another three hours for the

ancient survivors from Moon City to rendezvous with us. However, this doesn't affect our preparations ahead of time.

"Also, tell everyone that the environment in Moon City is very tough. Many of them have deformities. We have to look at them normally."

Although the City of Silver had the Black-Faced Grass as their staple, they would eat the flesh of monsters from time to time to replenish their strength. This made them occasionally have deformed children. Therefore, everyone was no stranger to this phenomenon.

"Alright!" The other members of the six-member council responded without any hesitation, revealing an irresistible, excited expression.

This time, they were no longer seeing the light, but were directly welcoming the day.

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CHAPTER 1299
MILK AND HONEY

The Forsaken Land of the Gods, Moon City.

When A'dal, Xin, and Rus heard the High Priest's voice resound throughout the city, they became abnormally excited.

They stood up almost at the same time and carried the beast-hide bags that they had prepared earlier on their backs.

Inside were distributed mushroom powder, dried mushrooms, and various monster leathers, as well as different Beyonder characteristics of different states.

To them, even though they were excited and were full of hope for the future, the suffering they had been through made them take precautions. They tried their best to carry as much food as possible.

A few flashes of lightning before, the priests of Moon City had received Mr. Fool's divine revelation and stopped sending out hunting teams. They also instructed every resident to pack their important items and prepare to leave at a moment's notice.

In less than a minute, A'dal and company walked out of their houses with lanterns in hand and arrived on the streets.

As their eyes met, their faces which were either filled with tumors or deformities were filled with unconcealed joy. They had no negative emotions towards abandoning Moon City and leaving their hometown.

This was the source of their nightmare. It was unknown how many generations of people had lost their happiness in their childhood.

When they were gathered at the square with a high platform, they suppressed their excitement and lined up in an orderly manner, checking to see if the neighbors had already arrived.

Soon, all the residents of Moon City arrived. High Priest Nim walked up the platform and said with a smile, "Everyone, I received a divine revelation.

"Mr. Fool is about to help us leave this cursed land and obtain a new lease of life.

"Praise be to Mr. Fool!"

He took the lead and pressed his right palm against his left chest.

This was a gesture they had invented to praise Mr. Fool, and Mr. Fool hadn't objected to it.

"Praise Mr. Fool!" The residents of Moon City pressed their right palms to their left chests, expressing their gratitude and devotion.

As their voices echoed, the gray-haired Nim raised his hand and lowered it for silence.

"We'll head to the City of Silver first and meet with the survivors there. Then, we will head to the world of light together.

"Don't worry. Mr. Fool will protect us.

"Okay, shut your eyes and start to pray."

With that said, the High Priest clasped his hands and pressed them against his lips. He sincerely prayed to Mr. Fool, hoping that the mighty existence

could satisfy the greatest wish that the Moon City had accumulated over the past two to three thousand years—generations.

In the next second, the demigod of the Evernight pathway acutely sensed the changes in his surroundings. He opened his eyes, surveyed his surroundings, and discovered that stone pillars were becoming clearer. Lanterns hung on it as tall figures rapidly outlined.

This is the City of Silver? We've already arrived in the City of Silver… This is the might of a deity… Praise Mr. Fool! A'dal, Xin, and company quickly observed their surroundings.

They subconsciously had a certain good impression of the City of Silver. As a missionary of God, His Excellency Gehrman Sparrow had once mentioned that he had first arrived in the City of Silver after entering this cursed, forsaken land.

This was the beginning of where god's brilliance spread out from the eternal darkness. It was the origins of all hope.

The figures quickly became clear. Most of them were more than two meters tall. Their facial features and bodies were normal and there were no signs of deformation. They too were sizing up the residents of Moon City with curious and wary gazes.

Their oppressive height and the enviousness of their normality made Xin, Rus, and the others nervous. They felt inferior and uneasy.

However, with a sweep of their gaze, they saw quite a number of City of Silver residents biting mushrooms that had roasted surfaces. From time to time, they would suck the hot liquid from white, full mushrooms.

This familiar scene caused the people of Moon City to gradually relax as they treated these half-giants as their own.

The Chief of the six-member council, Waite Chirmont nodded and said to Nim, who was supposedly the leader of Moon City, "Are you ready?"

His gaze was calm and natural. He didn't look down on them because of their "terrifying" appearance.

Afraid that an accident would happen, Nim immediately replied, "Ready and good to go."

Waite Chirmont immediately cast his gaze at the City of Silver residents.

"Finish your meal within three minutes and begin praying."

In less than a minute, the residents of the City of Silver finished their "milk" and put away the remaining food in their hands. They sincerely prayed to Mr. Fool.

The miraculous descent of the ancient survivors of Moon City made them more confident in leaving the Forsaken Land of the Gods. They truly believed in Mr. Fool.

A few seconds later, everyone in the City of Silver's training ground disappeared.

The city was left completely silent. Soon, the corrupted weeds would grow, and monsters would wander around the streets and houses.

In just a few blinks of an eye, the residents of the City of Silver and Moon City arrived in front of the Giant King's palace, which had the dusk frozen.

This was a "ritual" that Klein had deliberately planned. It was to allow the ancient survivors of the Forsaken Land of the Gods to bid farewell to the past.

Shocked by the grandeur, epicness, and mythical impression of the Giant King's Court, the residents of the City of Silver subconsciously turned their

heads and looked down and into the distance.

Beyond the orange-red dusk, the ground was completely blanketed in darkness. Occasionally, lightning would flash across the sky, revealing the outline of ancient buildings, towering mountains, and the deformed plants.

As the lightning descended, darkness surged in again, devouring everything.

Then, the City of Silver and Moon City residents turned their heads and cast their gaze deep into the Giant King's palace.

There was an open door, and outside the door was a blazing golden ocean.

The people who were blinded by the sunlight immediately felt their surroundings become blurry, and the scene quickly shattered.

The fragments quickly reassembled, turning into a deep blue ocean, the smell of fish, striking sounds, and the orange-red sun that had yet to come close to the horizon.

The residents of Moon City and the City of Silver looked around in shock and anticipation. They saw the luxuriant forest that wasn't distorted at all. They saw the stone buildings that had yet to have been refurbished. They saw Liaval and company and saw the path towards the harbor and the ship that was docked there.

Many people's vision turned blurry as though they were undergoing the catharsis of the holy light.

They could clearly sense that there was no depravity, filth, or mysterious power here.

Most of the City of Silver and Moon City residents lowered their heads and knelt on the ground, praising Mr. Fool loudly as they kissed the sweet-smelling soil.

It wasn't that the others weren't grateful to Mr. Fool, but that they were still spellbound by such a scene. Every fiber of their being was shocked.

After they recovered from their initial shock, Liaval went up to meet his wife and daughter.

As he approached, he couldn't hold back his excitement and joy. He opened his mouth, wanting to tell his wife and children what he had seen and heard during this period of time. However, he realized that there were just too many things he wanted to share. Like countless rushing rivers, they surged to his throat and blocked his voice.

After a few seconds, Liaval said, "We… We have a new home…”

Before he could finish his sentence, the nearly 2.5-meter-tall half-giant hurriedly reached his hand into his pocket and extended it towards his wife and daughter.

"This is given to us by the Oracle—milk candy. A-all of them say it's delicious…” A smile appeared on Liaval's face.

There were two objects which were the size of a thumb and wrapped in thin sheets of paper. Its surface was wrinkled, having soaked in a little sweat.

"Milk candy…” Liaval's wife didn't quite understand this term. It was a new word in Jotun that mixed "milk" and "honey."

Their daughter was infected by her father's emotions. She boldly took the candy and was about to stuff it into her mouth.

"No, no, you have to peel off the outer layer." Liaval hurriedly took back the two milk candy and peeled off the wrapper before handing one each to his wife and daughter.

His daughter bit down and ground her teeth forcefully, producing a cracking sound.

She narrowed her eyes slowly and her expression gradually became more intoxicated.

During this process, she couldn't bear to even speak.

Seeing her daughter's behavior, Liaval's wife ate the candy.

She felt that this was a very precious thing. She didn't bite it to pieces directly, but used her oral cavity to wrap around it and let it slowly melt away.

The indescribable milk fragrance and sweetness slowly spread out, intoxicating Liaval's wife.

When Liaval saw this, his smile widened as he said what had been left stuck in his throat.

"The Oracle said that we can find a job in Bayam City, receive commissions, and earn gold pounds. That way, we can buy more milk candy. We can also sell Beyonder characteristics and monster leather we have no need for to the Church of Sea God…

"Sea God is Mr. Fool's subsidiary god…

"It'll be dark soon. I'll bring you to the beach to watch the sunset. It's really beautiful. I visit it every day. I've always been waiting to bring the two of you there when you arrive…”

…

It's finally done. My anchor has stabilized significantly… Furthermore, granting the wishes of the City of Silver and Moon City has allowed my Miracle Invoker potion to digest by quite a bit. However, it isn't as much as restoring Constant City. Indeed, being a God of Wishes isn't the most accurate form of acting… Above the gray fog, Klein slowly exhaled and threw the Staff of the Stars back onto the junk pile.

Following that, he would continue wandering and creating miracles. He would occasionally head to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and transform some monsters into marionettes to prepare for the subsequent ritual.

As for the next stage of acting as a Miracle Invoker, Klein planned on accumulating wishes of changing appearances and figures to solve the deformities of Moon City, thereby creating a miracle.

This isn't too difficult… Many maidens and ladies have a wish to remove acne, have double-eyelids, and make their noses sharper. And I have a way to do it… This way, by accumulating the simple to the difficult, it will just take a matter of time to treat the deformed people of Moon City… In the outside world, they will feel even more inferior… Klein mumbled inwardly before he suddenly laughed self-deprecatingly.

"In that case, I can call myself the ruler of the beauty industry, the guardian of architects and the construction workers, the miracle creator of long-distance travel…"

…

After entering the waters that didn't have a safe sea route, Queen Mystic Bernadette seemed to have lost her sense of time. If not for the precise wall clock in her captain's cabin, she definitely would've forgotten how many days it had been since she entered this perilous region.

The violent winds and torrential rain made the boat fly up from time to time, sometimes getting thrown to the side, as if it was a preview to the impending apocalypse.

Bernadette watched calmly as she waited patiently without interfering with the Dawn's situation.

After some time, the storm finally calmed down.

At this moment, a black outline appeared in the distance.

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CHAPTER 1300
THE FOURTH PERSON

Bernadette stared at the outline for a long time until it gradually became clearer as the Dawn approached. It was the silhouette of a large island.

On the island, there were huge, towering, dark-green trees that almost bordered on black covering the ground and mountain.

Although Bernadette couldn't be sure that this was the primitive island that her father had once visited, her intuition as a Clairvoyant told her that this was likely the place she was seeking.

As the coastline entered her eyes, she pursed her lips and lowered her head. She chanted an honorific name:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…”

Right on the heels of that, Queen Mystic Bernadette raised her hand and made the crewless Dawn stop in the nearby waters without approaching the shore.

At the same time, the sound of pianos, violins, cellos, flutes, and other musical instruments interweaved together into a lively tune.

As the music echoed, the toast, steak, mashed potatoes, fried mushrooms, and other dishes on a plate jumped up one after another and returned to the oven amidst a dance or threw themselves into the trash can.

The red wine bottle, white dining cloth, and other items had all returned to their original positions. They either sealed themselves with wooden corks or

kept folding themselves neatly.

Then, Bernadette gently threw out a bright and unrealistic ball of yarn with her right hand.

The ball rolled into the void, leaving a thread behind. Bernadette followed it and strolled through the spirit world before arriving at the border of the nameless island.

This Queen Mystic wasn't in a rush to head deeper. She searched for the possible existence of the Black Emperor mausoleum, and she cautiously made her sea-like blue eyes turn dark and deep. She temporarily lost focus, as though she was prying into the secrets of the river of fate.

A few seconds later, Bernadette's eyes returned to normal as she subconsciously looked up into the sky.

She felt that she was being watched by a certain existence.

Of course, this was something she had expected, as she had taken the initiative to recite Mr. Fool's honorific name.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein accommodated The Fool's card, draped himself with the "curtain," and held the Staff of the Stars. He was checking the situation on the island through Queen Mystic's prayer light.

In his true vision's field, the island was shrouded in a thin layer of distorted blackness. It made it impossible for him to see the situation inside directly. He could only obtain Bernadette's point of view.

Even if it's not the primitive island that Emperor Roselle discovered, this place isn't simple… Klein nodded indiscernibly as he waited for Queen Mystic to do a deeper exploration.

Bernadette didn't use the ball of yarn anymore, because she had a premonition that she was going to lead herself into a dangerous abyss that she had no way of fending off.

She took out an illusory hat and wore it.

Her captain-looking figure disappeared, her existence concealed.

This was also one of the fairytale magic that stemmed from Mystical Re-enactment. At its core was a hat that made one invisible.

Then, Bernadette followed a path that appeared to have been opened up by humans and entered the forest consisting of huge trees.

There were no birds chirping, no wild beast roars, or disturbance caused by crawling insects. It was so peaceful as if time had frozen, so dead that there was no sign of life.

According to Bernadette's understanding, there should be many supernatural beings that had already gone extinct in the outside world. Normally, it would be quite lively. But now, she felt as if she was walking through an uninhabited cemetery. Every giant tree was a tombstone.

If it were any of the Beyonders with weaker minds, they would definitely feel tense. Burdened with a heavy pressure, they would slowly approach the edge of losing control. However, Bernadette's expression didn't change at all, as though she was already used to proceeding through danger and strangeness.

After walking for nearly half an hour, she still didn't see any living thing or even sense the wind.

Suddenly, her vision opened up, because the huge trees in front of her had become sparse.

Bernadette didn't feel any joy. Instead, she slowed down and raised her hand to press against her glabella.

A pair of eyes that were without eyelashes appeared in front of her, looking cold and heartless.

Then, the pair of Eyes of Mystery Prying was grabbed by invisible hands and placed on an invisible person's face.

This was Bernadette's Invisible Servant.

The Invisible Servant brought the Eyes of Mystery Prying and quickly crossed the remaining path to the open forest.

During this process, its vision gradually became clearer, as if it was no longer affected by the faint blackness in the air.

Finally, the Invisible Servant arrived at the boundary of the open region and transmitted the situation to Bernadette through the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

Outside the sparse forest, there was an empty space. There were countless creatures prostrating there.

Among them were red dragons with skin flowing with flames. There were treants that had gnarls for eyes and hollows for mouths. There were demonic wolves with eight legs, giants with four long limbs, and feathered serpents with oily feathers and scales with a dark green shade. The latter coiled there, resembling small hills. There were also different kinds of creatures that looked like human and wild beast hybrids.

At this moment, they were all facing one direction. They had their upper bodies or heads prostrated, as though they were worshiping an unknown existence. None of them made a sound.

There were even a few humans among them.

One, two, three, four, five… When Bernadette counted a few humanoid creatures, her blue eyes suddenly widened.

She had learned from Admiral of Stars Cattleya that the primitive island which her father had discovered had a special type of corruption that allowed dead creatures to return here—to the source—regardless of where their corpses were.

Amongst the "knights" who served Emperor Roselle, Grimm was first to be killed because of this, followed by William and Poli. However, apart from the three of them, no one else was sacrificed in corresponding matters. And at that moment, there were five supernatural or mutated creatures present.

In addition, Bernadette also knew that her father had eventually resolved the corruption problem and made the primitive island his secret base.

Is this not the island? Queen Mystic examined the five humans through the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

They were dressed in opulent clothes from Roselle's era. Their faces were pale, their skin shriveled, and they looked more like zombies than humans.

As the five of them were prostrating, Bernadette temporarily couldn't see their faces. She could only patiently wait for the "praying" to end.

A few minutes later, those creatures straightened their bodies and the entire forest came alive.

Seizing this opportunity, Bernadette saw the five of them and compared them with her memories and the images she knew.

Grimm, he really is Grimm. This is the primitive island…

That's Uncle William. I remember him. He taught me swordplay before…

Uncle Poli…

When she recognized the fourth person, a look of astonishment could be seen on Bernadette's face.

That person was:

Edwards!

In Bernadette's memory, the knight had outlived her father's death. Then, he migrated his family to Lenburg. He hadn't died on this primitive island.

According to the information she received from Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, Edwards had lived for nearly a hundred years. He died peacefully and was buried in a cemetery in the suburbs of Lenburg.

Uncle Edwards has also returned to this island… Didn't he not experience any corruption and didn't die because of this… Thoughts flashed through Bernadette's mind one after another. As a result, the Eyes of Mystery Prying on the Invisible Servant's face kept staring at the human suspected to be Edwards.

The "gentleman" had an old appearance and his hair was completely white. It was the same portrait of the ancestor in his advanced years—the one that Edwina Edwards had shown her. And from his facial features and outline, Bernadette could tell what he looked like in his prime.

At that time, Edwards had been her equestrian teacher.

Suddenly, the human who was suspected to be Edwards turned his head and gazed coldly at the Invisible Servant.

Although Bernadette had inherited quite a bit of Emperor Roselle's inheritance, she definitely didn't rely on items to advance to this point in the mysterious world. At that moment, she made a prompt decision and directly made the Eyes of Mystery Prying vanish, allowing the Invisible Servant to return to the spirit world.

Right on the heels of that, she quietly changed her position.

At the same time, above the gray fog, Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table and enhanced the probability of Bernadette not being discovered.

When the person suspected to be Edwards retracted his blank gaze and walked to a different spot in the primitive forest with the surrounding creatures, Klein frowned slightly and muttered to himself, "What kind of anomaly happened?"

He remembered that the Emperor had already resolved the corruption of the cosmos on this primitive island when he was alive. However, these creatures were still worshiping an unknown existence, holding a mysterious ritual that was close to the earliest descriptions in the diary.

After the emperor's death, did a particular entity from the cosmos infiltrate this place again? Or is it that they're worshiping some symbol left behind by the Emperor? Who are the other two? They look like Edwards and Benjamin Abraham from the historical fragment? Klein, who was temporarily unable to see what was being worshiped due to the faint black interference of the island, could only follow Bernadette's eyes to observe the surroundings.

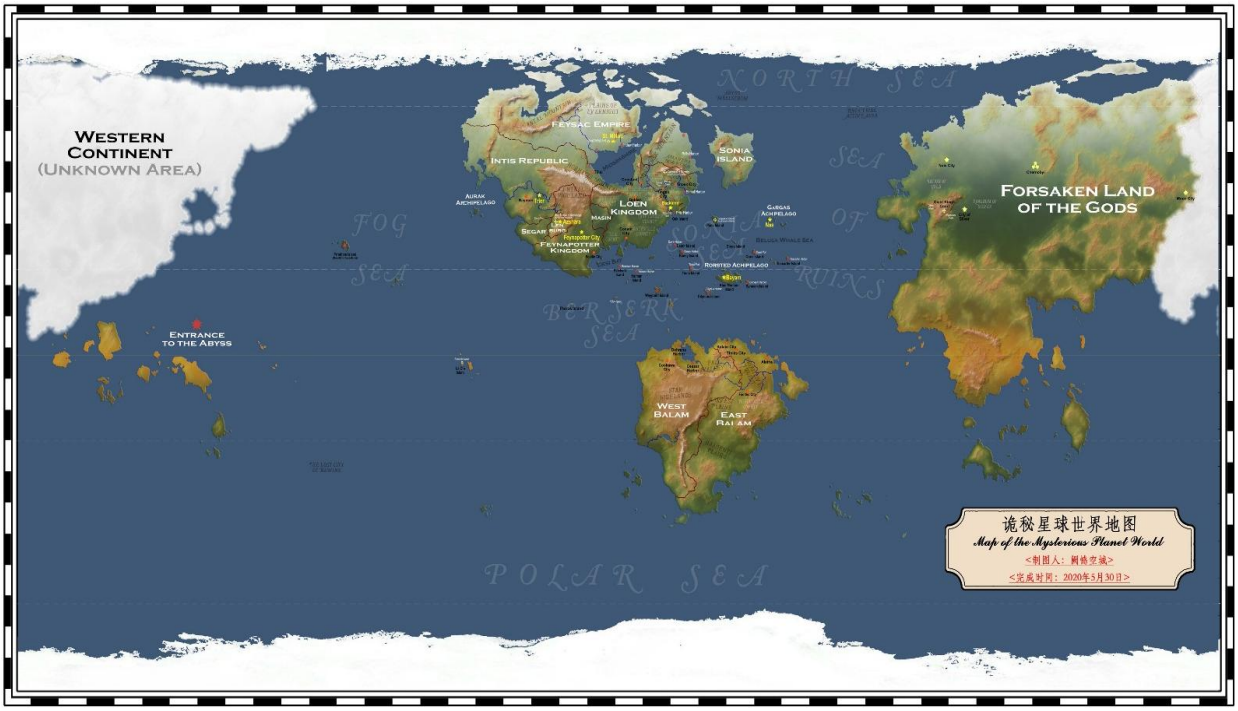
After a while, Bernadette, who was proficient in prophesying, finally confirmed that there was no living creature in the open space. She summoned the Invisible Servant again and gave it the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

The Invisible Servant passed through the sparse areas of the forest and the empty area, carefully arriving at the spot where the creatures had been worshiping.

There was a huge rock, and on it was a simple baldachin made of dark red wood.

The Invisible Servant circled halfway and arrived in front of the baldachin. It was empty inside. There was no statue, nor was there an emblem formed from symbols.

The creatures on this island were praying to something that didn't seem to exist.



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